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BARON BROUGHAM & VAUX.

Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain

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1831.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

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FROM

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The Spirit of the Public Journals;

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USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

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London:

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1831.

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PREFACE.

EACH of our semi-anniversaries calls for a variation in our thankful expressions to the public for their continued patronage. Yet we are prone to confess ourselves puzzled to ring the changes even on so pleasurable a theme as gratitude—although it is equally delightful to the donor and receiver. We will, however, persevere, to keep our friendship with the public in constant repair, and to gain new friends; for it is in the course of a periodical work as elsewhere in the world: "if a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone." There is, moreover, something agreeable in writing a preface: it yields a second crop of pleasurable associations: and the brief retrospect of six months breaks up the *tedium* which may at some time or other be attached to literary pursuits. We collect the six-and-twenty sheets into a volume, and turn over their leaves until they almost become new acquaintance: some of their columns point to current events, and thus by a little aid of memory, make an outline chronology of the half-year; and, above all, if we have pleased the reader, we, at the same time, enjoy the self-satisfaction of having been employed to so gratifying an end. We like too the spirit of acquaintanceship which these prefacings, meetings, and greetings tend to keep up, although there may be persons who impatiently turn over a preface as the majority of an audience at the theatre rise to leave as soon as the last scene of a pantomime is shown.

The contributions of Correspondents abound in this volume. Their subjects belong to that class of inquiry which is useful and entertaining, and their research is amusing without dry-as-dust antiquarianism: this is a serviceable feature, inasmuch as it is conversational; and we know "what is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people." So it is with not a few of these communications: separately, their value may be small; but, collectively, they remind us of Dr. Johnson's quaint illustration of the many ingredients of human felicity: "Pound St. Paul's Church, into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be

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sure, good for nothing: but put all these together, and you have St. Paul's Church." A single article may occasionally appear trifling; but, take the sheet, and its bearing is obvious; and in the volume still more so. Our Correspondents only enjoy the reward of seeing their papers in print: *esto perpetua* is the only charm we use; and our poetical friends would gladly accept the *perpetua* for the

> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles

of the heroines of their verse.

SEVENTEEN is a promising time in life: it is redolent of youth, and hope, and joy; may not the context hold good in art and literature. Strictly speaking, we are but in our ninth year, although our volumes number seventeen. If we continue to partake as largely of the gale of public favour as hitherto, we shall not despair of an evergreen old age. We know the value of this favour, and shall strive to maintain it accordingly. It is to us like the Queen of Chess:

> Lose not the Queen, for ten to one,
> If she be lost, the game is gone.

Sterne, who delighted in large type and blanks, would probably call this, as he did all life, "a mingled yarn;" and so we have done.

143, *Strand, June* 27, 1831.

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MEMOIR

OF

BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

His purpose chose, he forward pressed outright,
Nor turned aside for danger or delight.

COWLEY.

THE illustrious subject of this Memoir is the eldest son of a gentleman of small fortune, but ancient family, in Cumberland.* His mother was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman; in the mansion of whose widow, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, the father of Lord Brougham lodged when prosecuting his studies at the University there. Chambers, the laborious topographical historian of the Modern Athens, says that Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's Square, in that city, though this has been disputed. The family of the late Mr. Brougham consisted of four sons:—Henry John, an extensive wine-merchant in Edinburgh, who died at Boulogne, about two years since; James, the Chancery Barrister, who formerly sat with Baron Abercromby in parliament, for Tregony, and sits at present for Downton, Wilts; and William,

* We are aware of having already quoted these particulars, from the *Spectator* newspaper, at page 412 of the *Mirror*, vol. xvi. but their repetition here is essential to the completeness of the present Memoir. Of Lord Brougham's family, in connexion with Brougham Castle, in Westmoreland, there were many conflicting statements at the period of his lordship's elevation to the peerage towards the close of last year. The Chancellor is said to have had a latent claim as heir-general to the Barony of Vaux, (whose arms are to be seen on the tower of Brougham Castle,) and hence his creation by that title. Some exclusive information, obligingly furnished, (at the Chancellor's request, in reply to our application) by a relative of his lordship, will also be found at length in the *Mirror*, vol. xvi. but for the reader's convenience we quote its substance: "Before the time of the Norman Conquest, the manor and lordship of Brougham (then called Burgham) were held by the Saxon family of de Burgham, from whom the Lord Chancellor is lineally descended. After the Conquest, William the Norman granted to Robert de Veteripont, or Vipont, extensive rights and territories in Westmoreland; and among others, some oppressive rights of seigniory over the manor of Brougham, then held by Walter de Burgham. To relieve the estate of such services, Gilbert de Burgham, in the reign of King John, agreed to give up absolutely one-third part of his estate to Robert de Veteripont, and also the advowson of the rectory of Brougham. This third comprises the land upon which the castle is built, and the estate afterwards given by Anne Countess of Pembroke, (heiress of Veteripont,) to the Hospital of Poor Widows at Appleby. Brougham Castle, if not built, was much extended by Veteripont; and afterwards still more enlarged by Roger Clifford, who succeeded, by marriage, to the Veteripont possessions. The manor house, about three quarters of a mile from the castle, continued in the Brougham family; and part of it, especially the gateway, is supposed to be of Saxon architecture: at all events, it is the earliest Norman. The chapel is also old, except the roof, which was renewed in the year 1659. In the year 1607, Thomas Brougham, then Lord of the Manor of Brougham, died without issue male, and the estate was sold to one Bird, who was steward of the Clifford family; the heir male of the Brougham family then residing at Scales Hall, in Cumberland. About 1680, John Brougham of Scales, re-purchased the estate and manor of Brougham from Bird's grandson and entailed it on his nephew, from whom it passed by succession to the Lord Chancellor."

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who has recently been appointed a Master in Chancery, and elected Member for the Borough of Southwark.

In early life Mr. Brougham was called to the bar of the Supreme Court of Edinburgh, where he practised for some time, and with considerable success, if we may judge from his frequent employment in Scotch appeals. His selection, too, on the part of persons charged with political offences to conduct their defence, would imply him to be well read in the institutions of his country. It was while at the Scotch Bar that, in conjunction with the late Mr. Francis Horner and Mr. Jeffrey, he planned and established the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was for many years a most able and constant supporter. About this time also he became a member of the celebrated Debating Society at Edinburgh.

Although professionally a lawyer, Mr. Brougham's ambition soon became directed to the senate; and, observes a clever contemporary, "it is an instructive example of the working of our admirable system of representation, that, up to the 16th of October last, Henry Brougham, the greatest orator and statesman that perhaps ever enlightened Parliament, was indebted for his seat to the patronage of a borough-holding Peer." He first took his seat for Camelford, a borough in the interest of the Duke of Bedford. In 1812, he contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, and failed; and, in the same year, he was nominated for the Inverkeithing district of Boroughs, and failed there also. He was, however, subsequently returned for Winchelsea, in Sussex. During the discussions in parliament respecting the Princess of Wales, Mr. Brougham, we believe, was honoured with the confidence of her Royal Highness, and espoused her cause with much effect. His earliest efforts as a British senator were likewise distinguished by the same regard to the rights of individuals, and the liberties of the country, which he has uniformly manifested to the present time. Nor was he then less firm in opposition to what he deemed the encroachments of the crown, and the extravagances and abuses of the government, than he has since proved. His bold denial of the sovereign's right to the droits of the Admiralty, in 1812, will not soon be forgotten.

In the early part of 1816, Mr. Brougham brought forward a motion for preserving and extending the liberty of the press, for which the ministers, particularly Lord Castlereagh (who knew well how to use "the delicious essence,") passed on him the highest encomiums; and miscalculating the firmness of the bepraised, some persons thought the minister's eulogy a lure for the member's vote; but the result proved that Mr. Brougham was above all temptation. In the same year he made a tour on the continent: in France he was the object of much attention; and he afterwards visited the residence of the Princess of Wales, in Italy, as was supposed, on a mission of some importance.

In this year also, Mr. Brougham delivered two speeches in parliament, which are memorable for the truth of their prospective results. In one of them, on the treaty of the Holy Alliance, occurs the following almost prophetic passage: "I always think there is something suspicious in what a French writer calls, '*les abouchemens des rois.*' When crowned heads meet, the result of their united councils is not always favourable to the interest of humanity. It is not the first time that Austria, Russia, and Prussia have laid their heads together. On a former occasion, after professing a vast regard for truth, religion and justice, they adopted a course which brought such misery on their own subjects, as well as those of a neighbouring state—they made war against that unoffending country, which found little reason to felicitate itself on its conquerors being distinguished by Christian feelings. The war against Poland, and the subsequent partition of that devoted country, were prefaced by language very similar to that which this treaty contains; and the proclamation of the Empress Catherine, which wound up that fatal tragedy, had almost the very same words."—The second speech to which we allude was on the abuses of ancient charitable institutions. Speaking of schools, the

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funds of which were landed and freehold property, Mr. Brougham remarked, "In one instance, where the funds of the charity are £450, one boy only is boarded and educated. In another case, where the revenue of the establishment is £1,500. a year, the appointment of a master lying in the lord of the manor, that gentleman gave it to a clergyman, who out of this sum paid a carpenter in the village £40. for attending the school. The funds in the country, applicable to the education of the poor, cannot," he added, "be less than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds." The result of these and similar representations was the appointment of a committee to investigate the state of the various charities of the kingdom, and inquire into the application of their funds; from which measure great public good has already resulted.

In 1818, Mr. Brougham was invited to become a candidate for the county of Westmoreland, where his family have been settled for the last sixty or seventy years: he could not, however, withstand the powerful influence of the Lowther family, and thus lost his election. He made another effort, at the dissolution of parliament, consequent upon the death of George III., but was again unsuccessful; and a third time in 1826.

We are now approaching one of the most eventful eras of Mr. Brougham's parliamentary life: we mean his intrepid defence of the late Queen. Mr. Brougham was the first to dispatch M. Sicard, the old and faithful servant of the Queen, with the intelligence of the death of George III. The Queen immediately replied to Mr. Brougham, that she was determined to return to England; and on February 22, 1820, Mr. Brougham received from Lord Castlereagh an assurance that no indignity should be offered to her Majesty while abroad. Mr. Brougham was now appointed her Majesty's Attorney-General, on which occasion he was admitted within the bar, and assumed the silk gown, which was subsequently taken from him, but restored.

The Queen having arrived at St. Omer, on her way to England, Lord Hutchinson, on the part of the King, was despatched to prevent, by a liberal offer, her leaving the continent. Mr. Brougham consented to accompany his lordship, willing to co-operate in the purpose yet bound by office and by friendship to secure for the queen the best possible terms. The Queen, however, was resolved, and while the deputies were exchanging notes, her Majesty sailed for England, and proceeded to London amidst all the demonstrations of popular triumph. Mr. Brougham, with Mr. Denman, on behalf of the Queen, next met the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, on behalf of the King, to propose measures for an amicable arrangement, but the insertion of her Majesty's name in the Liturgy being refused, the negotiation failed. The struggle was now fast approaching. The notable green bag was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and Mr. Brougham commenced by deprecating a hasty discussion. The next day the minister developed the projected prosecutions of the government; Mr. Brougham replied, and concluded by demanding for the Queen a speedy and open trial. We need only advert to his subsequent reply to the note of Lord Liverpool, to the speech of Mr. Canning, and to the conciliatory proposition of Mr. Wilberforce. Then followed his speech at the bar of the House of Lords against the intended mode of investigation—his speech against the bill of Pains and Penalties—his reply to the crown counsel, and afterwards to the Lord Chancellor—and finally his defence of the Queen against the several charges. His *defence*, it will be remembered, lasted nearly two days, and Mr. Brougham, amidst profound silence, concluded one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard within the walls of parliament—with this pathetic appeal:—

"My lords, I call upon you to pause. You stand on the brink of a precipice. You may go on in your precipitate career—you may pronounce against your Queen, but it will be the last judgment you ever will pronounce. Her persecutors will fail in their objects, and the ruin with which they seek to cover the Queen, will return to overwhelm themselves. Rescue the country; save the people, of whom you are the ornaments; but severed from whom,

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you can no more live than the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury—save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger—save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see that when the church and the throne would allow of no church solemnity in behalf of the Queen, the heartfelt prayers of the people rose to heaven for her protection. I pray heaven for her; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy, that mercies may descend on the people of this country richer than their rulers have deserved; and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

The result need scarcely be alluded to. Men of all parties, however discordant might be their opinions upon the point at issue, acknowledged and admired the intrepidity and splendid talents of Mr. Brougham on this memorable occasion.

Brilliant as has been the parliamentary career of Mr. Brougham from this period, our limits will allow us only to advert to a few of its brightest epochs. Whether advocating the rights and liberties, and a spirit of social improvement, at home, or aiding the progress of liberal opinion abroad, we find Mr. Brougham exercising the same uncompromising integrity and patriotic zeal. Spain, in 1823, became a fitting subject for his masterly eloquence. His remarks on the French government, on April 14, in the House of Commons, on the consideration of the policy observed by Great Britain in the affairs of France and Spain, will not soon be forgotten: "I do not," said Mr. Brougham, "identify the people of France with their government; for I believe that every wish of the French nation is in unison with those sentiments which animate the Spaniards. Neither does the army concur in this aggression; for the army alike detests the work of tyranny, plunder, cant, and hypocrisy. The war is not commenced because the people or the army require it, but because three or four French emigrants have obtained possession of power. It is for such miserable objects as these that the Spaniards are to be punished, because they have dared to vindicate their rights as a free and independent people. I hope to God that the Spaniards may succeed in the noble and righteous cause in which they are engaged."

In 1824, (June 1), we find Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons, moving an address to the King, relative to the proceedings at Demerara against Smith, the missionary; but, after a debate of two days, the motion was negatived.*

During the period of Mr. Canning's ministry, his liberality gained Mr. Brougham's support: this is the only instance of Mr. Brougham's not being opposed to the minister of the day; and, observes a political writer, "he has been as much above the task of drudging for a party as drudging for a ministry."

The year 1828 is a memorable one in Mr. Brougham's parliamentary life. Early in the session, upon the debate of the battle of Navarino, we find him expressing his readiness to support the ministry as long as the members who composed it showed a determination to retrench the expenditure of the country, to improve its domestic arrangements, and to adopt a truly British system of foreign policy. It was on this occasion that Mr. Brougham used the expression which has since become so familiar—"The schoolmaster is abroad." On Feb. 7, Mr. Brougham brought forward a motion on the State of the Law, in an elaborate speech of six hours delivery. The debate was adjourned to February 29, when Mr. Brougham's motion, in an amended shape, was put and agreed to, requesting the King to cause "due inquiry to be made into the origin, progress, and termination of actions in the superior courts of common law in this country;" and "into the state of the law regarding the transfer of real property." Even the heads of this speech would occupy one of our

* The reader will find a concise narrative of the case of Mr. Smith, at page 408, vol. iii. of the *Mirror*.

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pages. A passage much quoted at the time of its publication is a good specimen of Mr. Brougham's forcible style of illustration: "He was guilty of no error—he was chargeable with no exaggeration—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we can see about us, King, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end simply in bringing twelve good men into a box." In the same month, Mr. Brougham spoke at great length in support of Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. On March 6, Mr. Brougham spoke in support of Mr. Peel's motion for Catholic Emancipation, which he described as going "the full length that any reasonable man ever did or ever can demand; it does equal justice to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects; it puts an end to all religious distinctions; it exterminates all civil disqualifications on account of religious belief. It is simple and efficacious; clogged with no exceptions, unless such as even the most zealous of the Catholics themselves must admit to be of necessity parcel of the measure."

In the session of 1829, Mr. Brougham explained the proceedings of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Public Charities, who, it appeared, had examined sixteen counties, and partially examined ten; altogether amounting to more than 19,000 charities, being more than half the number in the whole kingdom.

In 1830, Mr. Brougham supported Lord John Russell's plan for Parliamentary Reform, as an amendment to a motion of Mr. O'Connell; in which Mr. Broughmam opposed universal suffrage and vote by ballot. In the same week also, he spoke at some length on the punishment of Forgery by death. The opinions which he expressed, Mr. Brougham said, he had learned from his great and lamented friend, Sir Samuel Romilly; and he concluded by expressing his hope that he should live to see the day when this stain should be removed from our statute-book. In the following month Mr. Brougham brought in a bill for local jurisdictions in England, for diminishing the expense of legal proceedings. On June 24, Mr. Brougham spoke at great length upon the inadequacy of the ministerial bill for the reform of the Court of Chancery. On July 13, he moved for the abolition of West India Slavery, and expatiated at great length and with extreme earnestness—first, on the right of the mother country to legislate for the colonies, and next on the legal and moral nature of slavery.

Upon the dissolution of parliament, consequent upon the death of George IV., Mr. Brougham was invited to the representation of the extensive and wealthy county of York. In his speech to the electors he alluded to Parliamentary Reform, a revision of the Corn Laws, and the extinction of Colonial Slavery, as three grand objects of his ambition; and concluded by thus explaining his becoming a candidate—"*because it would arm him with an extraordinary and a vast and important accession of power to serve the people of England.*" It need scarcely be added, that his election was secured; his return was free of all expense: indeed, never was triumph more complete.*

Soon after the assembling of the new parliament, Mr. Brougham, in connexion with the topic of the recent revolutions on the continent, and parliamentary reform in this country, concluded an interesting debate by saying—"He was for reform—for preserving, not for pulling down—for restoration, not for revolution. He was a shallow politician, a miserable reasoner, and he thought no very trustworthy man, who argued, that because the people of Paris had justifiably and gloriously resisted lawless oppression, the people of London and Dublin ought to rise for reform. Devoted as he was to the cause of parliamentary reform, he did not consider that the refusal of that benefit, or, he would say, that right, to the people of this country (if it were a legal re-

* In one day, during his visits to the freeholders, Mr. Brougham spoke eight speeches to eight meetings, travelled 120 miles, and entered court the next morning, wigged and gowned as if he had never quitted his chambers.

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fusal by King, Lords, and Commons, which he hoped to God would not take place) would be in the slightest degree a parallel case to any thing which had happened in France."

Mr. Brougham's elevation to the exalted station which he now fills need be related but briefly, since the particulars must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Upon the resignation of the Wellington ministry—with the title of BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX, he took the oaths as Lord Chancellor, November 22, and his seat in the Chancery Court on November 25, 1830.

In the House of Lords, in reply to some censurable observations on his acceptance of office which had been made elsewhere, his lordship explained his motives with great candour. After an allusion to his difficulty in resigning his high station as a representative for Yorkshire, Lord Brougham said, "I need not add, that in changing my station in parliament, the principles which have ever guided me remain unchanged. When I accepted the high office to which I have been called, I did so in the full and perfect conviction, that far from disabling me to discharge my duty to my country—far from rendering my services less efficient, it but enlarged the sphere of my utility. The thing which dazzled me most in the prospect which opened to my view, was not the gewgaw splendour of the place, but because it seemed to afford me, if I were honest—on which I could rely; if I were consistent—which I knew to be matter of absolute necessity in my nature; and if I were as able as I knew myself honest and consistent—a field of exertion more extended. That by which the Great Seal dazzled my eyes, and induced me to quit a station which till this time I deemed the most proud which an Englishman could enjoy, was, that it seemed to hold out the gratifying prospect that in serving my king I should be better able to serve my country."

Already has the official elevation of Lord Brougham been attended with manifest advantages, and promises of still greater benefits to the nation. Only such as are accustomed to the cares of office can form but a faint idea of the perplexities which beset the Lord Chancellor on the recent dissolution of parliament; yet in this arduous scene Lord Brougham is believed by all but the bitterest of his political opponents, to have comported himself with becoming equanimity. A political contemporary observes, upon his recent appointment—"There is no instance in modern times of an elevation marked with the same characters. Lord Brougham had never before been in office; he had passed through none of the degrees which for the most part lead to the proud eminence where he now stands. We have had learned Chancellors, and political—or, we would rather say, politic Chancellors—but never before Lord Brougham (with, perhaps, the exception of Erskine), have we had what may be justly called a popular Chancellor. * * The consideration which he disdained to accept from party or from power in the House, his conduct has won from the great mass of his countrymen out of it. We speak the plain and simple truth when we say—and that not for the first time—that at no period of our history since the era of the Commonwealth has any one Englishman contrived to fix so many eyes upon him as Lord Brougham has for the last few years." *

Of Lord Brougham's qualifications as a barrister we have already spoken. To the hearing of appeals in the House of Lords, an important section of the public business, his Lordship brings qualifications not possessed by any of his predecessors. Seven years' practice at the Scotch bar, and a very extensive employment in appeals from that country (for he has been engaged in almost every case of importance for the last ten years) have made him familiar with the machinery of the law on which his decisions bear; and he therefore undertakes his judicial task with professional confidence.

Besides contributing to the *Edinburgh Review*, as we have noticed, Lord Brougham is the author of several papers in *Nicholson's Journal*, and in the Transactions of the Royal Society, of which his Lordship is a distinguished

* *Spectator* Newspaper, No. 126.

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member. The chief entire work which bears his name is entitled, "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European States," 2 vols. 8vo. 1828; and a masterly pamphlet "On the State of the Nation," which has run through many editions. Several of his speeches have likewise been published.

It is, however, in connexion with *Public Education*, that the pen of Lord Brougham has been more extensively employed. His zealous co-operation with Dr. Birkbeck, and other patriotic men of talent, in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions in the year 1824, must be gratefully remembered by thousands who have enjoyed their benefits; and, for the advantage of the London Mechanics' Institution, were republished from the *Edinburgh Review*, his excellent "*Practical Observations upon the Education of the People*, addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers."—The twentieth edition of this pamphlet is now before us, and from its conclusion, to show the practical utility of the author's suggestions, we quote the following:—

"I rejoice to think that it is not necessary to close these observations by combating objections to the diffusion of science among the working classes, arising from considerations of a political nature. Happily the time is past and gone when bigots could persuade mankind that the lights of philosophy were to be extinguished as dangerous to religion; and when tyrants could proscribe the instructors of the people as enemies to their power. It is preposterous to imagine that the enlargement of our acquaintance with the laws which regulate the universe, can dispose to unbelief. It may be a cure for superstition—for intolerance it will be the most certain cure; but a pure and true religion has nothing to fear from the greatest expansion which the understanding can receive by the study either of matter or of mind. The more widely science is diffused, the better will the Author of all things be known, and the less will the people be 'tossed to and fro by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.' To tyrants, indeed, and bad rulers, the progress of knowledge among the mass of mankind is a just object of terror: it is fatal to them and their designs; they know this by unerring instinct, and unceasingly they dread the light. But they will find it more easy to curse than to extinguish. It is spreading in spite of them, even in those countries where arbitrary power deems itself most secure; and in England, any attempt to check its progress would only bring about the sudden destruction of him who should be insane enough to make it.

"To the Upper Classes of society, then, I would say, that the question no longer is whether or not the people shall be instructed—for that has been determined long ago, and the decision is irreversible—but whether they shall be well or ill taught—half informed or as thoroughly as their circumstances permit and their wants require. Let no one be afraid of the bulk of the community becoming too accomplished for their superiors. Well educated, and even well versed in the most elevated sciences, they assuredly may become; and the worst consequence that can follow to their superiors will be, that to deserve being called their *betters*, they too must devote themselves more to the pursuit of solid and refined learning; the present public seminaries must be enlarged: and some of the greater cities of the kingdom, especially the metropolis, must not be left destitute of the regular means within themselves of scientific education.

"To the Working Classes I would say, that this is the time when by a great effort they may secure for ever the inestimable blessing of knowledge. Never was the disposition more universal among the rich to lend the requisite assistance for setting in motion the great engines of instruction; but the people must come forward to profit by the opportunity thus afforded, and they must themselves continue the movement once begun. Those who have already started in the pursuit of science, and tasted its sweets, require no exhortation to persevere; but if these pages should fall into the hands of any one at an hour for the first time stolen from his needful rest after his day's work is done, I ask of him to reward me (who have written them for

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his benefit at the like hours) by saving threepence during the next fortnight, buying with it Franklin's Life, and reading the first page. I am quite sure he will read the rest; I am almost quite sure he will resolve to spend his spare time and money, in gaining those kinds of knowledge which from a printer's boy made that great man the first philosopher, and one of the first statesmen of his age. Few are fitted by nature to go as far as he did, and it is not necessary to lead so perfectly abstemious a life, and to be so rigidly saving of every instant of time. But all may go a good way after him, both in temperance, industry, and knowledge, and no one can tell before he tries how near he may be able to approach him."

We may here mention that in 1825, Lord Brougham was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; his opponent, Sir Walter Scott, lost the election by the casting vote of Sir James Mackintosh, in favour of Lord Brougham.

Among the originators of the London University, Lord Brougham occupies a foremost rank, and partly by the aid of his indefatigable talents, that establishment was opened, in 1828, within seventeen months from the day on which the first stone was laid.

Early in the year 1827 was established "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," of which Lord Brougham became, and continues to this day, chairman. In the original prospectus, issued under his sanction, we find "The object of the Society is strictly limited to what its title imports, namely, the imparting useful information to all classes of the community, particularly to such as are unable to avail themselves of experienced teachers, or may prefer learning by themselves." The Society commenced their labours by a set of Treatises, the first or "Preliminary Treatise," "*On the objects, pleasures, and advantages of Science*," being from the pen of Lord Brougham; and in perspicuity and popular interest, this treatise is unrivalled in our times. His Lordship is also understood, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Bell, to be engaged in illustrating with notes an edition of Paley's works, to be published by the above Society.

In the preceding outline of the political life of Lord Brougham, we have quoted but few points of his personal character. This has been so well drawn, and so recently too, that we are induced to adopt the following traits from a contemporary Magazine.* The paper whence these are extracted, purports to be a description of the Lord Chancellor's first levee:—

"Unfeigned respect for, and a slight personal acquaintance with, the noble person who now holds the seals, led me to attend his last levee. The practice of receiving the respects of the public on one or two stated occasions is sufficiently ancient, but I have understood was discontinued, or not much observed, in the latter days of Lord Eldon. It was revived with somewhat greater splendour by Lord Lyndhurst, but still it attracted little public notice. I incline to think that it was reserved for Brougham to illustrate the ancient custom, by the splendour of those who chose to be dutiful to the Lord Chancellor. The fashion of going to court is such, that it infers little personal respect to the individual monarch; but the practice of attending the levee of an inferior personage is to be ascribed to the respect which individual eminence commands. When Lord Brougham announced his levees, it could not be known whether he should receive the homage of the aristocracy, to whom it was not supposed that his lordship's politics were very amicable. It was moreover thought that the republican, or, to speak more guardedly, the whig Lord Chancellor would care little for a custom in which there was no manifest utility. He had declared that the gewgaws of office delighted him not; and I dare say he would fain bring his mind to believe that all ceremonial was idle, perhaps contemptible. But it is the greatest mistake to suppose that Lord Brougham is inattentive to the ceremonies with which his high place is surrounded. A careful observer will see clearly that imposing forms are per-

* *Metropolitan*, edited by T. Campbell, Esq.—No. 1.

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fectly agreeable to his mind; nobody could ridicule form better, so long as he held no situation which required the observance of customary rules; but elevated to his present distinction, it is plain that he enjoys all the little peculiarieties of his office. Somebody said that he presided in the House of Lords in a bar whig, and instanced the fact as a proof of his reforming temper; but it was not true. Accident may have obliged him to take his seat in this ungainly form, but he had no purpose of deviating from the ancient full-bottom, and he is now to be seen in all the amplitude of the olden fleece. In like manner he observes the strict *regime*, so fantastical to a stranger, of causing counsel to be shouted for from without, although they are actually present; and he adds to the oddness of this custom by receiving them with a most imposing mien, and putting on his chapeau as they advance. This is a form, for which the model is not to be found in the practice of his immediate predecessors. It is possible, however, that his extensive and minute reading may have made him aware that Wolsey, peradventure, or some great chancellor of old, had the fancy to be covered when the suppliants approached. Let any one observe with what studied dignity he performs the duty of announcing the royal assent to Acts of Parliament: he assumes a solemnity of tone for which his voice is not ill-fitted, but which is unusual with him. These small circumstances, and many such which might be mentioned, show that State is not uncongenial to his mind. Why should it? His weakness consists in the unreal contempt for what is not really contemptible. With his high notions of office, I should have been surprised if he had foregone the levee; and assuredly he has not reckoned without reason; for a more splendid or flattering pageant could not be witnessed than that which his rooms exhibited. Unquestionably the most remarkable man in the empire at this moment, it is his fortune to attract the honourable regards of all who are distinguished as compeers. It is not my intention to offer any estimate of what I conceive to be his genuine worth, as he may be appreciated in a more dispassionate time; I speak of him only as a great man filling a very large space in the consideration of the empire. Judging from the throng of all classes upon this occasion, whose favour is desirable, no man is more popular * * *. The Chancellor took his place at a corner of the room, backed by his chaplain, and was soon encircled by the visitants; his dress remarkably plain, being a simple suit of velvet in the court cut. The names were announced from the bottom of the stairs, and each person as he entered walked up to the Chancellor and offered his respects. The numbers were so great that it was impossible to devote any marked attention to each; as soon, therefore, as the visiter had made his bow, he retired into the throng, or took his departure through the adjoining room. I was not present at the first of the levees which were held, and at which the attendance was very distinguished; but a friend who was, spoke very highly of the manner in which the Chancellor performed his noviciate. The Archbishop of Canterbury came early, and was very kindly received: he was followed by the Archbishop of York, and several other bishops, whose attendance gave proof that, differ as they might from Lord Brougham, they surely did not consider him an enemy to the Church * * *. The most remarkable visiter of that evening was the Duke of Wellington;—the crowd was astonished, and I dare say the Chancellor himself was surprised, when his name was sent up—I doubt if they had ever met in the same room before. Their political lives, with the exception of the Catholic Question, were one unvarying course of opposition, if not enmity. I suspect that for a time the Duke despised the talk of the lawyer; and, on the other hand, Brougham had often declared, that the respect which he entertained for military glory was not very lofty. Some of his bitterest tirades were levelled at the Duke personally. No one will deny that it was high-minded in the Duke to lay aside resentment of every sort, and offer this mark of respect as well to the man as the office. The Chancellor was flattered by the attention, and shook the Duke by the hand very cordially * * *. Not the least remarkable personage in the

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room was the Lord Advocate of Scotland. Brougham and he are very old friends, and have been much engaged in the same species of literature. Brougham was his predecessor in the editorship of the Edinburgh Review—a fact which is not generally known, but which is certain. Brougham was not the first editor, having filled that office for a short time after Sidney Smith withdrew from the situation. Jeffrey appeared extremely *petit* in his court-dress, and did not seem very much at home: he was acquainted with but few of his fellow visiters, and had too much good taste to occupy much of the Chancellor's attention: they did not seem to hold any conversation beyond the usual common-place inquiries * * *. After I had paid my respects to the Chancellor, there came tripping up the Marquess of Bristol, with a springy step, which he must surely have acquired at the old court of France; for I am sure that no such movement could be attained on English ground. The elasticity of this noble lord was such, that when once put in motion, he continued to spring up and down in the manner of the Chinese figures, which are hawked by the Italian toy-venders. Had I been told that the head of the house of Newry was a dancing-master, who had not yet learned the present modes, I should certainly have believed the story without scruple, if I had met him anywhere else. He had no sooner left the Chancellor, than he was laid hold of by a fidgetty solicitor, who was the only member of his class in the room, and who, I understand, is a sort of favourite of the Chancellor. The obsequious grin, and the affected ease of this worthy, do not convey any very favourable impression on his behalf. He was solicitor for the Queen, and in this capacity formed an intimacy with her chief counsel, which an ill-natured person would perhaps think makes him now forget in some measure the great disparity betwixt their present condition. The Chancellor gave no discouragement to his familiarity * * *. A variety of lords, squires, generals, *ossa innominata* followed, for whom the Chancellor cared perhaps about as much as I did. At length Sir James Scarlett was announced, and the Chancellor left his place to meet him. His welcome was very hearty. Brougham was doubtless gratified by this token of respect from a man who was indisputably his leader in the courts, and for whose forensic abilities it is known that he entertains, and has often expressed, the highest admiration. The position of the two men was singular, and to the ex-attorney not very enviable. Scarlett was in high practice before Brougham was even called to the bar. He kept a head of him in their profession throughout; and twice he had filled the first places at the bar, when the respective attainments of these eminent persons were such, that if Brougham had been placed before him, Scarlett would have had just ground of complaint; and the bar would have unanimously decried the appointment. Now, however, by one of those cross accidents which will occur in the most fortunate lives, Scarlett was, with strict justice and universal acquiescence, placed below his former competitor, and in direct opposition to all the early friends with whom he commenced his political career. It was matter of necessity and of course that he should go out when his employers were obliged to surrender office; and no man could complain that Brougham should then be elevated to a distinction, which in other circumstances Scarlett might have thought his own by indisputable right * * *. The Speaker of the House of Commons was then announced. Brougham and he met as warm friends, though certainly men having little in kindred. In point of talent there is no ground of comparison; yet it may be doubted whether they are not nearly as great in their own way. I have no notion of the place which the Speaker held in parliament before he was elected to the chair, and I know few situations which require more tact and management. In these qualifications the present Speaker is signally gifted. He brings a degree of good nature to the office, which no event, however untoward, can ruffle;—his calmness never forsakes him: he is the same easy, dignified chairman at all times. The Commons are a truly turbulent body, but they are not impatient of his sway. In all emergencies he is vigorously supported:

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in his hands, the authority of his office, though rarely exercised, has lost none of its force. Brougham himself was one of the most fiery spirits in this hot region; but a word from the Speaker would calm him in an instant. Among other qualifications for command, he is possessed of a fine mellow, deep-toned voice, which, while it powerfully enunciates the "Order," frees the command from all harshness or severity. As the first commoner in the land, and a truly estimable gentleman, he was entitled to be well received * * *. The last person of note who arrived before I departed was Sir Thomas Denman. The Chancellor was engaged with some one at the moment, and nothing passed betwixt them but an exchange of bows. It was nearly ten years since I had seen Brougham and Denman together; the Queen's trial was then the all-engrossing topic of public consideration. Who could then have foretold that these men would have in so short a space won the confidence of a sovereign, whom they attacked with a degree of virulence which, even in those days of party violence, was generally condemned? The change in feeling is creditable alike to all."

Of the eloquence and general character of Lord Brougham, we have the following excellent portraiture by a master-hand:*—

"Mr. Brougham is from the North of England, but he was educated in Edinburgh, and represents that school of politics and political economy in the house. He differs from Sir James Mackintosh in this, that he deals less in abstract principles, and more in individual details. He makes less use of general topics, and more of immediate facts. Sir James is better acquainted with the balance of an argument in old authors; Mr. Brougham with the balance of power in Europe. If the first is better versed in the progress of history, no man excels the last in a knowledge of the course of exchange. He is apprized of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull, but he has notice of the bill of lading. Our colonial policy, prison discipline, the state of the hulks, agricultural distress, commerce and manufactures, the bullion question, the Catholic Question, the Bourbons or the Inquisition, 'domestic treason, foreign levy,' nothing can come amiss to him—he is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs, is not baffled by Scotch law, and can follow the meaning of one of Mr. Canning's speeches. With so many resources, with such variety and solidity of information, Mr. Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming, than an effectual debater. In so many details (which he himself goes through with unwearied and unshrinking resolution) the spirit of the question is lost to others who have not the same voluntary power of attention or the same interest in hearing that he has in speaking; the original impulse that urged him forward is forgotten in so wide a field, in so interminable a career. If he can, others *cannot* carry all he knows in their heads at the same time; a rope of circumstantial evidence does not hold well together, nor drag the unwilling mind along with it (the willing mind hurries on before it, and grows impatient and absent)—he moves in an unmanageable procession of facts and proofs, instead of coming to the point at once—and his premises (so anxious is he to proceed on sure and ample grounds) overlay and block up his conclusion, so that you cannot arrive at it, or not till the first fury and shock of the onset is over. The ball, from the too great width of the *calibre* from which it is sent, and from striking against such a number of hard, projecting points, is almost spent before it reaches its destination. He keeps a ledger or a debtor-and-creditor account between the government and the country, posts so much actual crime, corruption, and injustice against so much contingent advantage or sluggish prejudice, and at the bottom of the page brings in the balance of indignation and contempt, where it is due. But people are not to be *calculated into* contempt or indignation on abstract grounds; for however they may submit to this process where their own interests are concerned, in what regards the public good we believe they must see and feel instinctively, or not at all.

* *Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits*, 1825. By the late Mr. Hazlitt.

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There is (it is to be lamented) a good deal of froth as well as strength in the popular spirit, which will not admit of being *decanted* or served out in formal driblets; nor will spleen (the soul of opposition) bear to be corked up in square patent bottles, and kept for future use!

"Mr. Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice, sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. As a lawyer, he has not hitherto been remarkably successful. He is not profound in cases and reports, nor does he take much interest in the peculiar features of a particular cause, or show much adroitness in the management of it. He carries too much weight of metal for ordinary and petty occasions: he must have a pretty large question to discuss, and must make *thorough-stitch* work of it. Mr. Brougham writes almost, if not quite, as well as he speaks. In the midst of an election contest he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, sometimes indeed wedging three or four articles (in the shape of *refaccimentos* of his own pamphlets or speeches in parliament) into a single number. Such indeed is the activity of his mind that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to any thing, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and possess in a very high degree He speaks French (and, we believe, several other modern languages) fluently: is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in this latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundary of the Rhine. Mr. Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense of the length of human life, if we make a good use of our time. There is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. Mr. Brougham, among other means of strengthening and enlarging his views, has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the constitutions of the continent. He is, no doubt, a very accomplished, active-minded, and admirable person."

Lord Brougham married, in 1816, Mary Anne, relict of John Slade, Esq., of Hill-street, Berkeley-square; by whom he has one daughter. Lady Brougham's maiden name was Eden: she is nearly related to the Auckland and Handley families. At her marriage with Mr. Slade, in 1808, she was accounted an extremely beautiful young woman; and she was still possessed of great personal charms at the period of her second union. Lady Brougham had by her former marriage a son, who inherits his father's estate, and is an officer in the army, and a daughter. Lady Brougham brought no property to her husband but her jointure of £1,500 a-year, and the house No. 5, Hill-street.

Lord Brougham was born in 1779, and is, consequently, in his fifty-second year.

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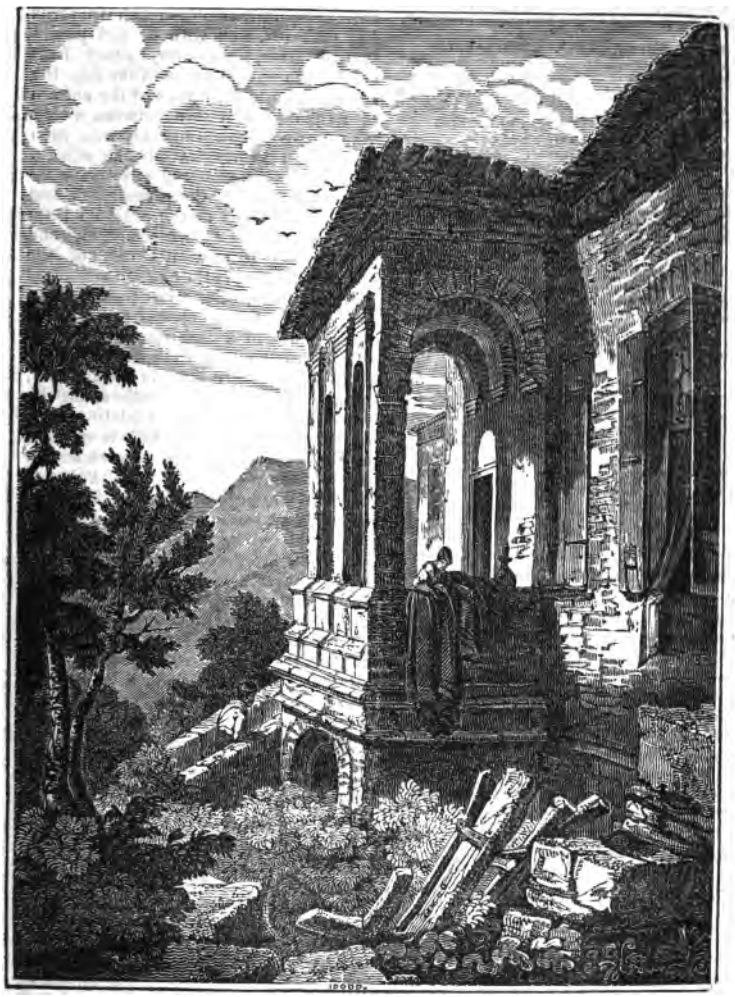

PETRARCH'S HOUSE AT ARQUA.*

Petrarch and Arquà; Ariosto, Tasso, and Ferrara;—how delightfully are these names and sites linked in the fervour of Italian poetry. Lord Byron halted at these consecrated spots, in his "Pilgrimage" through the land of song:—

There is a tomb in Arquà;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days

* Copied from one of the prints of last year's Landscape Annual, from a drawing, by Prout. This proves what we said of the imperishable interest of the Engravings of the L. A.

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Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple; such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive;

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestin'd to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.*

The noble bard, not content with perpetuating Arquà in these soul-breathing stanzas, has appended to them the following note:—

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shaksperian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean Hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat, well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear, but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly inclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean Hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country, where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Every footstep of Laura's lover has

* Childe Harold, Canto iv.

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been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet with a bust has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

Byron's visit was in 1818. Of this we may quote more on the appearance of Mr. Moore's second volume of the Poet's Life. Meanwhile, let us add the following graceful paper from the *Athenæum*, June 12, 1830: the subject harmonizes most happily with the classic title of that journal. It will be perceived that the tourist is familiar with Mr. Prout's drawing, or the original of our Engraving.

At Monselice we took another carriage, and dashed off to the Euganean Hills, to visit Arquà, the last dwelling and the burial-place of Petrarch. The road, in the feeling of M'Adam, is antediluvian, or rather post-diluvian, for it is little better than a water-course; but it passes through a country where I first saw olive-trees in abundance, vines in the luxuriance of nature, and pomegranates growing in hedges. The situation of the little village is perfectly delightful—of Petrarch's villa, beautiful. The apartments he occupied command the finest view, and are so detached from the noise and annoyances of the farm dwelling, though connected under one roof, that I think it not impossible he made the addition. There are four or five rooms altogether, if two little closets of not more than six feet by three may be called rooms; yet one of these is believed to have been his study; and in his study, and at his literary enjoyments, he died. Every thing is preserved with a reverential care that does honour to the people; and his chair, like less holy and less credible relics, is inclosed in a wire-frame, to prevent the dilapidations of the curious. I believe these things to be genuine. I believe in the local traditions that point out his study, and his kitchen, and his dying chamber.—Petrarch was all but idolized in his own time, and his fame has known no diminution; therefore these affectionate recollections of him have always been treasured there for the gratification of his pilgrims, and with a becoming reverence themselves, the people naturally set apart as sacred all that belonged to him. I have noticed the compactness of his few rooms, and their separation from the larger apartments—they have also a separate communication by a small elegant flight of steps into the garden, as you may see in Prout's drawing. If the rooms were not an addition, and it did not suggest itself at the moment to look attentively, I believe these little architectural and ornamental steps to have been; and as we know he did meddle with brick and mortar, by building a small chapel here, the conjecture is not improbable;—it is but a conjecture, and remains for others to confirm or disprove.

A little wild, irregular walk runs, serpent like, all round the garden, which, situated at the head of the valley, is shut in by the hills—itself a wilderness of luxuriance and beauty. It was a glorious evening, and every thing in agreement with our quiet feeling. I am not an enthusiast, and to you I need not affect to be other than I am; but I have felt this day sensibly, and shall remember it for ever. Petrarch's fame is worth the noise and nothing of all the men-slayers since Cain! It is fame indeed, holy and lovely, when the name and reputation of a man, remembered only for wisdom and virtue, shall have extended into remote and foreign kingdoms with such a sound and echo, that centuries after a stranger turns aside into these mountains to visit his humble dwelling. It is the verification of the prediction of Boccaccio—"This village, hardly known even at Padua, will become famous through the world." I do not presume to offer a eulogy on Petrarch as a writer, but as a man. In all the relations of son, brother, father, he is deserving all honour; and I know not another instance of such long-continued, sincere, and graceful friendships, through all varieties of fortune, from the Cardinal of Cabassole, to the poor fisherman at Vaucluse, as his life offers; including literary friendships, which, after so many years, passed without one discordant feeling of rivalry or jealousy, ended so generously and beautifully, with his

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bequest to poor Boccaccio of "five hundred florins of the gold of Florence, to buy him a winter habit for his evening studies," and this noble testimony of his ability in addition—"I am ashamed to leave so small a sum to so great a man."

Petrarch, in my opinion, was one of the most amiable men that ever lived;—I know nothing about Laura, or her ten children; I agree with those who believe the whole was a dream or an allegory; and, I half suspect that Shakspeare thought so too, and following a fashion, addressed his own sonnets to some like persons; at any rate, no one knows about either much more than I do;—certainly Petrarch's *real* love had more real consequences. Petrarch was a sincere Christian, without intolerance—a sound patriot, without austerity; who neither wasted his feelings in the idle generalities of philosophy, nor restricted them to the narrow limits of a party or faction;—he was just, generous, affectionate, and gentle. All his sonnets together do not shed a lustre on him equal to the sincere, single-hearted, mild, yet uncompromising spirit that breathes throughout the letters of advice and remonstrance, which, not idly or obstrusively, but under the sanction and authority of his great name, and the affectionate regard professed for him, he addressed to all whom he believed influential either for good or ill; from Popes and Emperors, to the well meaning insane tribune of Rome.

We went after this to see his tomb, which is honourable without being ostentatious: a plain stone sarcophagus, resting on four pillars, and surmounted by a bust; suited to the quiet of his life, his home, and his resting-place. I passed altogether a day that will shine a bright star in memory; and we wandered about there, unwilling to leave it, until long after the ave-maria bell had tolled, and were obliged in consequence to get a guide, and return by another road through the marshes, where I first saw those fairy insects the fire-flies, and thousands of them. For this we are detained the night at Monselice, and must rise the earlier, for we have written to ———, fixing the day of our arrival at Florence.

THE SILENT ACADEMY, OR THE EMBLEMS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE was at Amadan, a celebrated academy, the first statute of which was contained in these terms. "*The Academicians think much, write little, and speak but as little as possible.*" They were called "The Silent Academy," and there was not a man of learning in all Persia but was ambitious of being admitted of their number. Doctor Zeb, author of an excellent little work, entitled "The Gag," understood in his distant province that there was a vacant place in the Silent Academy. He set out immediately, arrived at Amadan, and presenting himself at the door of the hall, where the members were assembled, he desired the doorkeeper to deliver to the president, a billet to this import, "*Doctor Zeb humbly asks the vacant place.*" The doorkeeper immediately acquitted himself of his commission, but, alas! the doctor and his billet were too late, the place had been already filled.

The whole academy were affected at this *contretems;* they had received a little before, as member, a court wit, whose eloquence, light and lively, was the admiration of the populace, and saw themselves obliged to refuse Doctor Zeb, who was the very scourge of chatterers, and with a head so well formed and furnished.

The president, whose place it was to announce to the doctor the disagreeable news, knew not what to resolve on. After having thought a little he filled a large cup with water, and that so very full, that one drop more would have made it spill over. Then he made the sign that they might introduce the candidate. He appeared with that modest and simple air which always accompanies true merit. The president rose, and without saying a word, he pointed out to him with an afflicted air, the emblematic cup, the cup so exactly full. The doctor apprehended the meaning that there was no room for him in the academy; but taking courage, he thought to make them understand that an academician supernumerary would derange nothing. Therefore, seeing at his feet a rose leaf, he picked it up and laid it delicately on the surface of the water, and that so gently, that not a single drop escaped.

At this ingenious answer they were all full of admiration, and in spite of rules, Doctor Zeb was admitted with acclamation.

They directly presented to him the register of the academy in which they inscribed their names on their admission, and the doctor having done so, nothing more remained than to thank them in a few words according to custom. But Doctor Zeb, as a truly *silent* academi-

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can, thanked them without saying a word. He wrote on the margin the number 100, which was the number of his new brethren, and then placing a cipher before the figure (0100) he wrote beneath "*Their worth is neither less nor more.*" The president answered the modest doctor with as much politeness as presence of mind: he put the figure 1 before the number 100, and wrote (1100) "*They are ten times what they were before.*"

Dorset. COLBOURNE.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

Vale of Tawy—Copper Works, &c.—Coal Trade.—In our former paper* we gave a description of the Vale of Tawy, as it appears by night; we will now again revisit it. The stranger who explores this vale must expect to return with a bad headache. We have described it as a desolate looking place when seen at night, but the darkness only throws a veil over its barrenness. The face of the country, which would otherwise have been beautiful, is literally scorched by the desolating effects of the copper smoke; and when it is considered that a multitude of flues are constantly emitting smoke and flames strongly impregnated with sulphur, arsenic, &c., it is not to be wondered at. A canal runs up the vale into the country for sixteen miles, to an elevation of 372 feet: it is flanked near the copper-works by many millions of tons of copper slag; and there are no less than thirty-six locks on the line. It is a fact, that in spite of the infernal atmosphere, a great many of the people employed in these works attain old age. Every evil effect about Swansea, however, is ascribed to the copper smoke. The houses in this district are remarkable for clean exterior: the custom of whitewashing the roofs, as well as the walls, produces a pleasing effect, and is a relief to the eye in such a desert. There are eight large copper smelting establishments, besides several rolling-mills, now at work; the whole country is covered with tram-roads and coal-pits, many of which vomit forth their mineral treasures close to the road side. At Landore, about two miles from Swansea, is a large steam-engine, made by Bolton and Watt, which was formerly the lion of the neighbourhood. This pumping engine draws the water from all the collieries in the vale, throwing up one hundred gallons of water at each stroke: it makes twelve strokes in a minute, and consequently discharges 72,000 gallons an hour. This engine, however, is very inferior in construction and finish to the pumping engines of Cornwall, some of which are nearly three hundred horse-power. At the consols mines, there are two engines, each with cylinders of ninety inches in diameter, and everything about them kept as clean as a drawing-room. What an extraordinary triumph of the ingenuity of man, when it is considered that one of these gigantic engines can be stopped in an instant, by the mere application of the fingers and thumb o. the engineer to a screw! The quantity of coals consumed by the copper-works is enormous. We have heard that Messrs. Vivians, who have the largest works on the river, alone consume 40,000 tons annually: this coal is all small, and not fit for exportation. The copper trade may be considered as comparatively of modern date. The first smelting works were erected at Swansea, about a century ago; but now it is calculated that they support, including the collieries and shipping dependant on them, 10,000 persons, and that 3,000*l.* is circulated weekly by their means in this district. Till within the last few years, there were considerable copper smelting establishments at Hayle, in Cornwall; but that county possessing no coals, they were obliged to be abandoned, as it was found to be much cheaper to bring the ore to the coal than the latter to the ore. Formerly, from the want of machinery to drain the water from the workings (copper being generally found at a much greater depth than tin), the miners were compelled to relinquish the metallic vein before reaching the copper: indeed, when it was first discovered, and even so late as 1735, they were so ignorant of its value, that a Mr. Coster, a mineralogist in Bristol, observing large quantities of it lying amongst the heaps of rubbish round the tin mines, contracted to purchase as much of it as could be supplied, and continued to gain by Cornish ignorance for a considerable time. The first discoverer of the ore was called Poder (it long went by his name), who actually abandoned the mine in consequence; and we find that it was for some time considered that "*the ore came in and spoilt the tin.*" In the year 1822 the produce of the Cornish copper mines amounted to 106,723 tons of ore, which produced 9,331 tons of copper, and 676,285*l.* in money. In the same year, the quantity of tin ore raised was only 20,000 tons. The Irish and Welsh ores are generally much richer than those of

* See Mirror, vol. xvi.

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Cornwall; but occasionally they strike on a very rich *lode* (or vein) in that county. Last spring, some ore from the Penstruthal mine was ticketed at Truro, at the enormous price of 54*l.* 14*s.* per ton; and a short time previous, in the Great St. George Mine, near St. Agnes, a lode was struck five feet thick, which was worth 20*l.* a ton. There are only six other copper-works in the kingdom besides those of Swansea, five of which are within fifteen miles of that town; the other is at Amlwch (in the isle of Anglesea), where the Marquess of Anglesea smelts the ore raised in his mines there. The annual import of ore into Swansea in 1812 was 53,353 tons; in 1819, 70,256 tons were brought coastwise: besides which, several thousand tons of copper ore are imported from America every year. Since this period there has been a large increase. Most of the ships which are freighted with copper ore load back with coal, for the Cornish and Irish markets. Of bituminous, in 1812, 43,529 chalders, and in 1819, 46,457 chalders were shipped coastwise, besides a foreign trade of about 5,000 chalders every year. Most of this goes to France, the French vessels coming here in ballast for this purpose; but all coal shipped for abroad must be riddled through a screen composed of iron bars, placed three-eighths of an inch apart, as it is literally almost dust. Great hopes are now entertained here that government will abolish the oppressive duty on sea-borne coal. In the stone-coal and culm* trade, Swansea and Neath almost supply the whole kingdom. Independent of foreign trade, 55,066 chalders of culm and 10,319 tons of stone-coal were shipped coastwise in 1819: last year the ports of Swansea and Neath shipped 123,000 chalders of stone-coal and culm. Stone-coal improves in quality as it advances westward. That of Milford, of which however only about 6,000 chalders are annually exported, sells generally at from 50*s.* to 60*s.* per chaldron in the London market—a price vastly exceeding the finest Newcastle coal. It emits no smoke, and is used principally in lime-burning and in manufactories where an intense heat and the absence of smoke is required. The Swansea culm is mostly obtained about thirteen miles from the town. The bituminous coal mines in the vale of Tawy are fast getting exhausted, and the supply of coal must at no distant day be drawn farther westward, near the Burry River, where the quality of the coal is much improved, approaching nearer to that of Newcastle. The national importance of the inexhaustible supply of this mineral which exists in Wales, is incalculable; but as it has already been alluded to in *The Mirror*, in an extract from Mr. Bakewell's Geology, we will not farther pursue the subject.* While mentioning the trade of Swansea, we should not omit to state that two extensive potteries, tin and ironworks, and founderies, &c., and bonding warehouses and yards for foreign goods, &c. exist here.

VYVIAN.

* The small of the stone-coal.

* See Mirror, vol. xii.

Spirit of the Annuals.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN'S LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND IN LONDON.

AH my deer frend—I cannot feel the plaisir I expresse to come to your country charming, for you see. We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice. I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women; but now I agree quite with you; I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps! My faith! I never saw such a mode to walk; they take steps long like the man! Very pretty women! but not equal to ours! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons, and eyes of lightning; the English have mouth wide like the toads, and their eyes are like "*dreaming sheeps*," as one of our very talented writers say, "mouton qui rêve." It is excellent, that. I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect; our General Pilon say they all drink brandy; this I have not seen very much. I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white! But I come here filled with candour, and I say I *have seen some* people whose hair was not red. You tell me often at Paris, that we have no music in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after; you other English have no music; and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French names—"des gros de Naples," "des gros des Indes," "des gros d'été," &c. If English lady go for

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demand, show me, if you please, sir, some "fats of Naples," some "fats of India," and some "fats of summer," the linendraper not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks, people say, "puce évanouie," "œil de l'empereur," "flammes, d'enfer," "feu de l'opéra;" but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of "fainting fleas," or "emperors' eyes," or "opera fires," or of the "flames" of a place which you tell me once for say never to ears polite! You also like very much our musique in England; the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always "Le petit tambour," "Oh, gardezvous, bergerette," "Dormez, mes chéres amours," and twenty little French airs, of which we are fatigued there is a long time. I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out? One reply, "Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa *enjoy such very bad health.*" I say, "Oh yes! How do you do your papa this morning, misses?" "He is much worse, I am obliged to you, sir!" I bid them good bye, and think in myself how the English are odd to *enjoy* bad health, and the young ladies much oblige to me because their papa was much worse! "Chacun à son goût," as we say. In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any persons beating carpets, playing cricket, and such like diversions there, should be persecuted. My faith! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again! What stupid game whist! Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any! Ah! how the English are droll! I have nothing of more for say to you at present; but I am soon seeing you, when I do assure you of the eternal regard and everlasting affection of your much attached friend.—*Comic Offering.*

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

We have taken a slice, or rather, *four cuts*, from Mr. Hood's facetious volume. Their fun needs not introduction, for the effect of wit is instantaneous. To talk about them would be like saying "see how droll they are."

We omitted the Conditions drawn up by the Provisional Government, (the baker, butcher, publican, &c.) in our account of the revolutionary stir, or as the march-of-mind people call a riot, "the ebullition of popular feeling," at Stoke Pogis. Here they are, worthy of any Vestry in the kingdom, Select or otherwise.

"*Conditions.*

"1. That for the future, widows in Stoke Pogis shall be allowed their thirds, and Novembers their fifths.

"2. That the property of Guys shall be held inviolable, and their persons respected.

"3. That no arson be allowed, but all bon-fires shall be burnt by the common hangman.

"4. That every rocket shall be allowed an hour to leave the place.

"5. That the freedom of Stoke Pogis be presented to Madame Hengler, in a cartridge-box.

"6. That the military shall not be called out, uncalled for.

"7. That the parish beadle, for the time being, be authorized to stand no nonsense.

"8. That his Majesty's mail be permitted to pass on the night in question.

"9. That all animosities be buried in oblivion, at the Parish expense.

"10. That the ashes of old bon-fires be never raked up.

"*(Signed)* { WAGSTAFF, High Constable. WIGSBY."

Our next quotations are two comico-serio Ballads:—

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good Heaven! why even the little children in France speak French!" ADDISON.

I.

Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo,
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy.

II.

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*;
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

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III.

Signs I had to make
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion.
For wine I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

IV.

Moo! I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snugger,
When I kissed Jeannette,
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread.
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing.

V.

If I wished a ride.
I'll tell you how I got it:
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here's a *hog* to change,
How many *sows* are in it.

VI.

Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy.

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red:
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doom'd to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B. I do agree—
But think of Honour's Courts!
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports

But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had call'd out the sun?

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end.

We next quote brief illustrations of the Cuts on the opposite page. It may be observed that the articles themselves have but little *esprit*, and that, unlike most occasions, the wit lies in the wood.

First is a Sonnet accompanying the cut "Infantry at Mess."

"Sweets to the sweet—farewell."—*Hamlet.*

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough;
All human children have a sweetish tooth—
I used to revel in a pie or puff,
Or tart—we all are *tarters* in our youth;
To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,
All candies most complacently I crumped,
A stick of liquorice was good to suck,
And sugar was as often liked as lumped;
On treacle's "linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Or honey, I could feast like any fly,
I thrilled when lollipops were hawk'd about,
How pleased to compass hardbake or bull's eye,
How charmed if fortune in my power cast,
Elecampane—but that campaign is past.

"Picking his way" belongs to a day (April 17) in a "Scrape Book," with the motto of "Luck's all:"

"17th. Had my eye pick'd out by a pavior, who was *axing* his way, he didn't care where. Sent home in a hackney-chariot that upset. Paid Jarvis a sovereign for a shilling. My luck all over!"

The Schoolmaster's Motto, accompanying "Palmam qui meruit ferat!" is too long for extract.

The chief fun of the countryman and his Pigs lies in the cut.

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CUTS FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

INFANTRY AT MESS.

'I DO PERCEIVE HERE A DIVIDED DUTY.'

PICKING YOUR WAY.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

Of the first appearance of this celebrated parable, Mr. Southey's diligence has preserved the following notices:—

"'It is not known in what year the Pilgrim's Progress was first published, no copy of the first edition having as yet been discovered; the second is in the British Museum; it is "with additions," and its date is 1678; but as the book is known to have been written during Bunyan's imprisonment, which terminated in 1672, it was probably published before his release, or at latest immediately after it. The earliest with which Mr. Major has been able to supply me, either by means of his own diligent inquiries, or the kindness of his friends, is that "eighth e-di-ti-on" so humorously introduced by Gay, and printed—not for Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton, but for Nathanael Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultrey, near the Church, 1682; for whom also the ninth was published in 1684, and the tenth in 1685. All these no doubt were large impressions.'

"When the astonishing success of the Pilgrim's Progress had raised a swarm of imitators, the author himself, according to the frequent fashion of the world, was accused of plagiarism, to which he made an indignant reply, in what he considered as verses, prefixed to his 'Holy War.'

'Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,
Insinuating as if I would shine
In name and fame by the worth of another,
Like some made rich by robbing of their brother;
Or that so fond I am of being Sire,
I'll father bastards; or if need require,
I'll tell a lye in print, to get applause.
I scorn it; John such dirt-heap never was
Since God converted him. Let this suffice
To shew why I my Pilgrim patronize.

It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled:
Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dribble it daintily.'—p. lxxxix.

Mr. Southey has carefully examined this charge of supposed imitation, in which so much rests upon the very simplicity of the conception of the story, and has successfully shown that the tinker of Elstow could not have profited by one or two allegories in the French and Flemish languages—works which he could have had hardly a chance to meet with; which, if thrown in his way, he could not have read; and, finally, which, if he had read them, could scarcely have supplied him with a single hint. Mr. Southey, however, has not mentioned a work in English, of Bunyan's own time, and from which, certainly, the general notion of his allegory might have been taken. The work we allude to is now before us, entitled, 'The Parable of the Pilgrim, written to a friend by Symon Patrick, D.D., Dean of Peterborough;' the same learned person, well known by his theological writings, and successively Bishop of Chichester and Ely. This worthy man's inscription is dated the 14th of December, 1672; and Mr. Southey's widest conjecture will hardly allow an earlier date for Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 1672 being the very year in which he was enlarged from prison. The language of Dr. Patrick, in addressing his friend, excludes the possibility of his having borrowed from John Bunyan's celebrated work. He apologizes for sending to his acquaintance one in the old fashioned dress of a pilgrim; and says he found among the works of a late writer, Baker's Sancta Sophia, a short discourse, under the name of a Parable of a Pilgrim; 'which was so agreeable to the portion of fancy he was endowed with, that he presently thought that a work of this nature would be very grateful to his friends also. It appears that the Parable of a Pilgrim, so sketched by Dr. Patrick, remained for some years in the possession of the private friend for whom it was drawn up, until, it being supposed by others that the work might be of general utility, it was at length published in 1678,—Before that year the first edition of the Pilgrim's Progress had unquestionably made its appearance; but we equally acquit the Dean of Peterborough and the tinker of Elstow from copying a thought or idea from each other. If Dr. Patrick had seen the Pilgrim's Progress he would, probably, in the pride of academic learning, have scorned to adopt it as a model; but, at all events, as a man of worth, he would never have denied the obligation if he had incurred one. John Bunyan, on his part, would in all likelihood have scorned, 'with his very heels,' to borrow anything from a dean; and we are satisfied that he would have cut his hand off rather than written the introductory verses we have quoted, had not his Pilgrim been entirely his own.

Indeed, whosoever will take the trouble of comparing the two works which, turning upon nearly the same allegory, and bearing very similar titles, came into existence at or about the very same time, will plainly see their total dissimilarity. Bunyan's is a close and continued alle-

* Abridged from the paper on Southey's Life of Bunyan, in the last Quarterly Review.

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gory, in which the metaphorical fiction is sustained with all the minuteness of a real story. In Dr. Patrick's the same plan is generally announced as arising from the earnest longing of a traveller, whom he calls Philotheus or Theophilus, whose desires are fixed on journeying to Jerusalem as a pilgrim. After much distressing uncertainty, caused by the contentions of pretended guides, who recommend different routes, he is at length recommended to a safe and intelligent one. Theophilus hastens to put himself under his pilotage, and the good man gives forth his instructions for the way, and in abundant detail, so that all the dangers of error and indifferent company may be securely avoided; but in all this, very little care is taken even to preserve the appearance of the allegory: in a word, you have, almost in plain terms, the moral and religious precepts necessary to be observed in the actual course of a moral and religious life. The pilgrim, indeed, sets out upon his journey, but it is only in order again to meet with his guide, who launches further into whole chapters of instructions, with scarcely a reply from the passive pupil. It is needless to point out the extreme difference between this strain of continued didactics, rather encumbered than enlivened by a starting metaphor, which, generally quite lost sight of, the author recollects every now and then, as if by accident—and the thoroughly life-like manner in which John Bunyan puts the adventures of his pilgrim before us. Two circumstances alone strike us as trenching somewhat on the manner of him of Elstow: the one is where the guide awakens some sluggish pilgrims, whom he finds sleeping by the way;* the other is where their way is crossed by two horsemen, who insist upon assuming the office of guide. 'The one is a pleasing talker, excellent company by reason of his pleasant humour, and of a carriage very pleasant and inviting; but they observed he had a sword by his side, and a pair of pistols before him, together with another instrument hanging at his belt, which was formed for pulling out of eyes.'† The pilgrims suspected this well-armed cavalier to be one of that brood who will force others into their own path, and then put out their eyes in case they should forsake it. They have not got rid of their dangerous companion, by whom the Romish church is indicated, when they are accosted by a man of a quite different shape and humour, 'more sad and melancholy, more rude, and of a heavier wit also, who crossed their way on the right-hand.' He also (representing, doubtless, the Presbyterians or Sectaries) pressed them with eagerness to accept his guidance, and did little less than menace them with total destruction if they should reject it. A dagger and a pocket-pistol, though less openly and ostentatiously disposed than the arms of the first cavalier, seem ready for the same purposes; and he, therefore, is repulsed, as well as his neighbour. These are the only passages in which the church dignitary might be thought to have caught for a moment the spirit of the tinker of Bedford. Through the rest of his parable, which fills a well-sized quarto volume, the dean no doubt evinces considerable learning, but, compared to Bunyan, may rank with the dullest of all possible doctors; 'a worthy neighbour, indeed, and a marvellous good bowler—but for Alexander, you see how 'tis.' Yet Dr. Patrick had the applause of his own time. The first edition of his Parable appeared, as has been mentioned, in 1678; and the *sixth*, which now lies before us, is dated 1687.‡

Mr. Southey introduces the following just eulogium on our classic of the common people:

"Bunyan was confident in his own powers of expression; he says—

> ——— thine only way
> Before them all, is to say out thy say
> In thine own native language, which no man
> Now useth, nor with ease dissemble can.

And he might well be confident in it. His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English,—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity;—his language is every where level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of

* Parable of the Pilgrim, chapter xxx.
† Ibidem, chapter xxxiv.

‡ The Poet Laureate may, perhaps, like to hear that Dr. Patrick introduces into his parable a very tolerable edition of that legend of the roasted fowls recalled to life by St. James of Compostella, of which he himself has recently given us so lively and amusing a metrical version.

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his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him; and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers."

Mr. Southey, observing with what general accuracy this apostle of the people writes the English language, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which his youth must have been passed, pauses to notice one gross and repeated error. 'The vulgarism alluded to,' says the laureate, 'consists in the almost uniform use of *a* for *have*—never marked as a contraction, e.g. might *a* made me take heed—like to *a* been smothered.' Under favour, however, this is a sin against orthography rather than grammar: the tinker of Elstow only spelt according to the pronunciation of the verb *to have*, then common in his class; and the same form appears a hundred times in Shakspeare. We must not here omit to mention the skill with which Mr. Southey has restored much of Bunyan's masculine and idiomatic English, which had been gradually dropped out of successive impressions by careless, or unfaithful, or what is as bad, conceited correctors of the press.

The speedy popularity of the Pilgrim's Progress had the natural effect of inducing Bunyan again to indulge the vein of allegory in which his warm imagination and clear and forcible expression had procured him such success. Under this impression, he produced the second part of his Pilgrim's Progress; and well says Mr. Southey, that none but those who have acquired the ill habit of always reading critically, can feel it as a clog upon the first. The first part is, indeed, one of those delightfully simple and captivating tales which, as soon as finished, we are not unwilling to begin again. Even the adult becomes himself like the child who cannot be satisfied with the repetition of a favourite tale, but harasses the story-telling aunt or nurse, to know more of the incidents and characters. In this respect Bunyan has contrived a contrast, which, far from exhausting his subject, opens new sources of attraction, and adds to the original impression. The pilgrimage of Christiana, her friend Mercy, and her children, commands sympathy at least as powerful as that of Christian himself, and it materially adds to the interest which we have taken in the progress of the husband, to trace the effects produced by similar events in the case of women and children.

"There is a pleasure," says the learned editor, "in travelling with another companion the same ground—a pleasure of reminiscence, neither inferior in kind nor degree to that which is derived from a first impression. The characters are judiciously marked: that of Mercy, particularly, is sketched with an admirable grace and simplicity; nor do we read of any with equal interest, excepting that of Ruth in Scripture, so beautifully, on all occasions, does the Mercy of John Bunyan unfold modest humility regarding her own merits, and tender veneration for the matron Christiana."

"The distinctions between the first and second part of the Pilgrim's Progress are such as circumstances render appropriate; and as John Bunyan's strong mother wit enabled him to seize upon correctly. Christian, for example, man, and a bold one, is represented as enduring his fatigues, trials, and combats, by his own stout courage, under the blessing of heaven: but to express that species of inspired heroism by which women are supported in the path of duty, notwithstanding the natural feebleness and timidity of their nature, Christiana and Mercy obtain from the interpreter their guide, called Great-heart, by whose strength and valour their lack of both is supplied, and the dangers and distresses of the way repelled and overcome.

"The author hints, at the end of the second part, as if 'it might be his lot to go this way again;' nor was his mind that light species of soil which could be exhausted by two crops. But he left to another and very inferior hand the task of composing a third part, containing the adventures of one Tender Conscience, far unworthy to be bound up as it sometimes is, with John Bunyan's matchless parable."

'Tis necessary a writing critic should understand how to write. And though every writer is not bound to shew himself in the capacity of critic, every writing critic is bound to shew himself capable of being a writer.

Shaftesbury Criticism.

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Notes of a Reader.

LACONICS.

(From Maxwell. By Theodore Hook.)

Professional People.

NONE of our fellow-creatures enjoy life more than the successful member of one of the learned professions. There is, it is true, constant toil; but there are constant excitement, activity, and enthusiasm; at least, where there is not enthusiasm in a profession, success will never come—and as to the affairs of the world in general, the divine, the lawyer, and the medical man, are more conversant and mixed up with them, than any other human beings—cabinet ministers themselves, not excepted.

The divine, by the sacred nature of his calling, and the higher character of his duties, is, perhaps, farther removed from an immediate contact with society; his labours are of a more exalted order, and the results of those labours not open to ordinary observation; but the lawyer in full practice knows the designs and devices of half our acquaintance; it is true, professional decorum seals his lips, but *he* has them all before him in his "mind's eye,"—all their litigations and littlenesses,—all their cuttings, and carvings, and contrivings. He knows why a family, who hate the French with all the fervour of British prejudice, visits Paris, and remains there for a year or two; he can give a good reason why a man who delights in a well preserved property in a sporting country, with a house well built and beautifully situated, consents to "*spare it*," at a reduced price, to a man for whom he cares nothing upon earth: and looks at the world fully alive to the motives, and perfectly aware of the circumstances, of three-fourths of the unconscious actors by whom he is surrounded.

The eminent medical man stands, if not upon higher ground, at least in a more interesting position. As he mingles with the gay assembly, or visits the crowded ball, he knows the latent ills, the hidden, yet incurable disorders of the laughing throng by which he is encircled; he sees premature death lurking under the hectic flush on the cheek of the lovely Fanny, and trembles for the fate of the kind-hearted Emily, as he beholds her mirthfully joining in the mazy dance. He, too, by witnessing the frequently recurring scenes of death, beholds the genuine sorrow of the bereaved wife, or the devoted husband—and can, by the constant unpremeditated exhibitions of fondness and feeling, appreciate the affection which exists in such and such places, and understand, with an almost magical power, the value of the links by which society is held together.

Middle Life.

There is more healthful exercise for the mind in the uneven paths of middling life, than there is on the Macadamized road of fortune. Were the year all summer, how tiresome would be the green leaves and the bright sunshine—as, indeed, those will admit, who have lived in climates where vegetation is always at work.

Unwelcome Truth.

Plain speaking was Mousetrap's distinctive characteristic; his conversation abounded in blunt truisms, founded upon a course of thinking somewhat peculiar to himself, but which, when tried by the test of human vice and human folly, proved very frequently to be a great deal more accurate than agreeable.

Stockbrokers.

"I know some of them brokering boys are worth a million on Monday, and threepence on Thursday—all in high feather one week, and poor waddling creturs the next."

Mercantile Life.

A dark hole of a counting-house, with a couple of clerk chaps, cocked up upon long-legged stools, writing out letters—a smoky fireplace—two or three files, stuck full of dirty papers, hanging against the wall—an almanack, and a high-railed desk, with a slit in a panel with "bills for acceptance" painted over it." They are the chaps "wot' makes time-bargains—they speculate for thousands, having nothing in the world—and then at the wind-up of a week or two, pay each other what they call the difference: that is to say, the change between what they cannot get, and what they have not got.

The Secret Spring.

There are with all great affairs smaller affairs connected, so that in the watch-work of society, the most skilful artist is sometimes puzzled to fix upon the very little wheel by which the greater wheels are worked.

"Bad Company."

The subject under discussion was the great advantages likely to arise from the establishment of the North Shields Sawdust Consolidation Company, in which Apperton told Maxwell there were still seventy-four shares to be purchased:

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they were hundred pound shares, and were actually down at eighty-nine, would be at fifteen premium on the following Saturday, and must eventually rise to two hundred and thirty, for reasons which he gave in the most plausible manner, and which were in themselves perfectly satisfactory, as he said, to the "meanest capacity;" a saying with which it might have been perfectly safe to agree.

Love.

What does Sterne say? That love is no more made by talking of it, than a black pudding would be. Habit, association, assimilation of tastes, communion of thought, kindness without pretension, solicitude without effort, a tacit agreement and a silent sympathy; these are the excitements and stimulants of the only sort of love that is worth thinking of.

Brighton.

Brighton will be as good a residence as any other; there's nobody there knows much of either of *you*; and the place has got so big, that you may be as snug as you please; a large town and a large party, are the best possible shelters for love matters. Ay, go to Brighton—the prawns for breakfast, the Wheatears (as the Cockneys delicately call them, without knowing what they are talking about) for dinner, and the lobsters for supper, with a cigar, and a little ginnums and water, whiffing the wind, and sniffing the briny out of one of the bow-window balconies—that's it—Brighton's the place, against the world.

Murder.

A gentleman criminal is too rich a treat to be overlooked; and a murder in good society forms a tale of middling life, much too interesting to be passed over in a hurry.

A Love Errand.

He went to look for something which he had not left there, and whither she followed him, to assist in a pursuit which she knew went for nothing.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON, VOL. II.

THE publication of this work, *bonâ fide*, has not yet taken place; but we are enabled by the aid of the *Athenæum* to quote a page.

The volume commences with the following powerful review of Lord Byron's mind and fortune at the time he left England:—

"The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery;—had seen his hearth ten times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated (if, indeed, they had ever been his) the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasures which he felt in painting himself unamiably to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself.

"Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that any other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps, irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him,—furnished as his mind was with reserves of strength, waiting to be called out,—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate reaction which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such an excitement have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever livelily present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left, undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening and, perhaps, humbling influences on his spirit. But,—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius,—

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no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were everywhere heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give him a still bolder and loftier range of its powers.

* * * *

"But the greatest of his trials, as well as triumphs, was yet to come. The last stage of this painful, though glorious, course, in which fresh power was, at every step, wrung from out of his soul, was that at which we are now arrived, his marriage and its results,—without which, dear as was the price paid by him in peace and character, his career would have been incomplete, and the world still left in ignorance of the full compass of his genius. It is indeed worthy of remark, that it was not till his domestic circumstances began to darken around him that his fancy, which had long been idle, again arose upon the wing,—both the Siege of Corinth and Parisina having been produced but a short time before the separation. How conscious he was, too, that the turmoil which followed was the true element of his restless spirit may be collected from several passages of his letters, at that period, in one of which he even mentions that his health had become all the better for the conflict:—'It is odd,' he says, 'but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and sets me up for the time.'

"This buoyancy it was—this irrepressible spring of mind,—that now enabled him to bear up not only against the assaults of others, but what was still more difficult, against his own thoughts and feelings. The muster of all his mental resources to which, in self-defence, he had been driven, but opened to him the yet undreamed extent and capacity of his powers, and inspired him with a proud confidence, that he should yet shine down these calumnious mists, convert censure to wonder, and compel even those who could not approve to admire.

"The route which he now took, through Flanders and by the Rhine, is best traced in his own matchless verses, which leave a portion of their glory on all that they touch, and lend to scenes, already clothed with immortality by nature and by history, the no less durable associations of undying song."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SELDEN,

Towards the close of his life, was so thoroughly convinced of the superior value of the Holy Scriptures, as to declare that the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, afforded him more solid satisfaction than all he had ever read. H. B. A

FULL-BOTTOMED WIGS.

THE full-bottomed wigs which unfortunately envelope and cloud some of the most distinguished portraits of former days, were in fashion during the reigns of our William and Mary. Lord Bolingbroke was one of the first that tied them up, with which the queen was much offended, and said to a by-stander, "he would soon come to court in his night-cap." Soon after, tie wigs, instead of being an undress, became the high court dress. H. B. A.

A WINDOW THE CAUSE OF A WAR.

WHEN the Palace of Trianon was building for Louis XIV. at the end of Versailles' Park, that monarch went to inspect it, accompanied by Louvois, secretary of war, and superintendent of the building. Whilst walking arm in arm with him, he remarked that one of the windows was out of shape, and smaller than the rest—this Louvois denied, and asserted that he could not perceive the least difference. Louis XIV. having had it measured, and finding that he had judged rightly, treated Louvois in a contumelious manner before his whole court. This conduct so incensed the minister, that when he arrived home he was heard to say, that he would find better employment for a monarch than that of insulting his favourites: he was as good as his word, for by his insolence and haughtiness he insulted the other powers, and occasioned the bloody war of 1688.

IN 1306, Bruce having taken shelter in the Isle of Arran, sent a trusty person into Carrick, to learn how his vassals stood affected to his cause; with instructions, that, if he found them disposed to assist him he should make a signal at a time appointed, by lighting

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a fire on an eminence near the Castle of Turnbury. The messenger found the English in possession of Carrick, the people dispirited, and none ready to take arms; he therefore did not make the signal. But a fire being made about noon on the appointed spot, (possibly by accident) both Bruce and the messenger saw it. The former with his associates put to sea to join his supposed party; the latter to prevent his coming. They met before Bruce reached the shore, when the messenger acquainted Bruce with the unpromising state of his affairs, and advised him to go back; but he obeying the dictates of despair and valour, resolved to persevere; and attacking the English, carelessly cantoned in the neighbourhood of Turnbury, put a number of them to the sword, and pillaged their quarters. Percy, from the castle, heard the uproar, yet did not sally forth against them, not knowing their strength. Bruce with his followers not exceeding three hundred in number, remained for some days near Turnbury; but succours having arrived from the neighbouring garrisons, he was obliged to seek safety in the mountainous parts of Carrick. C. D.

"WILLIE WASTLE."

When Oliver Cromwell was at Haddington, he sent a summons to the governor of Hume Castle, ordering him to surrender. The governor answered,

"That he, Willie Wastle, stood firm in his castle,
That all the dogs of his town should not drive Willie Wastle down."

This anecdote gave rise to the amusement of Willie Wastle among children.

When the Irish Union was effected in 1801, the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Parnell, was the reigning *toast*. Being one evening in a convivial party, he jocularly said that by the Union he had lost his *bread and butter*. "Ah, my dear sir," replied a friend, "never mind, for it is amply made up to you in *toasts*."

CURIOUS LEGACY.

By Samuel Hawkins, Esq. to White Chapel Parish, 1804, *bequeathing £300. for performing Divine Service for ever, in the said parish church.*

Two guineas to be paid to Curate or Rector, for preaching a sermon on New Year's Day, from a text mentioned in his will. To Parish Clerk 10*s.* 6*d.* to sing 100th Psalm, old version, same day. To organist 10*s.* 6*d.* for playing tune to same. To Sexton 10*s.* 6*d.* if he attend the same; and to master and mistress of the free-school, each 10*s.* 6*d.* for attending the charity children at the same time and place; and to the Trustees of the school three guineas for refreshments, and to supply as many quartern loaves to be distributed to such poor as shall attend divine service on that day. The overplus, if any, to be given in bread to the poor of the parish that the trustees may consider proper objects of relief. JAC-CO.

WIT AND JOKES.

Selden says, "Nature must be the ground work of wit and art, otherwise whatever is done will prove but Jack-pudding's work.

"Wit must grow like fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon black thorns; they are there for awhile, but they come to nothing.

"Women ought not to know their own wit, because they will be showing it, and so spoil it; like a child that will constantly be showing its fine new coat, till at length it all bedaubs it with its pah hands.

"Fine wits destroy themselves with their own plots in meddling with great affairs of state. They commonly do as the ape, that saw the gunner put bullets in the cannon, and was pleased with it, and he would be doing so too; at last he puts himself into the piece, and so both ape and bullet were shot away together."

"The jokes, bon-mots, the little adventures, which may do very well (says Chesterfield) in one company will seem flat and tedious when related in another—they are often ill-timed, and prefaced thus: 'I will tell you an excellent thing.' This raises expectations, which when absolutely disappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool." P. T. W.

FAT FOLKS.

Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called *Wool-Sack*, *Bed Presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; Harry, a *Starveling*, an *Eel's-skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CHICHESTER CROSS.

Few places in Britain can boast of higher antiquity than the city of Chichester. Its origin is supposed to date back beyond the invasion of Britain by the Romans. It was destroyed towards the close of the fifth century, by Ella, but rebuilt by his son, Cissa, the second king of the South Saxons, who named it after himself, and made it the royal residence and capital of his dominions.

Chichester as may be expected, is a fertile field for antiquarian research. Its cathedral, churches, and ecclesiastical buildings abound with fine architecture; and its Cross is entitled to especial mention. It is thus minutely described in the *Beauties of England and Wales:*

The Cross stands in the centre of the city, at the intersection of the four principal streets. According to the inscription upon it, this Cross was built by Edward Story, who was translated to this see from that of Carlisle, in 1475. It was repaired during the reign of Charles II., and at the expense of the Duke of Richmond, in 1746; though we are told that Bishop Story left an estate at Amberley, worth full £25. per annum, to keep it in constant repair; but a few years afterwards the mayor and corporation sold it, in order to purchase another nearer home. The date of the erection of this structure is not mentioned in the inscription; but, from the style and ornaments, it must be referred to the time of Edward IV. This Cross is universally acknowledged to be one of the most elegant buildings of the kind existing in England. Its form is octangular, having a strong butment at each angle, surmounted with pinnacles. On each of its faces is an entrance through a pointed arch, ornamented with crockets and a finial. Above this,

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on four of its sides, is a tablet, to commemorate its reparation in the reign of Charles II. Above each tablet is a dial, exhibiting the hour to each of the three principal streets; the fourth being excluded from this advantage by standing at an angle. In the centre is a large circular column, the basement of which forms a seat: into this column is inserted a number of groinings, which, spreading from the centre, form the roof beautifully moulded. The central column appears to continue through the roof, and is supported without by eight flying buttresses, which rest on the several corners of the building. Till a few years since this Cross was used as a market-place; but the increased population of the city requiring a more extensive area for that purpose, a large and convenient market-house was, about the year 1807, erected in the North-street; on the completion of which, it was proposed to take down this Cross, then considered as a nuisance. Fortunately, however, the city was exempted from the reproach of such a proceeding by the public spirit of some of the members of the corporation, who purchased several houses on the north side of the Cross, in order to widen that part of the street, by their demolition.

The Topographer.

COUNTY COLLECTIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

KENT.

He that will not live long,
Let him dwell at Murston, Tenham, or Tong.

Queen Elizabeth's Gun at Dover.

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker my name of mound and wall."

Deal famed much vaunts of new turrets high,
A place well known by Cæsar's victory.
LELAND.

Dover, Sandwich, and Winchelsea,
Rumney and Rye the Five Ports be.

HAMPSHIRE.—SIR BEVIS OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Bevis conquered Ascupart
And after slew the Boar,
And then he crossed beyond the seas
To combat with the Moor.

WESTMORELAND.

I came to Lonsdale where I staid
At hall, into a tavern made,
Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimful, no thought of caring.
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth making—
Nought they see, that's worth care taking.
Drunken Barnaby's Journal.

CHESHIRE.

Chester of Castria took the name,
As if that Castria were the same.

SHROPSHIRE.

"To all friends round the Wrekin."

LINCOLNSHIRE.—STAMFORD.

Doctrinæ studium, quod nunc viget ad vada Boum
Tempore venturo celebrabitur ad vada Saxi.
Science that now o'er Oxford sheds her ray
Shall bless fair Stamford at some future day.
Merlin.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Or Trent who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads.
Milton.

And beauteous Trent that in himself enseams (fattens)
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streams.
Spenser.

BERKSHIRE.—ABINGDON.

(From Piers Plowman's MSS. 1400.)

And there shall come a king and confess you religious,
And beat you as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon and all his issue for ever
Have a knock of a king, and incurable the wound.

WILTSHIRE.—SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church you see,
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year,
As many gates as moons one here does view,
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.

A noble park near Sarum's stately town,
In form a mount's clear top call'd Clarendon;
There twenty groves, and each a mile in space,
With grateful shades, at once protect the place.

Chippenham.— On a Stone.

Hither extendeth Maud Heath's Gift,
For where I stand is Chippenham Clift.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

An owl shall build her nest upon the walls of Gloucester,
And in her nest shall be brought forth an ass.

The Severn sea shall discharge itself through seven mouths,
And the river Usk shall burn seven months.
Merlin.

YORKSHIRE.

Robin Hood in Barnesdale stood,
An arrow to head drew he,
"How far I can shoot," quoth he, "by the rood
"My merry men shall see."

SURREY.—ON THE MARKET HOUSE, FARNHAM.

You who do like me, give money to end me,
You who dislike me, give as much to mend me.

And Mole that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground till Thames he overtake.
Spenser.

The chalky Wey that rolls a milky wave. *Pope.*

SOMERSETSHIRE.

What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the sound

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Of Taunton's fruitful Deane; not matched by any ground. *Drayton.*

"Stanton Drew,
One mile from Pensford, and another from Chew."

Bristol Castle.

The castle there and noble tower,
Of all the towers of England is held the flower.

Redcliffe Church.

Stay curious traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive (elegant) pile astound thine eye,
That shoots aloft into the realms of day,
The Record of the Builder's fame for aie—
The pride of Bristowe and the Western Lande.
Chatterton.

WALES.—GLAMORGANSHIRE.

When the hoarse waves of Severn are screaming aloud,
And Penline's lofty castle involv'd in a cloud,
If true, the old proverb, a shower of rain,
Is breeding above, and will soon drench the plain.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

Once to Rome thy steps incline,
But visit twice St. David's shrine.

When Percelly weareth a hat,
All Pembrokeshire shall weet of that.

SCOTLAND.—STIRLINGSHIRE—BANNOCKBURN, 1314.

"Maidens of England, sore may ye mourn,
For your lemans ye've lost at Bannockburn"

ROXBURG

"Some of his skill be taught to me,
And, warrior, I could say to thee,
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."
Scott.

WESTERN ISLES.

Seven years before that awful day,
When time shall be no more,
A watery deluge will o'ersweep
Hibernia's mossy shore.
The green clad Isle too shall sink,
While with the great and good,
Columba's happy isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood.

This prophecy is said to be the reason why so many kings of Scotland, Norway, and Ireland have selected Icombkill for the place of their interment.

DUMBARTON.

So cold the waters are of Lomond Lake,
What once were sticks, they hardened stones will make.

PERTH.

"Fear not till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane"

Retrospective Gleanings.

GREEK BALLOT.—VOTING AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

THE manner of giving their suffrages (says Potter) was by holding up their hands. This was the common method of voting among the citizens in the civil government; but in some cases, particularly when they deprived magistrates of their offices for mal-administration, they gave their votes in private, lest the power and greatness of the persons accused should lay a restraint upon them, and cause them to act contrary to their judgments and inclinations.

The manner of voting privately was by casting pebbles into vessels or urns. Before the use of pebbles, they voted with beans: the beans were of two sorts, black and white. In the Senate of Five Hundred, when all had done speaking, the business designed to be passed into a decree was drawn up in writing by any of the prytanes, or other senators, and repeated openly in the house; after which, leave being given by the epistata, or prytanes, the senators proceeded to vote, which they did privately, by casting beans in a vessel placed there for that purpose. If the number of black beans was found to be the greatest, the proposal was rejected; if white, it was enacted into a decree, then agreed upon in the senate, and afterwards propounded to an assembly of the people, that it might receive from them a farther ratification, without which it could not be passed into a law, nor have any force or obligatory power, after the end of that year, which was the time that the senators, and almost all the other magistrates, laid down their commissions.

In the reign of Cecrops, women were said to have been allowed voices in the popular assembly; where Minerva contending with Neptune which of the two should be declared Protector of Athens, and gaining the women to her party, was reported by their voices, which were more numerous than those of the men, to have obtained the victory.

P. T. W.

CLARENCE AND ITS ROYAL DUKES.

(To the Editor.)

CLARENTIA, or Clarence, now Clare, a town in Suffolk, seated on a creek of the river Stour, is of more antiquity than beauty; but has long been celebrated for men of great fame, who have borne the titles of earls and dukes. It has the remains of a noble castle, of great strength and considerable extent and fortification (perhaps some of your readers could favour you with a drawing and history of it); and ruins of a collegiate church. It had once a monastery of canons, of the order of St. Augustine, or of St. Benedict, founded in the year 1248, by

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Richard Clare, Earl of Gloucester. This house was a cell to the Abbey of Becherliven, in Normandy, but was made indigenous by King Henry II., who gave it to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Westminster. In after time, King John changed it into a college of a dean and secular canons. At the suppression, its revenues were 324*l.* a year.

Seated on the banks of Stour river is a priory of the Benedictine order, translated thither from the castle, by Richard De Tonebridge, Earl of Clare, about the year 1315. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, converted it into a collegiate church. Elizabeth, the wife of Lionell, Duke of Clarence, was buried in the chancel of this priory, 1363; as was also the duke.

The first duke was the third son of King Edward III. He created his third son, Lionell of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, in 1362. His first wife was Elizabeth of Clare, daughter of William De Burgh, Earl of Ulster; she died in 1363. His second wife was Violante, daughter of the Duke of Milan. He died in Italy, 1370.

Clarencieux, the second king-at-arms, so called by Lionell, who first held it. King Henry IV. created his second son, Thomas of Lancaster, to the earldom of Albemarle and duchy of Clarence. He was slain in Anjou, in 1421.

The third duke was the second son of Richard of Plantagenet, Duke of York, George Duke of Clarence, in Suffolk. He was accused of high treason, and was secretly suffocated in a butt of Malmsley, or sack wine, in a place called Bowyer Tower, in the Tower of London, 1478, by order of his brother, King Edward IV.

The fourth duke. There was an interregnum of 311 years before another Duke of Clarence. George III. created his third son, William Henry, to the duchy of Clarence, August 16, 1789. The only Duke of Clarence who ever was raised to the throne is King William IV. of England. CARACTACUS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From the first of "Living Literary Characters," in the New Monthly Magazine.)

IT would be superfluous to continue the list of his prose works: they are numerous; but they are in all people's hands, and censure or praise would come equally late. He has triumphed over every difficulty of subject, place, or time—exhibited characters humble and high, cowardly and brave, selfish and generous, vulgar and polished, and is at home in them all. I was present one evening, when Coleridge, in a long and eloquent harangue, accused the author of Waverley of treason against Nature, in not drawing his characters after the fashion of Shakspeare, but in a manner of his own. This, without being meant, was the highest praise Scott could well receive. Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid him, was at the time of the late coronation, I think. The streets were crowded so densely, that he could not make his way from Charing Cross down to Rose's, in Abingdon-street, though he elbowed ever so stoutly. He applied for help to a sergeant of the Scotch Greys, whose regiment lined the streets. "Countryman," said the soldier, "I am sorry I cannot help you," and made no exertion. Scott whispered his name—the blood rushed to the soldier's brow—he raised his bridle-hand, and exclaimed, "Then, by G—d, sir, you shall go down—Corporal Gordon, here—see this gentleman safely to Abingdon-street, come what will!" It is needless to say how well the order was obeyed.

I have related how I travelled to Edinburgh to see Scott, and how curiously my wishes were fulfilled; years rolled on, and when he came to London to be knighted, I was not so undistinguished as to be unknown to him by name, or to be thought unworthy of his acquaintance. I was given to understand, from what his own Ailie Gourlay calls a sure hand, that a call from me was expected, and that I would be well received. I went to his lodgings, in Piccadilly, with much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson. I was welcomed with both hands, and such kind, and complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike forsook me. When I saw him in Edinburgh, he was in the very pith and flush of life—even in my opinion a thought more fat than bard beseems; when I looked on him now, thirteen years had not passed over him and left no mark behind: his hair was growing thin and grey; the stamp of years and study was on his brow: he told me he had suffered much lately from ill-health, and that he once doubted of recovery. His eldest son, a tall, handsome youth—now a major in the army—was with him. From that time, till he left London, I was frequently in his company. He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and with feeling—of my little attempts in

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verse and prose with a knowledge that he had read them carefully—offered to help me to such information as I should require, and even mentioned a subject in which he thought I could appear to advantage. "If you try your hand on a story," he observed, "I would advise you to prepare a kind of skeleton, and when you have pleased yourself with the line of narrative, you may then leisurely clothe it with flesh and blood." Some years afterwards, I reminded him of this advice. "Did you follow it?" he inquired. "I tried," I said; "but I had not gone far on the road till some confounded Will-o-wisp came in and dazzled my sight, so that I deviated from the path, and never found it again."—"It is the same way with myself," said he, smiling; "I form my plan, and then I deviate."—"Ay, ay," I replied, "I understand—we both deviate—but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity."

I have seen many distinguished poets, Burns, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, Wilson, Crabbe, and Coleridge; but, with the exception of Burns, Scott, for personal vigour, surpasses them all. Burns was, indeed, a powerful man, and Wilson is celebrated for feats of strength and agility; I think, however, the stalworth frame, the long nervous arms, and well-knit joints of Scott, are worthy of the best days of the Border, and would have gained him distinction at the foray which followed the feast of spurs. On one occasion he talked of his ancestry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, I think, was present. One of his forefathers, if my memory is just, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, and the family estate suffered curtailment in consequence. To make amends, however, his son, resolving not to commit the error of his father, joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in that unfortunate adventure which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, in 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats—a ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of this dress into his body; it was also the practice to strip the captives. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet which the ball had forced into the wound. "L—d, Wattie!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would bring me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them." The wound healed; I know not whether he was one of those fortunate men who mastered the guard at Newgate, and escaped to the continent.

The mystery which hung so long over the authorship of the Waverley Novels, was cleared up by a misfortune which all the world deplores, and which would have crushed any other spirit save that of Scott. This stroke of evil fortune did not, perhaps, come quite unexpected; it was, however, unavoidable, and it arose from no mismanagement or miscalculation of his own, unless I may consider—which I do not—his embarking in the hazards of a printing-house, a piece of miscalculation. It is said, that he received warnings: the paper of Constable, the bookseller, or, to speak plainer, long money-bills were much in circulation: one of them, for a large sum, made its appearance in the Bank of Scotland, with Scott's name upon it, and a secretary sent for Sir Walter. "Do you know," said he, "that Constable has many such bills abroad—Sir Walter, I warn you."—"Well," answered Sir Walter, "it is, perhaps, as you say, and I thank you; but," raising his voice, "Archie Constable was a good friend to me when friends were rarer than now, and I will not see him balked for the sake of a few thousand pounds." The amount of the sum for which Scott, on the failure of Constable, became responsible, I have heard various accounts of—varying from fifty to seventy thousand pounds. Some generous and wealthy person sent him a blank check, properly signed, upon the bank, desiring him to fill in the sum, and relieve himself; but he returned it, with proper acknowledgments. He took, as it were, the debt upon himself, as a loan, the whole payable, with interest, in ten years; and to work he went, with head, and heart, and hand, to amend his broken fortunes. I had several letters from him during these disastrous days: the language was cheerful, and there were no allusions to what had happened. It is true, there was no occasion for him to mention these occurrences to me: all that he said about them was—"I miss my daugter, Mrs. Lockhart, who used to sing to me; I have some need of her now." No general, after a bloody and disastrous battle, ever set about preparing himself for a more successful contest than did this distinguished man. Work succeeded work with unheard of rapidity; the

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chief of which was, "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," in nine volumes—a production of singular power, and an almost perfect work, with the exception of the parts which treat of the French Revolution, and the captivity of the great prisoner. I had the curiosity, on seeing one of the reviews praising Hazlitt's description of the Battle of the Pyramid's, to turn to the account of Scott. I need not say which was best: Scott's was like the sounding of a trumpet. The present cheap and truly elegant edition of the works of the author of "Waverley" has, with its deservedly unrivalled sale, relieved the poet from his difficulties, and the cloud which hung so long over the towers of Abbotsford has given place to sunshine.

Of Abbotsford itself, the best description ever given, at least the briefest, was "A Romance in stone and lime." It would require a volume to describe all the curiosities, ancient and modern, living and dead, which are here gathered together;—I say living, because a menagerie might be formed out of birds and beasts, sent as presents from distant lands. A friend told me he was at Abbotsford one evening, when a servant announced, "A present from"—I forget what chieftain in the North.—"Bring it in," said the poet. The sound of strange feet were soon heard, and in came two beautiful Shetland ponies, with long manes and uncut tails, and so small that they might have been sent to Elfland, to the Queen of the Fairies herself. One poor Scotsman, to show his gratitude for some kindness Scott, as sheriff, had shown him, sent two kangaroos from New Holland; and Washington Irving lately told me, that some Spaniard or other, having caught two young wild Andalusian boars, consulted him how he might have them sent to the author of "The Vision of Don Roderick."

This distinguished poet and novelist is now some sixty years old—hale, fresh, and vigorous, with his imagination as bright, and his conceptions as clear and graphic, as ever. I have now before me a dozen or fifteen volumes of his poetry, including his latest—"Halidon Hill"—one of the most heroically-touching poems of modern times—and somewhere about eighty volumes of his prose: his letters, were they collected, would amount to fifty volumes more. Some authors, though not in this land, have been even more prolific; but their progeny were ill-formed at their birth, and could never walk alone; whereas the mental offspring of our illustrious countryman came healthy and vigorous into the world, and promise long to continue. To vary the metaphor—the tree of some other men's fancy bears fruit at the rate of a pint of apples to a peck of crabs; whereas the tree of the great magician bears the sweetest fruit—large and red-cheeked—fair to look upon, and right pleasant to the taste. I shall conclude with the words of Sir Walter, which no man can contradict, and which many can attest: "I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage—rather an uncommon one with our irritable race—to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—IN HONOUR OF MAGA. (BLACKWOOD.)

SUNG BY THE CONTRIBUTORS.

Noo—hearken till me—and I'll beat Matthews or Yates a' to sticks wi' my impersonations.

TICKLER.

When Kit North is dead,
What will Maga do, sir?
She must go to bed,
And like him die too, sir
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga.

SHEPHERD.

When death has them flat,
I'll stitch on my weepers,
Put crape around my hat,
And a napkin to my peepers!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

NORTH.

Your words go to my heart,
I hear the death-owl flying,
I feel death's fatal dart—
By jingo, I am dying!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

See him, how he lies
Flat as any flounder!
Blow me! smoke his eyes—
Death ne'er closed eyes sounder!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

DELTA.

Yet he can't be dead,
For he is immortal,
And to receive his head
Earth would not ope its portal!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

O'DOHERTY.

Kit will never die;
That I take for *certain!*
Death "is all my eye"—
An't it, Betty Martin?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

Suppose we feel his arm—
Zounds! I never felt a
Human pulse more firm:
What's your opinion, Delta?
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

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CHARLES LAMB.

Kit, I hope you're well,
Up, and join our ditty;
To lose such a fine old fel-
Low would be a pity!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

NORTH.

Let's resume our booze,
And tipple while we're able;
I've had a bit of a snooze,
And feel quite comfortable!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

MULLION.

Be he who he may,
Sultan, Czar, or Aga,
Let him soak his clay
To the health of Kit and Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral, &c.

OPIUM-EATER.

Search all the world around,
From Greenland to Malaga,
And nowhere will be found
A magazine like Maga!
Fal de ral, de ral,
Iram coram dago;
Fal de ral, de ral,
Here's success to Maga!
Blackwood—Noctes.

Notes of a Reader.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

PART III.—*Origins and Antiquities.*

THIS contains the *Why and Because* of the Curiosities of the Calendar; the Customs and Ceremonies of Special Days; and a few of the Origins and Antiquities of Social Life. We quote a page of articles, perhaps, the longest in the Number:—

Cock-fighting.

Why was throwing at cocks formerly customary on Shrove Tuesday?

Because the crowing of a cock once prevented our Saxon ancestors from massacreing their conquerors, another part of our ancestors, the Danes, on the morning of a Shrove Tuesday, while asleep in their beds.

This is the account generally received, although two lines in an epigram "On a Cock at Rochester," by the witty Sir Charles Sedley, imply that the cock suffered this annual barbarity by way of punishment for St. Peter's crime, in denying his Lord and Master—

"Mayst thou be punish'd for St. Peter's crime,
And on Shrove Tuesday perish in thy prime."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* also says—"The barbarous practice of throwing at a cock tied to a stake on Shrovetide, I think I have read, has an allusion to the indignities offered by the Jews to the Saviour of the World before his crucifixion."—*Ellis's Notes to Brand.*

Why was cock-fighting a popular sport in Greece?

Because of its origin from the Athenians, on the following occasion: When Themistocles was marching his army against the Persians, he, by the way, espying two cocks fighting, caused his army to halt, and addressed them as follows—"Behold! these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way to the other."—This so encouraged the Grecians, that they fought strenuously, and obtained the victory over the Persians; upon which, cock-fighting was, by a particular law, ordered to be annually celebrated by the Athenians.

Cæsar mentions the English cocks in his Commentaries; but the earliest notice of cock-fighting in England, is by Fitzstephen the monk, who died in 1191.

St. George.

Why is St. George the patron saint of England?

Because, when Robert, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, was fighting against the Turks, and laying siege to the famous city of Antioch, which was expected to be relieved by the Saracens, St. George appeared with an innumerable army, coming down from the hills, all clad in white, with a red cross on his banner, to reinforce the Christians. This so terrified the infidels that they fled, and left the Christians in possession of the town.—*Butler.*

Why is St. George usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet?

Because the representation is emblematical of his faith and fortitude, by which he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse.—*Butler.*

Why was the Order of the Garter instituted?

Because of the victory obtained over the French at the battle of Cressy, when Edward ordered his garter to be displayed as a signal of battle; to commemorate which, he made a garter the principal ornament of an order, and a symbol of the indissoluble union of the knights. The order is under the patronage or protection of St. George, whence he figures in its insignia. Such is the account of Camden, Fern, and others. The common story of the order being instituted in honour of a garter of the Countess of Salisbury, which she dropped in dancing, and which was picked up by King Edward, has been denounced as fabulous by our best antiquaries.

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Cock-crow.

Why was it formerly supposed that cocks crowed all Christmas-eve?

Because the weather is then usually cloudy and dark (whence "the dark days before Christmas,") and cocks, during such weather, often crow nearly all day and all night. Shakspeare alludes to this superstition in Hamlet—

Some say that even 'gainst that hallow'd season,
At which our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning croweth all night long.
The nights are wholesome, and no mildew falls;
No planet strikes, nor spirits walk abroad:
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So gracious and so hallowed is the time.

The ancient Christians divided the night into four watches, called the evening, midnight, and two morning cock-crowings. Their connexion with the belief in walking spirits will be remembered—

The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone."—*Butler.*

——————The tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.—*Blair.*

Who can ever forget the night-watches proclaimed by the cock in that scene in Comus, where the two brothers, in search of their sister, are benighted in a forest?—

——————————Might we but hear
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.

Dr. Forster observes—"There is this remarkable circumstance about the crowing of cocks—they seem to keep night-watches, or to have general crowing-matches, at certain periods—as, soon after twelve, at two, and again at day-break. These are the Alectrephones mentioned by St. John. To us, these cock-crowings do not appear quite so regular in their times of occurrence, though they actually observe certain periods, when not interrupted by the changes of the weather, which generally produce a great deal of crowing. Indeed, the song of all birds is much influenced by the state of the air." Dr. F. also mentions, "that cocks began to crow during the darkness of the eclipse of the sun, Sept. 4, 1820; and it seems that *crepusculum* (or twilight) is the sort of light in which they crow most."

Goes of Liquor.

Why did tavern-keepers originally call portions of liquor "goes?"

Because of the following incident, which, though unimportant in itself, convinces us how much custom is influenced by the most trifling occurrences:—The tavern called the Queen's Head, in Duke's-court, Bow-street, was once kept by a facetious individual of the name of Jupp. Two celebrated characters, Annesley Spay and Bob Todrington, a sporting man, meeting one evening at the above place, went to the bar, and each asked for half a quartern of spirits, with a little cold water. In the course of time, they drank four-and-twenty, when Spay said to the other, "Now we'll go."—"O no," replied he, "we'll have another, and then go."—This did not satisfy the gay fellows, and they continued drinking on till three in the morning, when both agreed to go; so that under the idea of going, they made a long stay. Such was the origin of drinking, or calling for, *goes.*

Why was the celebrated cabinet council of Charles II. called the Cabal?

Because the initials of the names of the five councillors formed that word, thus—

Clifford,
Arlington,
Buckingham,
Ashley,
Lauderdale.

COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC.

THE volume for the present year appears to bring into play all the advantages of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The majority of the papers are of permanent value,—as the Division of the Day—a Table of the difference between London and Country Time—the continuation of the "Natural History of the Weather," commenced in last year's *Companion*—Chronological Table of Political Treaties, from 1326—a Literary Chronology of Contemporaneous Authors from the earliest times, on the plan of last year's Regal Table—Tables for calculating the Heights of Mountains by the Barometer—and illustrative papers on Life Assurance, the Irish Poor, and East India Trade.

The condensations of the official documents of the year follow; and from these we select two or three examples:

Bankruptcy Analysis, from November 1, 1829, *to November* 1, 1830.

Agricultural Implement Maker, 1; Anchorsmiths, 3; Apothecaries, 7; Auctioneers, 10; Bakers, 15; Bankers,

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3; Barge-master, 1; Basket-maker, 1; Blacksmiths, 2; Bleacher, 1; Boarding-house Keepers, 9; Boarding-school Keeper, 1; Boat-builder, 1; Bombasin Manufacturer, 1; Bone Merchant, 1; Bookbinders, 3; Booksellers, 20; Boot and Shoemakers, 14; Brassfounders, 4; Brewers, 17; Bricklayers, 5; Brickmakers, 4; Brokers, 10; Brush Manufacturer, 1; Builders, 38; Butchers, 8; Cabinet Makers, 9; Calico Printers, 3; Canvass Manufacturer, 1; Cap Manufacturer, 1; Carpenters, 12; Carpet Manufacturer, 1; Carriers, 4; Carvers and Gilders, 2; Cattle Dealers, 13; Cement Maker, 1; Cheesemongers, 12; China Dealers, 2; Chemists and Druggists, 16; Clothes' Salesman 1; Clothiers, 9; Cloth Merchants, 8; Coach Builders, 10; Coach Proprietors, 9; Coal Merchants, 28; Coffeehouse Keeper, 1; Colour Maker, 1; Commission Agents, 7; Confectioners, 3; Cook, 1; Cork Merchants, 2; Corn Merchants, 36; Cotton Manufacturers, 16; Curriers, 8; Cutlers, 3; Dairyman, 1; Dealers, 20; Drapers, 35; Drysalter, 1; Dyers, 12; Earthenware Manufacturers, 4; Edge-tool Maker, 1; Engineers, 5; Factors, 4; Farmers, 15; Farrier, 1; Feather Merchants, 3; Fellmongers, 2; Fishmongers, 2: Flannel Manufacturers, 2; Flax-dressers, &c., 2; Fruit Salesman 1; Furriers, 3; Gardener, 1; Gingham Manufacturers, 2; Glass Cutters, 2; Glass Dealers, 3; Glove Manufacturers, 2; Goldsmiths, 2; Grazier, 1; Grocers, 98; Gunmakers, 4; Haberdashers, 4; Hardwareman, 1; Hat Manufacturers, 9; Hop Merchants, 2; Horse Dealers, 10; Hosiers, 9; Innkeepers, 40; Ironfounders, 5; Iron Masters, 4; Iron Merchants, 4; Ironmongers, 19; Jewellers, 7; Joiners, 7; Lace Dealer, 1; Lace Manufacturers, 3; Lapidary 1; Leather Cutters, 2; Leather Dressers, 2; Lime Burners, 5; Linendrapers, 62; Linen Manufacturers, 2; Livery Stable Keepers, 9; Looking Glass Manufacturer. 1; Machine Makers, 2; Maltsters, 9; Manchester Warehousemen, 2; Manufacturers, 10; Manufacturing Chemist, 1; Master Mariners, 10; Mast Maker, 1; Mattress Maker, 1; Mealman, 1; Mercers, 16; Merchants, 71; Millers, 22; Milliners, 7; Miner, 1; Money Scriveners, 21; Music Sellers, 5; Nurserymen, 4; Oil and Colourman, 8; Painters, 6; Paper Hanger, 1; Paper Manufacturers, 8; Pawnbrokers, 2; Perfumers, 4; Picture Dealers, 3; Pill Box Maker, 1; Plasterer, 1; Plumbers, 12; Porter Dealers, 2; Potter, 1; Poulterer, 1; Printers, 4; Provision Brokers, 2; Ribbon Manufacturers, 6; Rope Manufacturer, 1; Sack Maker, 1; Saddlers, 6; Sail Cloth Makers, 2; Sail Makers, 4; Salesmen, 3; Scavenger, 1; Schoolmasters, 6; Seedsmen, 2; Ship Chandlers, 3; Ship Owners, 5; Shipwrights, 8; Shopkeepers, 11; Silk Manufacturers, 6; Silk Throwsters, 2; Silversmiths, 2; Slate Merchants, 2; Smiths, 2; Soap Maker, 1; Stationers, 7; Statuaries, 2; Steam Boiler Manufacturers, 2; Stock Brokers, 2; Stocking Manufacturer, 1; Stonemasons, 8; Stuff Merchants, 7; Sugar Refiner, 1; Surgeons, 13; Surveyor, 1; Tailors, 25; Tallow Chandler, 1; Tanners, 7; Tavern Keepers, 3; Timber Merchants, 18; Tinmen, 3; Tobacconists, 4; Toymen, 3; Turners, 2; Umbrella Manufacturer, 1; Underwritet, 1; Upholsterers, 16; Veneer Cutter, 1; Victuallers, 88; Warehousemen, 15; Watch and Clock Makers, 6; Wax Chandler 1; Wheelwright, 1; White Lead Manufacturer, 1; Whitesmith, 1; Whitster, 1; Wine and Spirit Merchants, 50; Woollen Drapers, 18; Woolstaplers, 5; Worsted Manufacturers, 6.—Total, 1467.

This is but a gloomy page in the commercial annals.

Duties on Soap and Candles.

The amount of the duty on Candles has been, for the year ending 5th of Jan. 1826, 491,236*l.*; 1827, 471,994*l.*; 1828, 492,622*l.*; 1829, 503,779*l.*; 1830, 495,138*l.*

The rate of duty on the above articles is—On hard soap, 3*d.* per lb.; soft soap, 1½*d.*; candles, tallow, 1*d.* per lb.; wax and spermaceti, 3½*d.* These duties are payable by law one week after the accounts are made up; but as the accounts for the country include the operations of six or seven weeks alternately, the period allowed for payment depends upon the locality of the traders, as those resident where the collector attends latest upon the round have a proportionally longer credit; the time allowed for payment may be stated generally at from fourteen to twenty-eight days. Within the limits of the chief office the duties on candles are paid weekly; but those on soap have, by custom, been extended to fourteen days after the account has been made up.

Duties on Newspapers.

Amount of Stamp Duties on Newspapers and Advertisements in England and Scotland, during the five years ending January 5, 1830:

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Year ending Jan. 5.	NEWSPAPERS. England. £.	Scotland £.	ADVERTISEMENTS. England. £.	Scotland. £.
1826	426,154	24,419	144,751	18,708
1827	429,662	22,013	135,687	17,779
1828	428,629	29,929	133,978	18,400
1829	439,798	33 556	136,368	18,939
1830	438,667	42,301	136,052	17,592

In Ireland the total number of Newspaper Stamps issued has been, in the years ending 5th Jan. 1827, 3,473,014; 1828, 3,545,846; 1829, 3,790,272; and 1830, 3,953,550.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON. VOL. II.

IT is our intention to condense a sheet of extracts from the above volume, upon the plan adopted by us on the appearance of the previous portion of the work. Our publishing arrangements will not, however, advantageously allow the appearance of this sheet until next Saturday week. In the meantime, a few extracts, *per se*, may gratify the curiosity of the reader, and not interfere with the interest of our proposed Supplement.

Extracts from Lord Byron's Journal.

"Diodati, near Geneva, Sept. 19th, 1816.

"Rose at five. Crossed the mountains to Montbovon on horseback, and on mules, and, by dint of scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful as a dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I am so tired;—for, though healthy, I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago. At Montbovon we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent, dismounted; tumbled down; cut a finger open; the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till stopped by a large tree; recovered baggage; horse tired and drooping; mounted mule. At the approach of the summit of Dent Jument * dismounted again with Hobhouse and all the party. Arrived at a lake in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadrupeds with a shepherd, and ascended farther; came to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle; I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the cliff.) In coming down, the guide tumbled three times; I fell a laughing, and tumbled too—the descent luckily soft, though steep and slippery; Hobhouse also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the mountains superb. A shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his *pipe;* very different from *Arcadia*, where I saw the pastors with a long musket instead of a crook, and pistols in their girdles. Our Swiss shepherd's pipe was sweet, and his tune agreeable. I saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Montbovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. Hobhouse went to fish—caught one. Our carriage not come; our horses, mules, &c. knocked up; ourselves fatigued.

"The view from the highest points of to-day's journey comprised on one side the greatest part of Lake Leman; on the other, the valleys and mountain of the Canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the Lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit; we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. In passing a ravine, the guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace, as the stones fall with great rapidity and occasional damage; the advice is excellent, but, like most good advice, impracticable, the road being so rough that neither mules, nor mankind, nor horses, can make any violent progress. Passed without fractures or menace thereof.

"The music of the cows' bells (for their wealth, like the patriarchs', is cattle,) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence;—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order—and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other;—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. As we went, they played the 'Ranz des Vaches' and other airs by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with nature.

"Sept. 20th.

"Up at six; off at eight. The whole of this day's journey at an average of between from 2,700 to 3,000 feet above

* Dent de Jaman.

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the level of the sea. This valley, the longest, narrowest, and considered the finest of the Alps, little traversed by travellers. Saw the bridge of La Roche. The bed of the river very low and deep, between immense rocks, and rapid as anger;—a man and mule said to have tumbled over without damage. The people looked free, and happy, and *rich* (which last implies neither of the former;) the cows superb; a bull nearly leapt into the char-à-banc—'agreeable companion in a post-chaise;' goats and sheep very thriving. A mountain with enormous glaciers to the right—the Klitzgerberg; further on, the Hockthorn — nice names — so soft; — *Stockhorn*, I believe, very lofty and scraggy, patched with snow only; no glaciers on it, but some good epaulettes of clouds.

"Passed the boundaries, out of Vaud and into Berne canton; French exchanged for bad German; the district famous for cheese, liberty, property, and no taxes. Hobhouse went to fish—caught none. Strolled to the river—saw boy and kid—kid followed him like a dog—kid could not get over a fence, and bleated piteously—tried myself to help kid, but nearly overset both self and kid into the river. Arrived here about six in the evening. Nine o'clock—going to bed; not tired to-day, but hope to sleep, nevertheless."

"Sept. 22nd.

"Left Thoun in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine. Rocks down to the water's edge. Landed at Newhause—passed Interlachen—entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description, or previous conception. Passed a rock: inscription—two brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock. Arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden)—glaciers—torrents: one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* in height of visible descent. Lodged at the curate's. Set out to see the valley—heard an avalanche fall, like thunder—glaciers enormous—storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail—all in perfection, and beautiful. I was on horseback; guide wanted to carry my cane; I was going to give it him, when I recollected that it was a sword-stick, and I thought the lightning might be attracted towards him; kept it myself; a good deal encumbered with it, as it was too heavy for a whip, and the horse was stupid, and stood with every other peal. Got in, not very wet, the cloak being stanch. Hobhouse wet through; Hobhouse took refuge in cottage; sent man, umbrella, and cloak, (from the curate's when I arrived) after him. Swiss curate's house very good indeed—much better than most English vicarages. It is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse.* It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave or curve, a spreading here, or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable. I think, upon the whole, that this day has been better than any of this present excursion.

"Sept. 23rd.

"Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent (seven in the morning) again; the sun upon it, forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw anything like this: it is only in the sunshine. Ascended the Wengen mountain; at noon reached a valley on the summit; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit, seven thousand feet (English feet) above the level of the *sea*, and about five thousand above the valley we left in the morning. On one side, our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant (the Kleine Eigher;) and the Great Giant (the Grosse Eigher,) and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of the Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, 11,000 above the valley: she is the highest of this range. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. From whence we stood, on the Wengen Alp, we had all these in view on one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring tide—it was white and sulphury, and immeasu-

* It is interesting to observe the use to which he afterwards converted these hasty memorandums in his sublime drama of Manfred:—

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the shouted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.

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rably deep in appearance.* The side we ascended was, of course, not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular.) Staid a quarter of an hour —begun to descend—quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it.

"Got down to our horses again; ate something; remounted; heard the avalanches still: came to a morass; Hobhouse dismounted to get over well; I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up to the chin, and of course he and I were in the mud together; bemired, but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Arrived at the Grindenwald; dined, mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier—like *a frozen hurricane* † Starlight, beautiful, but a devil of a path! Never mind, got safe in; a little lightning, but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed *whole woods of withered pines, all withered;* trunks stripped and lifeless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter."‡

Shelley and Byron,

It appears, first met at Geneva:—

There was no want of disposition towards acquaintance on either side, and an intimacy almost immediately sprung up between them. Among the tastes common to both, that for boating was not the least strong; and in this beautiful region they had more than ordinary temptations to indulge in it. Every evening, during their residence under the same roof at Sécheron, they embarked, accompanied by the ladies and Polidori, on the Lake; and to the feelings and fancies inspired by these excursions, which were not unfrequently prolonged into the hour of moonlight, we are indebted for some of those enchanting stanzas § in which the poet has given way to his passionate love of Nature so fervidly.

"There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drips the light drop of the suspended oar.

* * * *

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

A person who was of these parties has thus described to me one of their evenings. 'When the *bise* or north-east wind blows, the waters of the Lake are driven towards the town, and, with the stream of the Rhone, which sets strongly in the same direction, combine to make a very rapid current towards the harbour. Carelessly, one evening, we had yielded to its course, till we found ourselves almost driven on the piles; and it required all our rowers' strength to master the tide. The waves were high and inspiriting,—we were all animated by our contest with the elements. 'I will sing you an Albanian song,' cried Lord Byron; 'now be sentimental, and give me all your attention.' It was a strange, wild howl that he gave forth; but such as, he declared, was an exact imitation of the savage Albanian mode, laughing, the while, at our disappointment, who had expected a wild Eastern melody.

Sometimes the party landed, for a walk upon the shore, and, on such occasions, Lord Byron would loiter behind the rest, lazily trailing his sword-stick along, and moulding, as he went, his thronging thoughts into shape. Often too, when in the boat, he would lean abstractedly over he side, and surrender himself up, in silence, to the same absorbing task.

The conversation of Mr. Shelley, from the extent of his poetic reading and the strange, mystic speculations into which his system of philosophy led him, was of a nature strongly to arrest and interest the attention of Lord Byron, and to turn him away from worldly associations and topics into more abstract and untrodden ways of thought. As far as contrast, indeed, is an enlivening ingredient of such intercourse, it would be difficult to find two persons more formed to whet each other's faculties by discussion, as on few points of common interest between them did their opinions agree; and that this difference had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering la-

* Ye *avalanches*, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict.
* * * * * * *
The mists boil up around the glaciers; *clouds*
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell!
MANFRED.

† O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice.
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling *tempest's* foam
Frozen in a moment. MANFRED.

‡ Like these *blasted pines*,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless
MANFRED.

§ Childe Harold, Canto 3.

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byrinth of Mr. Shelley's pages to assure us.

Letter of Lord to Lady Byron.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of 'Ada's hair,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl—perhaps from its being let grow. I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'household,' written twice in an old account book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wish to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people. I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six; so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her; perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents. The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now. I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding everything, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a-year after the separation; but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you, that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving. Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things,—viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three."

The Naturalist.

DANCING FISH—SEA-SERPENT, &c.

In a paper on "Oceanic Dangers," in the *United Service Journal* is the following:—

There is a species of grampus from two to three tons weight, and about sixteen feet in length, that amuses itself with jumping, or rather springing its ponderous body entirely out of the water, in a vertical position, and falling upon its back; this effort of so large a fish is almost incredible, and informs us how surprisingly great the power of muscle must be in this class of animal. I have seen them spring out of the water within ten yards of the ship's side, generally in the evening, after having swam all the former part of the day in the ship's *wake*, or on either quarter. When several of these fish take it into their heads to dance a "hornpipe," as the sailors have termed their gambols, at the distance of half a mile they, especially at or just after sun-down, may easily be mistaken for the sharp points of rocks sticking up out of the water, and the splashing and foam they make and produce have the appearance of the action of the waves upon rocks. An officer of the navy informed me, that after sunset, when near the equator, he was not a little alarmed and surprised (because quite unexpected) at the cry of "rocks on the starboard bow:" looking forward through the dubious light (if the expression may be admitted,) he in-

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distinctly saw objects which he and all on board took to be the pinnacles of several rocks of a black and white colour: in a short time, however he discovered this formidable danger to be nothing more than a company of dancing grampuses with white bellies: as one disappeared, another rose, so that there were at least five or six constantly above the surface!

The uncertainty attending the visual organ during the continuance of the *aurora* and of the *twilight*, must have been noticed by all those persons who have frequented the ocean. Most sailors have the power of eye-sight strengthened from constant practice, and from having an unobstructed view so generally before them; yet I have known an officer, who was famous for his quickness of sight, declare that in the evening and morning he found it difficult to retain sight for more than a second or two at a time, of a strange sail; at night, even with an inverting glass, his practised eye could retain the object more steadily.

The public were amused for some time, a few years ago, by the tales of brother Jonathan respecting the huge sea-serpent. Without at all disputing the existence of creatures of that nature in the ocean, I have little doubt that a sight I witnessed in a voyage to the West Indies, was precisely such as some of the Americans had construed into a "sea-serpent a mile in length," agreeing, as it did, with one or two of the accounts given. This was nothing more than a tribe of black porpoises in one line, extending fully a quarter of a mile, fast asleep! The appearance certainly was a little singular, not unlike a raft of puncheons, or a ridge of rocks; but the moment it was seen, some one exclaimed, (I believe the captain)—"here is a solution of Jonathan's enigma"—and the resemblance to his "sea-serpent" was at once striking.

Ice, sometimes, when a-wash with the surface of the sea may be mistaken for breakers; and that which is called "black ice" has, both by Capt. Parry and Mr. Weddell, been taken for rocks until a close approach convinced them of the contrary; and, I dare say, others have been in like manner deceived, especially near Newfoundland.

A *scole* of or indeed, a single, devil fish (*Lophius*) when deep in the water, may appear like a shoal; and I think, that of all the various appearances of strange things seen at sea, this monstrous animal is more likely to deceive the judgment into a belief of a submarine danger being where none actually exists, than any other. I have watched one of these extraordinary creatures, as it passed slowly along, occupying a space two-thirds of the length of the ship (a 32-gun frigate;) its shape was nearly circular, of a dark green colour, spotted with white and light green shades, like the *ray*, and some other flat-fish.

Mr. Kriukof gave a curious description to Capt. Kotzebue of a marine serpent which pursued him off Behring's island: it was red and enormously long, the head resembling that of the sea-lion, at the same time two disproportionately large eyes gave it a frightful appearance. Mr. Kriukof's situation seems to have been almost as perilous above the surface of the sea, as Lieutenant Hardy's Spanish diver's was, with the *tinterero* underneath!

In the History of Greenland, (which, by the by, may with propriety be called Parrynese,) I think there is a well authenticated account of a large sea-serpent seen upon the coast of that vast insular land in Hudson's sea.

Sea-Devil.—Extract from the log-book of the ship Douglas.—"Sailed May 3rd from Curaçoa. May 6th, at three P.M. in lat. 35 long. 68.40, made, as we supposed, a vessel bottom up, five or six miles distant—proceeded within forty feet of the object, which appeared in the form of a turtle—its height above water ten or twelve feet; in length twenty-five or thirty feet, and in breadth twelve feet, with oars or flappers, one on each side; twelve or fifteen feet in length, one-third of the way from his tail forward, and one on each side near his tail five feet long. The tail twenty to twenty-five feet long,—had a large lion face with large eyes. The shell or body looked like a clinker-built boat of twenty-five or thirty tons, bottom up, and the seams of the laps newly paid. There were some large branches on him. This animal was standing south-east, and in the course of Bermuda, and his velocity about two knots per hour. A vessel running foul of this monster might be much injured.—*New York Paper*, May 22.

Spawn of fish, minute *mollusca*, the small classes of *squilla* and *cancer*, are known to voyagers as causing a discolouration of the sea in particular places. Patches and lines of these are often seen within the tropics, of a brown colour, and sometimes of a yellow, and of a red shade, floating upon the surface of the ocean, which, to those unused to such sights, are considered as indications of danger beneath. I met with two patches of this description

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lately in the Torrid Zone, but the captain being familiar with such instances, sailed through them without apprehension. The first consisted of myriads of small orbicular *medusæ*, about the size of a pea, of a purple hue; the other patch of a reddish-brown colour, was produced by small *mollusca*, the size of a needle, and about a *line* in length.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CURIOUS SIGN.

THE following is on a violin maker's sign-board, at Limerick:—"New Villins mad here and old ones rippard, also new heads, ribs, backs, and bellys mad on the shortest notice. N. B. Choes mended, &c.

"Pat O'Shegnassy, painter."
W. G. C.

ANCIENT PROPHECY.

THE author of "*The Blasynge of Armes*,"* at the end of Dame Julian Berners's celebrated Treatise on Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, has informed us that "Tharmes of the Kynge of Fraunce were certaynly sent by an angel from heven, that is to saye, thre floures in manere of swerdes in a feld of azure, the whyche certer armes were given to the forsayd Kynge of Fraunce in sygne of everlastynge trowble, and that he and his successours alway with batayle and swerdes sholde be punysshyd."

BATHOS AND PATHOS.

(To the Editor.)

PERCEIVING that you sometimes admit curious and eccentric epitaphs into your very amusing and instructive periodical, if the enclosed is worthy a place, it at least has this merit, if no other, that it is a *literal* copy, from a tombstone in St. Edmund's churchyard, Sarum:—

In Memory of 3 Children of Joseph and Arabella Maton, who all died in their Infancy, 1770.

1.

Innocence Embellishes Divinely Compleat
To Prescience Coegent Now Sublimely Great
In the Benign, Perfecting, Vivifying State.

2.

So Heavenly Guardian Occupy the Skies
The Pre-Existent God, Omnipotent Allwise
He can Surpassingly Immortalize thy Theme
And Permanent thy Soul Celestial Supreme.

3.

When Gracious Refulgence, bids the Grave Resign
The Creators Nursing Protection be Thine
Thus each Perspiring Æther will Joyfully Rise
Transcendantly Good Supereminently Wise.
W. C.

* This book was printed at St. Albans in the year 1486, and afterwards reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1496.

THE LETTER B.

"Or like a lamb, whose dam away is fet,
He treble *baus* for help, but none can get."
SIDNEY.

ITS pronunciation is supposed to resemble the bleating of a sheep; upon which account the Egyptians represented the sound of this letter by the figure of that animal. It is also one of those letters which the eastern grammarians call *labial*, because the principal organs employed in its pronunciation are the lips. With the ancients, B as a numeral stood for 300. When a line was drawn above it, it stood for 3,000, and with a kind of accent below it, for 200.
P. T. W.

A DOUBLE.

(To the Editor.)

I READ your story of the cherry-coloured cat. The clergyman with whom I was educated astonished me when a child, by saying, when at his living at ———, he preached in a cherry-coloured gown and a *rose*-coloured wig (white.)
AN OLD ONE.

PROPHECY OF LORD BYRON.

IN his journal, under the date of January 13, 1821, Lord Byron writes: "Dined—news come—the powers mean to war with the people. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The *King-times* are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it—but I foresee it."

HARDHAM'S 37.

SNUFF-TAKERS generally, especially the patrons of Hardham's 37 will read the following record of benevolence with

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some gratification:—"In 1772, Mr. John Hardham, a tobacconist, in London, a native of Chichester, left by his will the interest of all his estates to the guardians of the poor, 'to ease the inhabitants in their poor-rates for ever.' This valuable legacy amounting to 653*l.* per annum was subject to the life of the housekeeper of the testator, so that it was not till 1786 that it reverted to the city."—This is even better than the plan for snuff-takers paying off the national debt.

PRESTON, LANCASTER.

PRESTON is a market-town, borough, and parish; situated on the river Ribble, in the hundred of Amounderness, county palatine of Lancaster. It was incorporated by Henry II., in 1160; and the privileges and free customs granted by this and subsequent royal grants were confirmed by Charter of 36th Charles II. The body corporate consists of a mayor, recorder, seven aldermen, and seventeen capital burgesses, who, together, form the common council of the borough. The mayor, two town-bailiffs, and two sergeants are elected annually, upon the Friday preceding the festival of St. Wilfrid, who was formerly lord of this town; and they are invested, on the 12th of October following, by a jury of twenty-four guild burgesses. The members of the council, with the exception of the mayor, retain their seats for life, or during the pleasure of a majority, and vacancies are supplied by the remaining members. The town sends two representatives to parliament, and affords the nearest practical example of universal suffrage in the kingdom—every male inhabitant, whether housekeeper or lodger, who has resided six months in the town, and who has not, during the last twelve months, been chargeable to any township as a pauper, having a right to vote for two candidates at elections. This principle was established by a decision of the House of Commons, on an appeal, in the year 1766, and has ever since been acted upon. The burgesses are entitled, by the charter of Henry II., to have a GUILD MERCHANT, with the usual franchises annexed, of safe transit through the kingdom, exemption from toll, pontage, and stallage; liberty to buy and sell peaceably; and power to hold a guild for the renewal of freedom to the burgesses, the confirming of by-laws, and other purposes. This privilege is still made the occasion of great festivity. For a long time after their first institution, the guilds were held at irregular periods, but they have now, for more than a century, been uniformly celebrated every twentieth year, commencing on the Monday next after the Decollation of St. John, which generally happens in the last week of August; the last was held in 1822, and commenced on the 22nd of September. The amusements, which are of great variety, continue for a fortnight; but, for civic purposes, the guild books are open for one entire month. The corporation are obliged to hold this carnival, on pain of forfeiting their elective franchises, and their rights as burgesses. The *guild* appears to be of the nature of the ancient frank-pledge: it is of Saxon origin, and derived from the word *gile*, signifying money, by which certain fraternities enter into an association, and stipulate with each other to punish crimes, make losses good, and acts of restitution proportioned to offences;—for which purposes, they raised sums of money among themselves, forming a common stock; they likewise endowed chantries for priests to perform orisons for the defunct. Fraternities and guilds were, therefore, in use, long before any formal licenses were granted to them; though, at this day, they are a company combined together, with orders and laws made by themselves, under sanction of royal authority. The several trades of Preston are incorporated; twenty-five chartered companies go in procession on the guild festival. W. G. C.

EPIGRAM.

Bob scrubs his head, in search of wit,
And calls his follies phrenzy fit;
But Bob forgets, with all his wit,
Poëta nascitur, non *fit!* P. T.

ACCOMMODATION.

THE following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered much from nightly depredators:—"Those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they would steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present; and as it may be some little inconvenience to get over the palings, the gate is left open for their accommodation. (Signed) S. SWIFT."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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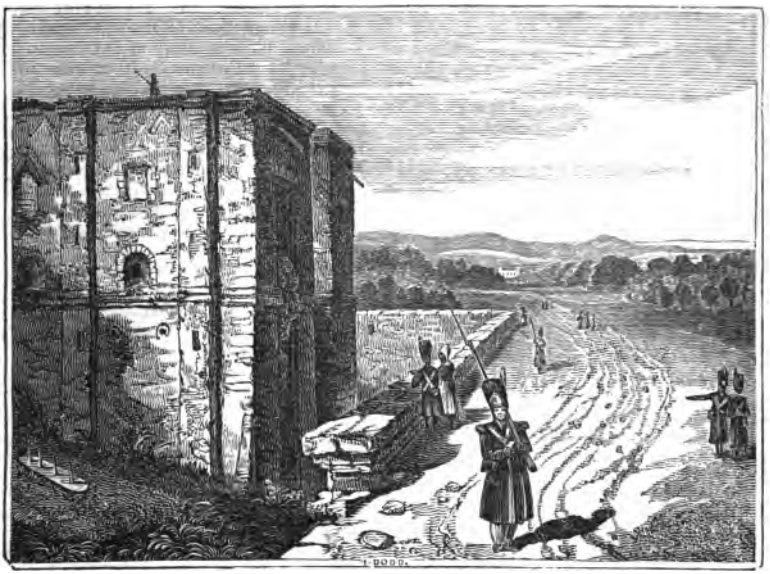

CASTLE OF VINCENNES.

EVERY reader at all conversant with the history of the present century, or the past year, will appreciate our choice of the above Engraving. Its pictorial and historical interest will not bear comparison; unless it be in the strong contrast which the gloomy, wretched-looking building affords with the beautiful *paysage* of the scene. The spectator may perhaps reflect on the damning deeds which the cruelty and ambition of man have perpetrated in the Castle, then turn for relief to the gaiety—nay, the dancing life and bustle of other portions of the picture—and lastly confess that the composition, slight as it is, abounds with lights and shadows that strike forcibly on every beholder.

To be more explicit—the Castle of Vincennes was formerly a royal palace of the French court: it then dwindled to a state-prison; in its fosse, March 21, 1804, the Duke d'Enghien was murdered, the grave in the ditch on the left being where the body of the ill-starred victim was thrown immediately after being shot. The reader knows this act as one of the bloody deeds—the damned spots—of Bonaparte's career; that, subsequently, by order of the Bourbons, the remains of the duke were disinterred, and removed to the chapel of the Castle; and that the place has since become interesting as the prison of Prince Polignac and the Ex-ministers of Charles X. previous to their trial after the revolution in Paris, July, 1830.

Before proceeding further, we ought to acknowledge the original of the above print. In 1816, a few days after the removal of the bones of the Duke d'Enghien, an ingenious gentleman, Mr G. Shepheard, was on the spot, and made a drawing for his portfolio. He was interrupted in his task by the guard, and notwithstanding the explanation of his harmless motive, was removed within the Castle: for those were days of political jealousy and suspicion. The Governor of the prison chanced to be acquainted with a friend who accompanied the artist; an explanation was given, and instead of a dreary lodging in one of the cells of the Castle, the "arrested" partook of a substantial *dejeuné* in one of its best apartments. Mr. Shepheard brought the sketch with him to England, and, upon the frequent mention of the

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Castle of Vincennes during the recent affair of the French ministry, he caused the drawing to be lithographed by Mr. W. Day. As this has not been done with a view to profit, we may mention that the drawing is to be purchased at a cheap rate, of the printsellers. Our copy has been made by permission of the artist, and we take this method of thanking him, as well as distinguishing his praiseworthy enthusiasm. By the way, there is a print of the Castle of Vincennes and the Execution of the Duke d'Enghien, in the *Life of Napoleon*, in the *Family Library*. The Castle, as there represented, is about as like that of Mr. Shepheard's drawing as the publisher's house in Albemarle-street. This hint may probably not be lost upon the editor of the "Family" Life in his next edition.

The History of the Castle deserves detail; and we copy it from the last edition of our friend Galignani's *Picture of Paris*:—

Vincennes is a large village about four miles east of Paris, famous for its forest, called the *Bois de Vincennes*, and its ancient royal chateau. The forest appears to have existed long before the chateau, and to have been much more extensive than at present. Philip Augustus surrounded it with strong and thick walls in 1283, when Henry III. of England, presented to him a great number of stags, deer, wild boars, and other animals for the sports of the chase. That monarch, taking pleasure in sporting, built a country seat at Vincennes, which was known by the name of *Regale manerium*, or the royal manor. Louis IX. often visited Vincennes, and used to sit under an oak in the forest to administer justice. In 1337, Philippe de Valois demolished the ancient building, and laid the foundations of that which still exists, and which was completed by his royal successors. The chateau forms a parallelogram of large dimensions; round it were formerly nine towers, of which eight were demolished to the level of the wall in 1814. That which remains, called the *tour de l'Horloge*, is a lofty square tower which forms the entrance. The Donjon is a detached building on the side towards Paris, and has a parapet for its defence. Deep ditches lined with stone surround the chateau. The chapel called *la Sainte Chapelle*, built by Charles V. stands in the second court to the right. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The interior is remarkable for its windows of coloured glass, by Cousin, after the designs of Raphael. They formerly were numerous, but only seven now remain. The high altar is entirely detached and consists of four Gothic columns of white marble; its front is ornamented with small figures. The balustrade which separates the choir is also Gothic, and of white marble. To the left of the altar is a monument, after the designs of Deseine, to the memory of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien. It consists of four erect full length statues in beautiful white marble. The prince appears supported by religion. The other figures represent, the one, France in tears, having at her feet a globe enriched with *fleurs de lis*, and holding in her hand a broken sceptre; and the other fanaticism armed with a dagger, and in the attitude of striking her victim. The statue of the prince is replete with dignity and expression; that of religion is remarkably fine; near her is a gilt cross, and upon her head is a golden crown. A trophy, in bronze, formed of the arms of the prince and the *ecu* of the house of Condé fills up the interval between the figures of the foreground.

Henry V. King of England, the hero of Agincourt, died at Vincennes, in 1422.

Louis XI. enlarged and embellished the chateau, which he made his favourite residence. It was in the reign of that cruel and superstitious prince, about the year 1472, that the Donjon of Vincennes became a state prison.

Charles IX. died at this chateau in 1574.

In the reign of Louis XIII. Mary de Medicis, his mother, built the magnificent gallery still in existence; and Louis XIII. commenced the two large buildings to the south, which were finished by Louis XIV.

In 1661, Cardinal Mazarin died at Vincennes. The Duke of Orleans, when regent of the kingdom, continued to live in the Palais Royal; and therefore, in order to have the young king, Louis XV. near him, he fixed his majesty's residence, in the first year of his reign (1715) at Vincennes, till the palace of the Tuileries could be prepared for him. In 1731, the trees in the forest of Vincennes being decayed with age, were felled, and acorns were sown in a regular manner through the park, from which have sprung the oaks which now form one of the most shady and agreeable woods in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Vincennes, though no longer a royal residence, continued to be a state-prison. Here the celebrated Mirabeau was confined from 1777 to 1780; and wrote,

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during that time, besides other works, his *Lettres à Sophie*. This prison having become nearly useless, during the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI., it was thrown open to the public in 1784. During the early stages of the revolution, Vincennes was used as a place of confinement for disorderly women.

Under Bonaparte, it again became a state prison; and a more horrible despotism appears to have been exercised within its walls than at any former period. The unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, who was arrested in Germany on the 15th of March, 1804, having been conducted to Vincennes on the 20th, at five in the evening, was condemned to death the same night by a military commission, and shot at half-past four on the following morning, in one of the ditches of the castle. His body was interred on the spot where he fell. On the 20th of March, 1816, the eve of the anniversary of his death, a search having been made for his remains, by order of Louis XVIII., they were discovered, and placed with religious care in a coffin, which was transported into the same room of the chateau in which the council of war condemned him to death, where it remained till the Gothic chapel was repaired and a monument erected to receive it. On the coffin is this inscription.—*Ici est le corps du très-haut, très-puissant prince, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, Prince du Sang, Pair de France. Mort à Vincennes, le* 21 *Mars,* 1804, *à l'âge de* 31 *ans,* 7 *mois,* 18 *jours.*

Beyond this descriptive notice of the last-mentioned event, little need be said. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject further may with advantage consult Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, vol. v., and No. 5 of the Appendix to that work. The political worshippers of Napoleon have set up, or rather attempted, many points of defence. That the Duke's grave was dug before the judgment was pronounced, has been denied by Savary. Sir Walter Scott in a note says, "This is not of much consequence. The illegal arrest—the precipitation of the mock-trial—the disconformity of the sentence from the proof—the hurry of the execution—all prove the unfortunate prince was doomed to die long before he was brought before the military commission." The affair is similarly regarded in the Life of Napoleon in the *Family Library*, where the writer emphatically says, "If ever man was murdered, it was the Duke d'Enghien." Fouché's remark on this act has even passed into a proverb: "It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." Lastly, although many pages have been written on Napoleon's conduct, his anxiety to justify or clear up his conduct on this occasion is not less worthy of attention.

We pass from this atrocious incident in the history of the prison-house to its last eventful scene, which is closely associated with the political mischief of the past year in France—the imprisonment of the ministers of Charles X. which has been too recently described in the journals of the day to render necessary its repetition.

Anecdote Gallery.

PETRARCH AND DANTE.

(For the Mirror.)

PETRARCH had a gay and captivating exterior: his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes, and a ready smile. He was very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry; and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty that was characteristic of his mind: his eyes were large and intensely black; his nose aquiline; his complexion of a dark olive; his hair and beard very much curled; his step slow and measured; and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "There goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance; he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of his *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, wherein several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe; "Do you see that man? that is he who goes does down to Hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below." "Ay, indeed!" replied her companion; "very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair

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and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!" BETA.

CHESS.

(For the Mirror.)

COLONEL STEWART used frequently to play at chess with Lord Stair, who was very fond of the game; but an unexpected checkmate used to put his lordship into such a passion, that he was ready to throw a candlestick or any thing else that was near him, at his adversary; for which reason the colonel always took care to be on his feet, to fly to the farthest corner of the room, where he said, "checkmate, my lord."

Tamerlane the Great.

The game of chess has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals; and some have even supposed that it was necessary to be well skilled in it. Tamerlane the Great was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner.

Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad.

It is related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at the time when Al Manim's forces were carrying on the siege of that city, with so much vigour, that it was on the point of being carried by assault. The Khalif, when warned of his danger, cried out, "Let me alone, for I see Checkmate against Kuthar."

King John

Was engaged at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to acquaint him that their city was besieged by Philip Augustus; but he would not hear them until he had finished the game.

Ferrand Count of Flanders

Having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place, which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

Boi, the Syracusan,

Was a very famous player at chess, and very much considered in the court of Spain, under King Philip II. He received many fine presents from that prince. Having the misfortune to be taken by the corsairs, and to see himself reduced to slavery, he found means to make those Turkish and savage men tractable, by his skill at chess. They admired him for it, treated him civilly, and exacted no other ransom from him than the lessons he gave them for some time in that game.

Two Persians had engaged in such deep play, that the whole fortune of one was gained by his opponent. He who played the white was the ruined man, and, made desperate by his loss, offered his favourite wife as his last stake. The game was carried on until he would have been check-mated by his adversary's next move. The lady, who had observed the game from the window above, cried out to her husband, *"to sacrifice his castle and save his wife."*

Situation of the Game.

White.	*Black.*
W. King at its Rook, 4th square.	B. King at the B. Queen's Knight's square.
W. Bishop at W. King's, 4th square.	B. Queen at the King's Knight's 2nd square.
W. Rook at W. Queen's Rook, 2nd square.	B. Rook at King's Knight's square.
Two White Pawns, one at B. Queen's Bishop's 3rd square, the other at its Knight's 3rd square.	B. Rook at the W. Queen's Knight's 2nd square.

White.

1st Rook to the B. Queen's Rook's square checking. 1. B. King takes the Rook.

2nd The Pawn at the B. Queen's Bishop's 3rd square, which discovers check-mate.

J. H. L.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

EARLY RISING.

HAD the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cooke's satire on them,* will be

* "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."

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amazed at any one's venturing to bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as "agreeably," "Bristol," and "pleasure;" but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city one family, which for good sense, good humour, pleasantry, and kindness, is not to be out-done by any in Great Britain. "The blood of an African," indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies—no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion), who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town: when, walking along Broad-street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "Highflyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the "Magnet" at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the "Wonder" was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know that in our enterprising country adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for ninepence with the charitable intention of *ruining* his neighbour (so think the worthy public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manœuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition "tolerable" only in Dogberry's sense of the word—it was "not to be endured." And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking! for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of ours; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"So, sir," said I to the book-keeper, "you start a coach, to London, at five in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied he—and with the most perfect *nonchalance!*

"You understand me? At *five*?—in the MORNING?" rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"Yes, sir; five to a minute—two minutes later you'll lose your place."

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work, so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?"

"Let you know directly, sir. (Hand down the Wonder Lunnun-book, there. When for, sir?"

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.—"To-morrow."

"Full outside, sir; just one place vacant, *in*."

The very word, "outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, "take-in."

"So you *will* venture then to *book* a place for me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?"

"If you pleuse, sir—one-pound-two."

"Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?"

"If you please, sir—two-pound-four."

I paid him the money: observing at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury—"You shall hear from me again."

"If you please, sir; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, sir—thank'ee, sir—good morning, sir." And this he uttered without a blush.

"To what expedients," thought I, as I left the office, "will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbours. Here is one who exposes him-

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self to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town, in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning!"

The first person I met was my friend Mark Norrington, and——Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when assured by him of the frightful fact, that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach, which, really and truly, did start at five in the morning. But as the novel-writers of the good old Minerva school used, in similar cases, to say, "in pity to my sympathising reader's feelings, I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment over my, oh! too acute sufferings!" These, I must own, were, in no little degree, aggravated by the manner of my friend. Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing: it is a knack of laughing at one's misfortunes; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has a habit of looking at the ridiculous side of things. Ridiculous! Heavens! as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive anything to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow-creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour! After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he, at length, burst into a loud laugh; and exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget) "Well, I wish you joy of your journey—*you must be* UP *at four!*"—away he went. It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me: so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I—I will not say I walked—I positively *swaggered* about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair that I should enjoy the honours of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, "I start at five to-morrow morning!" at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar: and I went into three or four shops, and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying—"Be sure you send them to-night, for I start at five in the morning!" But beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease. I have often thought that my feelings, for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very like those of a person about to go, for the first time, up in a balloon. I returned to Reeves' Hotel, College-green, where I was lodging. "I'll pack my portmanteau (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers, on the tables, and on the chairs)—that will be so much gained on the enemy," thought I; but on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner; the Norrington's, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people. "No matter; I'll pack it to-night." 'Twas well I came to that determination; for the instant I entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Norrington rang the bell, and just said to the servant who appeared at its summons—"Dinner:" a dissyllable which, when so uttered, timed, and accompanied, is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

My story, however, had arrived there before me; and I must do my friends the justice to say, that all that kindness could do for me, under the circumstances, was done. Two or three times, indeed, Mark looked at me full in the face, and laughed outright, without any apparent cause for such a manifestation of mirth; and once when, after a few glasses of wine, I had almost ceased to think of the fate that awaited me, Miss Adelaide suddenly inquired, "Do you *really* start at five?—isn't that rather early?"—"*Rather*," replied I, with all the composure I could assume. But for a smile, and a sly look at her papa, I might have attributed the distressing question to thoughtlessness, rather than a deliberate desire to inflict pain. To parody a well-known line, I may say that, upon the whole—

"To me this Twelfth-night was no night of mirth."

Before twelve o'clock, I left a pleasant circle, revelling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, pam-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack my portmanteau,

"And inly ruminate the morning's danger!"

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of "Boots," at the hotel, was a character. Be it re-

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membered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, thereby, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I in a mournful tone, "you must call me at four o'clock."

"Do'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"*Want* indeed! no; but I must."

"Well, zur, I'll *carl* 'ee; but will 'ee get up when I *do* carl?"

"Why, to be sure I will."

"That be all very well to zay overnight, zur; but it bean't at all the same thing when *marnen* do come. I knoa that of old, zur. Gemmen doan't like it, zur, when the time do come—that I tell 'ee."

"*Like* it! who imagines they should?"

"Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to carl 'ee, you'll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll have 'ee out, dang'd if I doan't! Good night, zur;" and *exit* Boots.

"And now I'll pack my portmanteau."

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box. I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment—the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rush-light, as they struggled through the holes of the box) were of dark-brown wainscoat—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trousers, linen, books, papers, dressing-materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair I set me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom, I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials, of a larger size—and at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by night-mare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

"Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock."

"Well, I hear you."

"But I doan't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well, that 'll do."

"Beggin' your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore zur."

"The devil take you! will you—"

"If you please, zur; but 'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore—no use for 'ee to grumble, zur; nobody do like gettin' up at vore o'clock as can help it; but 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and it bean't my duty to go till I hear 'ee stirrin' about the room. Good deal past vore, 'tis I assure 'ee, zur." And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him, in order to satisfy him of the fact. "That 'll do, zur; 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and I hope I ha' carld 'ee properly.

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening a window-shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling; my heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau *must* be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured: at that villanous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I believe, in the universe entire), had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth-brushes were rivetted to the glass, of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold) they carried away a frag-

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ment; the soap was cemented to the dish; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—"Who's there?"

"Now, if 'ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-vive minutes to vive."

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of any thing like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. "I'll pack my portmanteau: that *must* be done." *In* went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host's frozen towels. Every thing must come out again. "Who's there?"

"Now, zur; 'ee'll be too late, zur!"

"Coming!"—Every thing was now gathered together;—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

"Now, zur, coach be going."

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. "I'm coming," groaned I; "I have only to pull on my boots." They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

"What in the name of the——do you want now."

"Coach be gone, please zur."

"Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?"

"Bless 'ee, noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive mile off be now."

"You are certain of that?"

"I warrant 'ee, zur."

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. "Boots," said I, "you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me—"

"At what o'clock, zur?"

"This day three months, at the earliest." P*.

New Monthly Magazine.

*** A welcome re-action seems to have taken place in the conduct of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The present is an auspicious New-year's Number. It is, moreover, embellished with a fine Bust Engraving of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

By Mrs. Hemans.

CAN guilt or misery ever enter here?
Ah! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,
The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue. WILSON.

MY father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before.

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade.

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was was there
At evening-hours, while soft winds waved his hair:
Now those grey locks are gone.

My soul grows faint with fear,—
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here.

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The in-born gladdening light.

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from Nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,
And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid.

The night-flowers round that door
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air
Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away?
Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother! Now receive thy child,
Take back the Lost and Found!

Blackwood's Magazine.

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AUBERGE ON THE GRIMSEL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Grimsel is one of the stupendous mountains of Switzerland, 5,220 feet in height, as marked on Keller's admirable map of that country. It is situated within the Canton of Berne, but bordering on that of the Valais, and not far from Uri. The auberge represented in the sketch, although not quite upon the very summit of the mountain, is almost above the limit of vegetation, and far remote from any other dwelling. Indeed, excepting a few *chalets*, used as summer shelter for the attendants upon the mountain cattle, but deserted in winter, there is no human habitation for many miles round; and it is one of the very few spots where the traveller has an opportunity of reposing for the night, under a comfortable roof, in so lofty a region of the atmosphere, amidst scenes of Alpine desolation—or rather, the primitive elements of Nature, "the naked bones of the earth waiting to be clothed."

The proprietor of this simple, but agreeable, auberge, is what Jeannie Deans called her father, "a man of substance," and amongst other sources of wealth possesses about three hundred goats, which contrive to pick up their living from the scanty verdure of the surrounding hills. Three times a-day they regularly assemble in front of the auberge to be milked, affording the raw material for a considerable manufacture of cheese. While we were lounging about before dinner, admiring the beautiful shapes of the rocky peaks, which even in the beginning of September were blanched with the previous night's snow, we were pleasantly surprised by the sound of a cheerful bleating, which was echoed on every side; and one after another the graceful creatures, as small and playful as our kids, popped up amongst the fragments of rocks from all quarters until the "gathering" was complete, and our meal was enlivened by the treble of their voices as the milking proceeded. When the operation was over, off they scampered again, "the *hills* before them were to choose"—again to return in due season with their bounteous store for the benefit of man. "This is not solitude." The milk is rich, but tastes rather too strong of the goat to be agreeable to every one at first, although probably we should soon have thought cow's milk comparatively insipid. On the day's journey we had seen some of these goats at a considerable distance from the auberge, and a young man who carried our luggage, after giving chase to several, at length caught one, and in spite of her remonstrances, milked her by main force into the cup of a pocket flask, that we might enjoy a draught of the beverage. Still holding the animal, he then filled the vessel more than once for himself, and it was amusing to see the *gusto* with

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which he drank it off. We afterwards had the milk with coffee; indeed both here and on the Righi it was "Hobson's choice," goat's milk or none at all.

This auberge has been built on the Grimsel of late years for the accommodation of travellers across the mountain passes; and it forms a convenient night's resting place in a two day's journey on foot or horseback (the only modes of threading these Alpine paths) between the valley of Meyringen and that of Urseren. It may be useful briefly to notice this route, in which the traveller will be charmed with a succession of scenery on Nature's grandest scale. After leaving Meyringen and its beautiful valley, called the Vale of Hasli, he looks down from the top of a mountain pass upon a small compact, oval-shaped valley, named, we believe Hasligrund, into which he descends, and then climbs the mountains on the opposite side. Proceeding onward, he reaches a small place, Handek, formed of a few wood chalets, and giving its name to one of the finest waterfalls in Switzerland. The accessories of the sublimest scenery give additional interest to the beauty of the fall, at which our traveller will feel inclined to linger; he should endeavour to be there about noon, when the sun irradiates the spray like dancing rainbows. The rest of the day's route is, in general, ascending, and partly across splendid sweeps of bare granite, until his eyes are gladdened with the sight of the auberge.

On the second morning he crosses the remaining summit of the mountain, and rises to cross the Furca, passing beside the Glacier of the Rhone; perhaps the finest in all the Alps, which looks like a vast torrent suddenly frozen in its course while tossing its waves into the most fantastic forms. The traveller afterwards descends into the Valley of Urseren, which extends straight before him for the distance of perhaps twelve miles, with the Reuss winding through it, and the neat town of Andermatt shining out from the opposite extremity. He passes through the singular village of Realp, where he may refresh himself with a draught of delicious Italian red wine, and afterwards arrives at the little bleak town of Hospital, situated at the foot of the St. Gothard, over which a new carriage-road into Italy has lately been made, with galleries winding up the mountain as far as the eye can reach. He may either take up his quarters for the night at Hospital, or proceed about a mile farther to Andermatt, where the road turns off at right angles, and where he may hire a car, if he wishes to go on the same evening across the romantic Devil's Bridge to Amstag, a pretty village in the bend of the splendid valley of the Reuss, whence the road leads on to Altorf and Fluellen, on the bank of the lake of the Four Cantons, the scene of the heroic exploits of William Tell.

Connecting the above sketch with one of the Fall of the Staubbach, in the Valley of Lauterbrun, in a former *Mirror*, (No. 403,) we may add, that the distance between the latter and Meyringen may also be performed in two days, amidst scenes, if possible, of sublimer character than the journey now described. From Lauterbrun across the Wengern Alp to the Valley of Grindenwald is the first day, the route passing in front of the Jungfrau, which throws up its magnificent ice-covered summits with more enchanting effect than the imagination can conceive. From Grindenwald, with its two fine glaciers, the path proceeds across the great Sheidech, by the baths of Rosenlaui, one of the most beautiful spots on this beautiful earth; and by the fall or rather falls, of the Rippenbach, (for there are no less than eleven in succession beneath each other,) to Meyringen.

We have thus pointed attention to a journey of four days, comprising the chief points in the Oberland, or Highlands, through this region of romantic wonders. W. G.

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE EMPEROR'S ROUT.

Who does not remember the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast in the halcyon days of their childhood? These toyful trifles, "light as air," doubtless suggested the *Emperor's Rout*. Do not start, expectant reader; this is no downfall of a royal dynasty, no burning of palaces, or muster of rebel ranks—no scamper "all on the road from Moscow"—or *sauve qui peut* at Waterloo; but a pleasant, little verse tale of the Emperor Moth inviting the *haut ton* of the Moths to a splendid rout—with notes intended as a tempting introduction to the fascinating study of entomology.

There are four Engravings: 1. The Invitation, with the Emperor and the Empress, and the Buff-tip Moth writing the Cards.—2. The Dance, with

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the Sphinx Hippophaës, the Pease Blossom, the Mouse, the Seraph, Satellite, Magpie, Gold Spangle, Foresters, Cleap Wings, &c.—3. The Alarm.—4. The Death's Head Moth. These are beautifully lithographed by Gauci. Their colouring, after Nature, is delightfully executed: the finish, too, of the gold-spangle is good, and the winged brilliancy of the company are exquisite pieces of pains-taking—sparkling as they are beneath a trellis-work rotunda, garlanded with roses, and lit with a pine-pattern lustre of perfumed wax. What a close simile could we draw of life from these dozen dancing creatures in their rainbow hues—their holiday and every-day robes—flitting through life's summer, and then forgotten. Yet how fares it with us in the stream of life!

By the way, this trifle, though so prettily coloured, is in price what was once called "a trifle"—yet what kings and queens have often quarrelled for—half-a-crown.

SATAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Is a little Poem, with much of the grotesque in its half-dozen Embellishments, and some tripping work in its lines. "The End," with "Who danced at the Wedding?" and the tail-piece—a devil-bantling, rocked by imps, and the cradle lit by torches—is droll enough.

Here is an invitation that promises a warm reception:

Merrily, merrily, ring the bells
From each Pandemonian steeple;
For the Devil hath gotten his beautiful bride,
And a Wedding Dinner he will provide,
To feast all kinds of people.

THE FAMILY CABINET ATLAS

Has reached its Ninth part, and unlike some of its periodical contemporaries, without any falling-off in its progress. The Nine Parts contain thirty-six Maps, all beautifully perspicuous. The colouring of one series is delicately executed.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON. VOL. II.

Letter to Mr. Murray.

Bologna, June 7th, 1819.

"I have been picture-gazing this morning at the famous Domenichino and Guido, both of which are superlative. I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, besides the superb burial ground, an original of a Custode, who reminded one of the grave-digger in Hamlet. He has a collection of capuchins' skulls, labelled on the forehead, and taking down one of them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty—one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy; and whenever any one was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer—he joked—he laughed—oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again!'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a princess Barlorini, dead two centuries ago: he said that, on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrar pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

'Martini Luigi
Implora pace!
'Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and death-like prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pace'* I hope whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall.' I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad

* Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was some times led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind, much less repetition in his correspondence than in that, perhaps, of any other multifarious letter-writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches, both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting; what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

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on my death-bed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. —I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.

"So, as Shakspeare says of Mowbray, the banished Duke of Norfolk, who died at Venice, (see Richard II.) that he, after fighting

Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there, at *Venice*, gave
His body to that *pleasant* country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you your late, and Mr. Hobhouse's, sheets of Juan. Don't wait for further answers from me, but address yours to Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr. Hoppner very well. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features; she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady.

"I have never heard anything of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ. * * * But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen ——— shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my hearth, and destruction on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary * * *) reflect or consider what *my* feeling must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment — while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave, and * * * What a long letter I have scribbled!"

(Here is a random string of poetical gems :)—

So, we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright;
For the sword out-wears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And Love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh, Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee—*there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B——.

You have asked for a verse;—the request
In a rhymer 'twere strange to deny,
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I *now* merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My Life is not dated by years—
There are *moments* which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

DISCOURSE ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

(*Cabinet Cyclopædia.* Vol. xiv.)

THE arrangement of Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, as it becomes more and more developed, will be proportionally appreciated. Its *system* is a marked contrast with the heterogeneous lists of the Family and National Libraries, which, as books of reference and authority, are little worth.

The *Cyclopædia* plan is to form a series of *Cabinets* of the principal departments of human knowledge. Those

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already commenced are History, Biography, Natural Philosophy, Geography, and the Useful Arts. Each of these divisions is to be preceded by a prefatory discourse on "the objects and advantages" of the branch of knowledge which is treated of in the series or cabinet. Thus, the work before us is such a volume for the Cabinet of *Natural Philosophy;* that for History is promised by Sir James Mackintosh; and that for the Useful Arts, by the Baron Charles Dupin. The present *Discourse* is by J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., A. M. It is divided into three parts:—1. On the general nature and advantages of the study of Physics. 2. The rules and principles of Phyical Science, with illustrations of their influence, in the history of its progress. 3. The subdivision of Physics. These parts are divided into chapters, and these chapters again divided into sectional illustrations, of which latter there are nearly four hundred. Such an arrangement can hardly fail to attract the listless reader. The style is lucid and popular, and the writer's reasonings and bearings are brought out with much point and vigour. Even a drawing-room reader must be caught by their attractions, and no better means was probably ever devised for bringing superficial readers into the way of knowledge, and setting forth its pleasantness. It has been said that such works as the present satisfy the reader, and disqualify him for the study of science. This opinion is hardly worth controverting: since that mind must be weak indeed which would not be *stimulated* as well as gratified in this case; and it is still more improbable that the great truths of science should at once take root in such a barren soil without any preparation for their reception.

We conclude with a few specimen extracts. The *how*, the *why*, the *wherefore*, and the *because*, of such wonders as they relate to, belong rather to the treatises themselves.

Mechanical Power of Coals.

It is well known to modern engineers, that *there is virtue* in a bushel of coals properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. This is actually the *average* effect of an engine at this moment working in Cornwall.

The ascent of Mont Blanc from the Valley of Chamouni is considered, and with justice, as the most toilsome feat that a strong man can execute in two days. The combustion of two pounds of coal would place him on the summit.

The Wonders of Physics.

What mere assertion will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time?—Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than 500 millions of millions of times in a single second! that it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour; that, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times; of yellowness, 542 millions of millions of times; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

Extraordinary Property of Shadows.

An eminent living geometer had proved by calculations, founded on strict optical principles, that in the *centre of the shadow* of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark room to a beam of light emanating from a *very small brilliant point*, there ought to be no darkness,—in fact, *no shadow* at that place; but, on the contrary, a degree

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of illumination precisely as bright as if the metal plate were away. Strange and even impossible as this conclusion may seem, it has been put to the trial, and found perfectly correct.

The Naturalist.

RAINING TREES.

(By John Murray, Esq. F. S. A. &c.)

The secretions of trees form a curious part of their physiology, but the influence of vegetation on the atmosphere seems to have been entirely overlooked, at least as far as it regards its meteorology.

In the case of that curious genus of plants the Sarracènia, in which the S. adúnca is most conspicuous, the foliaceous pouch is a mere reservoir, or cistern, to catch and retain the falling dew or rain. In the *Nepénthes* distillatòria, or pitcher plant, the case is different; and analysis proves it to be an evident secretion from the plant itself, independent altogether of the fact that it is found in the pitcher before the lid has yet opened. I may here state, *en passant*, that the results, I obtained from a chemical examination of this liquid differ materially from those of Dr. Edward Turner. The *Córnus* máscula is very remarkable for the amount of fluid matter which evolves from its leaves, and the willow and poplar, when grouped more especially, exhibit the phenomenon in the form of a gentle shower. Prince Maximilian, in his *Travels in the Brazils*, informs us that the natives in these districts are well acquainted with the peculiar property of those hollow leaves that act as recipients of the condensed vapours of the atmosphere; and, doubtless, these are sources where many tropical animals, as well as the wandering savage, sate their thirst "in a weary land." The Tillándsia exhibits a watery feature of a different complexion: here the entire interior is charged with such a supply of liquid, that, when cut, it affords a copious and refreshing beverage to man. That these extraordinary sources of "living springs of water" are not unknown to inferior creation, is a fact interestingly confirmed to us in the happy incidents detailed by Mr. Campbell, in his *Travels in South Africa*, where a species of mouse is described to us, as storing up supplies of water contained in the berries of particular plants; and, in Ceylon, animals of the *Símia* tribe are said to be well acquainted with the *Nepénthes* distillatòria, and to have frequent recourse to its pitcher. The mechanism of the "rose of Jericho" (*Anastática* hierochuntina) shows the susceptibility of plants to moisture in a very remarkable manner; and I have submitted some experiments made with this extraordinary exotic, the inhabitant of an arid sandy soil, to the Horticultural Society of London. That succulents should be found clothing in patches the surface of the burning desert is a phenomenon not the least wonderful in the geographical history of vegetation.

In Cockburn's *Voyages* we find an interesting account of a tree in South America, which yielded a plentiful supply of water by a kind of distillatory process: this tree was met with near the mountainous district of Vera Paz. The party were attracted to it from a distance, the ground appearing wet around it; and the peculiarity was the more striking, as no rain had fallen for six months previous. "At last," says he, "to our great astonishment, as well as joy, we saw water dropping, or, as it were, distilling fast from the end of every leaf of this wonderful tree; at least it was so with us, who had been labouring four days through extreme heat without receiving the least moisture, and were now almost expiring for want of it." The testimony of travellers is too often enshrined among the fabulous; and their credentials either altogether rejected by some, or at least received "cum grano salis." Bruce of Kinnaird forms the most remarkable example of this kind, and the caricature of Baron Munchausen consigned the whole to sarcasm and ridicule; and yet the time is come when the more remarkable circumstances and phenomena mentioned by this traveller, verified by Lord Valentia, Mr. Salt, &c. are received as well accredited facts. The curious phenomenon mentioned by Cockburn finds an interesting and beautiful counterpart in two plants—namely, the *Cálla* Æthiópica and Agapánthus umbellátus, in both of which, after a copious watering, the water will be seen to drop from the tips of the leaves; a phenomenon, as far as I know, not hitherto recorded.

The great rivers of the continent of Europe have their source of supply in the glaciers; but many of the rivers in the New World owe their origin to the extensive forests of America, and their destruction might dry up many a rivulet, and thus again convert the luxuriant valley into an arid and sterile waste; carried further, the principle extends to the great features of the globe. What

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the glaciers effect among the higher regions of the Alps, the *Pinus Cémbra* and *Larix* communis accomplish at lower elevations; and many a mountain rivulet owes its existence to their influence. It rains often in the woodlands when it rains no where else; and it is thus that trees and woods modify the hygrometric character of a country; and I doubt not but, by a judicious disposal of trees of particular kinds, many lands now parched up with drought—as, for example, in some of the Leeward Islands—might be reclaimed from that sterility to which they are unhappily doomed.

In Glass' *History of the Canary Islands* we have the description of a peculiar tree in the Island of Hierro, which is the means of supplying the inhabitants, man as well as inferior animals, with water; an island which, but for this marvellous adjunct, would be uninhabitable and abandoned. The tree is called *Til* by the people of the island, and has attached to it the epithet *garse*, or *sacred*. It is situated on the top of a rock, terminating the district called *Tigulatre*, which leads from the shore. A cloud of vapour, which seems to rise from the sea, is impelled towards it; and being condensed by the foliage of the tree, the rain falls into a large tank, from which it is measured out by individuals set apart for that purpose by the authorities of the island.

In confirmation of a circumstance *primâ facie* so incredible, I have here to record a phenomenon, witnessed by myself, equally extraordinary. I had frequently observed, in avenues of trees, that the entire ground engrossed by their shady foliage was completely saturated with moisture; and that during the prevalence of a fog, when the ground without their pale was completely parched, the wet which fell from their branches more resembled a gentle shower than anything else; and in investigating the phenomenon which I am disposed to consider entirely *electrical*, I think the *elm* exhibits this feature more remarkably than any other tree of the forest. I never, however, was more astonished than I was in the month of September last, on witnessing a very striking example of this description. I had taken an early walk, on the road leading from Stafford to Lichfield: a dense fog prevailed, but the *road was dry and dusty*, while it was quite otherwise with the line of a few *Lombardy poplars*; for from them it rained so plentifully, and so fast, that any one of them might have been used as an admirable shower bath, and the constant stream of water supplied by the aggregate would (had it been directed into a proper channel) have been found quite sufficient to turn an ordinary mill.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

HUMAN TIMEPIECE.

J. D. CHEVALLEY, a native of Switzerland, has arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of continuing a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations or sounds produced.—Being on board a vessel, on the Lake of Geneva, he engaged to indicate to the crowd about him the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a conversation the most diversified with those standing by; and farther, to indicate by the voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter minutes, or half minutes, or any other sub-division previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the time fixed. His own account of it is thus given:—"I have acquired, by imitation, labour, and patience, a movement which neither thoughts, nor labour, nor any thing can stop: it is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each motion of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute—and these I add to others continually.

HISTORICAL FACT.

DURING the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London, in search of a situation; but not succeeding, she applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brewhouse. These females were then called "tub-women." The brewer observing her to be a very good-looking girl, took her out of this low situation into his house, and afterwards married her. He died, however, while she was yet a very young woman, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended, on giving up the brewery, to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; he, in process of time, married the widow, and

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was afterwards made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England. ZANGA.

LAWYERS.

IN 1454, an Act of Parliament notices, "that there had used formerly six or eight attorneys only, for Suffolk, Norfolk, and Norwich together; that this number was now increased to more than eighty, most of whom being not of sufficient knowledge, came to fairs, &c. inciting the people to suits for small trespasses, &c. wherefore there shall be hereafter but six for Suffolk, six for Norfolk, and two for the city of Norwich." H. B. A.

THE DYERS.

Inscription on a Tombstone in a Churchyard at Truro, Cornwall.

A DYER born, a dyer bred,
Lies numbered here among the dead;
Dyers, like mortals doomed to die,
Alike fit food for worms supply.
Josephus Dyer was his name;
By dyeing he acquired fame;
'Twas in his forty-second year
His neighbours kind did him inter.
Josephus Dyer, his first son,
Doth also lie beneath this stone;
So likewise doth his second boy,
Who was his parents' hope and joy.
His handywork all did admire,
For never was a better dyer.
Both youths were in their fairest prime,
Ripe fruitage of a healthful clime;
But nought can check Death's lawless aim,
Whosoever' life he choose to claim:
It was God's edict from his throne,
"My will shall upon earth be done."
Then did the active mother's skill
The vacancy with credit fill
Till she grew old, and weak, and blind,
And this last wish dwelt on her mind—
That she, when dead, should buried be
With her loved spouse and family.
At last Death's arm her strength defied;
Thus all the dyeing Dyers died!

HALCYON DAYS.

HALCYON-DAYS denote a time of peace and tranquillity. The expression takes its rise from a sea-fowl, called among naturalists *halcyon*, or *alcyon*, which is said to build its nest about the winter solstice, when the weather is usually observed to be still and calm. Aristotle and Pliny tell us that this bird is most common in the seas of Sicily, that it sat only a few days, and those in the depth of winter, and during that period the mariner might sail in full security; for which reason they were styled *Halcyon-days*. P. T. W

USE OF TIME.

DR. COTTON MATHER, who was a man of uncommon dispatch and activity in the management of his numerous affairs, and improved every minute of his time, that he might not suffer by silly, impertinent, and tedious visiters, wrote over his study-door, in large letters, "Be short."

Ursinus, a professor in the University of Heidelburgh, and a diligent scholar, to prevent gossips and idlers from interrupting him in his hours of study, wrote over the door of his library the following lines—"Friend, whoever thou art that comest hither, dispatch thy business or begone."

The learned Scaliger placed the following sentence over the doors of his study—"Tempus meum est ager meus," "My time is my field or estate." And it is frequently the only valuable field which the labourer, in body or mind, possesses.

Ever hold time too precious to be spent
With babblers.—*Shakspeare.*

"Friends," says Lord Bacon, "are robbers of our time." H. B. A.

EPITAPH ON A POTTER.

How frail is man—how short life's longest day!
Here lies the worthy Potter, turned to clay!
Whose forming hand, and whose reforming care,
Has left us full of flaws. Vile earthenware! H. S. G.

LENGTHENING OF THE DAYS.

SELDEN, in his *Table Talk*, says "The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceived till they are grown a pretty deal longer, because the sun, though it be in a circle, yet it seems for awhile to go in a straight line. For take a segment of a great circle especially, and you shall doubt whether it be straight or no. But when the sun has got past that line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened. Thus it runs in the winter and summer solstice, which is indeed the true reason of them."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 472.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

CHRIST CHURCH, DONCASTER.

(*From the Gentleman's Magazine.*)

The town of Doncaster has been long celebrated for its beauty and cleanliness, for its striking approach from the south, its magnificent Grand Stand, and celebrated Race Course, its public buildings, its venerable Gothic Church, and stately tower; and latterly, by the erection of a beautiful Gothic Church, with an elegant spire, giving an additional feature to the town from every approach.

This new Church was founded and endowed by a benevolent individual of the name of Jarrett, whose ancestors had for a number of years been connected with the town of Doncaster. A monument in the old church states that a brother of the founder was an alderman of this borough. John Jarrett, Esq. the founder of Christ Church, was in early life a manufacturer at Bradford; subsequently, during the war, he became a partner in the extensive iron-works carried on at Low Moor, near Bradford, under the firm of Jarrett, Danson, and Hardy, where he acquired a very large fortune. Retiring from business some years ago, he returned to his native town, to enjoy the fruits of his honest industry; and during a period of several years, he, by acts of kindness and benevolence, acquired the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen. It pleased the Great Disposer of events to terminate his life before the completion of this his last pious work. The first stone of the church was laid on the 9th of October, 1827; and the founder died on the 15th of January, 1828, at the age of eighty-three. The sums he gave were, 10,000*l*. for the building, and 3,000*l*. for the endowment.

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The site of the church, at the point where the Thorne road branches from the great North road, is particularly fine and open, occupying about two and a half acres of ground, surrounded by wide and spacious public roads. The style of architecture adopted is that which prevailed in the fourteenth century. The stone used is from the celebrated quarries of Roche Abbey.

The plan of the church comprises a tower, nave, two side-aisles, and a chancel; the latter, together with two vestries, forms a semi-octagonal projection, which gives the east end a multangular and unusual appearance. There are six windows to each aisle, and a seventh at the north-east and south-east vestries. Each of these is divided horizontally by two cross-mullions, and thereby formed into twelve lights; the centre three are square quartrefoils; and the tracery at the head forms three other quartrefoils. The east window is of six principal lights, and the upper part spread out in tracery.

The principal entrance is through a spacious octangular porch, the whole size of the tower, which is groined in imitation of stone. The entrance to the galleries and side-aisles is by the doors on the north and south sides of the church.

The size of the church from the tower to the chancel, in the interior, is ninety-four feet long, and fifty-two wide, with galleries at the south and north sides and west end. The accommodation is for one thousand persons, of which three hundred seats are free and unappropriated. The ceiling above the nave is divided into square compartments, by bold ornamented beams, with bosses at the intersection, which are painted in imitation of oak. The side-aisles are groined in imitation of stone, having bosses at the intersection of the ribs, with corbels for the ribs to rise from.

The pulpit, reading, and clerk's desks accord in style with the building, and are placed in the centre of the middle aisle, which is ten feet wide. A handsome stone font is placed in front of the west entrance.

We cannot conclude this account without expressing our admiration of this beautiful specimen of modern architecture, which, although not free from defects, possesses architectural merit in a very high degree. The uniform correctness of style in the detail, the beautiful and finely-proportioned spire, the chaste and elegant tracery of the windows, the light ornamental buttresses and pinnacles, all combine to give a character to the building pleasing and satisfactory, and reflect great credit on the architects, Messrs. Woodhead and Hurst, of Doncaster.

The building was consecrated by his Grace the Archbishop of York, on the 10th of September, 1829; and the church opened for divine service on the 1st of November following.

The Rev. Henry Branson is appointed the first minister to this church; and the friends of the establishment will hear with satisfaction that, since the opening, the number of worshippers has increased by those who formerly attended the dissenting meeting-houses in the town and neighbourhood.

A subscription has been raised for an organ, which is now building by Gray, of London.

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

(To the Editor.)

An early and constant subscriber to the *Mirror* is very much pleased with the view of *Magna Charta Island*, in No. 467; but there is something more attached to this spot than the Editor seems aware of.

About half a mile from *Magna Charta Island*, on the right bank of the river, in the parish of Wyrardisbury, is a farm house, for many years past in the occupation of a family of the name of "Groome," as tenants to the late Alderman Gill, holding an estate in the aforesaid parish. This farm house was a residence of *King John, whose arms* are beautifully painted, or emblazoned, on stained glass in the windows of the house.

In the kitchen of this farm-house is, or has been, a table of antique manufacture, upon which the identical *Magna Charta* was signed, and upon which the writer hereof has written and sealed many a letter, and partaken of many a glass of home-brewed ale, and bread and cheese equally homely—that is, *genuine*. This table is considered as an *heir loom* in the family of Mr. Gill, and if removed at all, has been removed to the manor-house.

It is an erroneous idea that *Magna Charta* was signed on Runnymede: it was signed on *Magna Charta Island*, which goes a great way to prove the identity of the table. If reference is made to the signing of treaties generally, as well in ancient as in modern times, it will appear that they have been signed at a distance from the scene of action; each party (particularly in feudal times) being attended by an equal number of

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adherents, to prevent surprise or stratagem.

The writer hereof has caught many a trout and perch off the banks opposite to the island, and has passed many a contemplative hour on the events of former ages, which have rendered the spot particularly interesting.

Gray's Walk, Lambeth. L.

*** If the writer is not mistaken, *Magna Charta Island* is an appurtenant to the manor of Wyrardisbury, and adjoins an estate called *Ankerwicke*, upon the grounds of which are the remains of an ancient monastery, or priory.

THE WATER KING'S BRIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(For the Mirror.)

Light o'er the water the sun's ray glanc'd,
While the youths and maidens of Tubingen danc'd.
A stranger youth of noble mien,
Proffered his hand to the village queen.
"Youth, say why is thine hand so white?
The water knows not the daybeams light;
Youth, oh why is so cold thine arm,
Can it in Neckar's flood be warm?"
He led her away from the lime-tree's shade;
"Return my daughter," her mother said.
He led her on to the stream so clear,
"Oh youth let me go, for I tremble with fear."
He danc'd till they reach'd the Neckar's bank,
One shriek, one plunge, in the wave they sank.
"Farewell, farewell, to thee, Tubingen's pride,
Maiden, thou art the Water King's Bride."

H.

WOMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

The following curious compliment to the fair sex is extracted from an old play, entitled "Cupid's Whirligig:"—

"Who would abuse your sex that knows it? O Woman! were we not born of you?—should we not then honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you! And since we were made before you, should we not live and admire you as the last and most perfect work of Nature? *Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice;* but *Woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.* By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the graces because they are women? There is but one phœnix, and she is a female. Was not the princess and foundress of good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O divine, perfectioned woman! If to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty!—a fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense, even the very *summum bonum* of man's existence."

Burns must have had somewhat of the same idea as that which I have underlined, when he wrote—

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!"

Jac-co.

THE VICTORY OF THE CID.

(For the Mirror.)

The subject of the following lines is mentioned in the traditional histories of Spain: that on one occasion, to insure victory in a nocturnal attack on the Moslem camp, the body of the Cid was taken from the tomb, and carried in complete armour to the field of battle.

Not a voice was heard at our hour of need,
When we plac'd the corse on his barbed steed,
Save one, that the blessing gave.
Not a light beam'd on the charnel porch
Save the glare which flash'd from the warrior's torch,
O'er the death-pale face of the brave.

We press'd the helm on his ghastly head,
We bound a sword to the hand of the dead,
When the Cid went forth to fight.
Oh where was Castile's battle cry,
The shout of St. James and victory,
And the Christians stalwart might?

The winds swept by with mournful blast,
And sigh'd through the plumes of the dead as he past,
Through troublous skies the clouds flitted fast,
And the moon her pale beam faintly cast,
Where the red cross banner stream'd,
But each breeze bore the shouts of the Moslem throng,
Each sigh was echoed by Paynim song;
Where the silvery crescent beam'd.

Undrawn was the rein, and his own good sword
Ungrasp'd by the nerveless hand of its lord;
His steed pac'd on with solemn tread,
'Neath the listless weight of the mighty dead.
But each warrior's heart beat high,
As he mark'd the beacon's wavering flash,
And heard the Moorish cymbal clash,
For he knew that the Cid was nigh.

We bore him back to his silent bed,
When his plumes with Paynim blood were red,
And the mass was sung, and the prayer was said
For the conqueror from the grave.
We wrapp'd him again in his funeral vest,
We placed his sword on the clay cold breast,
And o'er the place of the hero's rest,
Bade Castile's banner wave.

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Spirit of Discovery.

THE ÆOLOPHON, A NEWLY-INVENTED INSTRUMENT.

When Lord Stanhope first launched his model-boat on the Serpentine, no one expected to see the time when steam and paddles should suffice to carry "a tall ship" across the broad Atlantic. As little did we, when we were first amused by that very pretty musical toy, the German Eolina, anticipate, that within three years we should hear such an instrument as the one we are about to describe. In shape, size, and compass, the Æolophon is the counterpart of a babinet piano-forte, having six octaves of keys extending from FF to F; and its sounds are produced by a series of metallic springs, set in vibration by the action of the air produced from a bellows. It has three pedals—one for filling the wind-chest, and the others regulating the swell. The tone of this instrument, particularly in the middle and lower parts of its compass, is among the most beautiful we have ever heard, and much superior, both in body and quality, to that of any chamber organ of equal size; added to which, the Æolophon has the inestimable advantage of never varying its pitch, or getting out of tune.

From the nature of this instrument, it will be readily conceived that its best effects are displayed in slow movements, and the sustaining and swelling long notes; but, to our surprise as well as pleasure, we found that a running passage, even of semitones, could be executed upon it, if not with all the distinctness of a Drouet or a Nicholson, with as much clearness as on any organ. As an accompaniment to the piano-forte, it will be found an admirable substitute for the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, or even violoncello; but perhaps its widest range of usefulness will be discovered in small orchestras, where the set of wind instruments is incomplete—the effects of any, or even all of which, may be supplied by one or two performers on the Æolophon reading from the score, or even from separate parts.

It is now about a year since that a patent was obtained for the springs, and this peculiar mode of applying them, by Messrs. Day and Co.; immediately upon hearing the effect of which, Mr. Chappell, of Bond-street, entered into an engagement with the patentees for the agency of their patent, and the manufacture of instruments under it.

On the 27th of November last Mr. Chappell was honoured with a command to exhibit the powers of this new instrument before their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and a small circle of nobility, at St. James's Palace; when it gave so much satisfaction, that some of the pieces played upon it were repeated by command, and the whole performance lasted from nine o'clock till past eleven, when the royal party retired.

(We quote the preceding from *The Harmonicon*, a Journal of Music and Musical Literature, of high promise. Its recommendation of *The Æolophon* may be allowed to rest upon the character of the Journal for critical acumen.)

The Sketch-Book.

COACH COMPANY.

(For the Mirror.)

Returning (said my friend Mrs. S.) once upon a time, some fifty miles from a country visit, a few difficulties regarding my conveyance to town were at length decided by my taking a seat in the —— Telegraph. A respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, in widow's mourning, was, I found, to be my companion for the whole way, whose urbanity and loquacity, combined, soon afforded me the important information that she was travelling over England, in order to take the advice of several of the faculty touching the case of "a poor cripple—a *gentleman*—a relation of hers." A *gentleman!* But scarcely had I taken another survey of the honest dame, in order to assure myself that she at least was not a member of the aristocracy of Great Britain, and thereby to instruct my judgment as to the actual rank of him whom she designated by so proud a title, when I was favoured with a long history of "the *lady* who lost her shawl, which *I* found—and she has *wisited* me ever since." A *lady!*—and a lady, good, agreeable, and condescending, no doubt; but—the query occurred to my mind involuntarily—what kind of *lady* must she be who would "come oft'n to take a cup o' tea, or a sup o' sommat better, wi' me, in my poor little place?"

I confess, this voluntary information, not less than the tone and language in which it was delivered, prejudiced me so little in favour of my companion, that I took up pencil and paper, and was shortly wrapped in the most agreeable reverie. Briefly, I was in the exquisite *Land of Faerie:* I beheld the beautiful little people; their tiny feet twinkled

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in the dance; their small arms waved lightly and gently; and their perfect forms were miniature models of all loveliness and grace;—the rosy blush of affection tinted the delicate cheeks of the fair; their eyes gleamed, like the minute gems which cluster around the ice-plant;—and lo! a pair, as far different from these as is darkness from light, now peered into my face, and a voice, very unlike the blissful tones of the gay music of Faëry Land, exclaimed,

"Um 'fear'd you ar'n't well, mum, hey?"

"Thank you, I am perfectly well."

"Are you indeed? why you set up your eyes, and looked as pale and *peekin* like, as if you'd seen a *sperrit*."

"Did I? perhaps I was thinking; and naturally I am very pale."

"Oh well—um glad 'tis no *wuss*; but setting there as you do, with your back to the *osses*, 'tis the most foolishest thing in the *wuld*, for a sickly-like-looking cretur, as I may say yourself, to think on—*du* come o' this side."

I declined the good woman's proposition, alleging that riding backwards I always found the best preventive of illness from the motion of the vehicle.

"Now really," exclaimed she, almost aghast with astonishment, "that *is* curous! But um fear'd you're faint, though you won't tell me so. Here," handing to me a large basket, well stored, I perceived, with provender, "take a *happle*, or a bun, or a sand*wage*, or a bit o' gingerbread—and a fine thing too it is for the stomach—or a pear, or a puff, or a *chiscake*;—*I* always take a cup of chocolate, and a slice of rich plum-cake, every morning after breakfast: 'tis peticklar wholesome, a *gentleman* of my acquaintance says; and this I know, I should be dead in no time if I didn't—so *du* take something."

I could not be so ill-natured as to reject all the offers made me by this benevolent, but uncouth *gentlewoman*, so accepted a sandwich, and thereby giving her, as it were, a signal to commence operations. To work she applied herself upon the contents of her wicker store-room, with such hearty good-will, that I imagined myself secured from her volubility for at least one hour. Alas! alas! her tongue and her teeth were, I verily believe, running a race; and when the good dame discovered that to her queries and remarks I deigned not a reply, she "just was *so* glad there was somebody in the coach to talk to, for 'twas the most *moanfullest* thing in the wuld to go journeying on and on, for long, long miles, without ever 'earing a body speak." I would not appear to understand my persevering friend's insinuation, and was quickly lost in the charming description of wild, woodland scenery, afforded by one of Sir Walter's novels: here a slight bridge hung, as in air, between gigantic rocks, and over a foaming cataract; there, a light column of bluish, curling smoke told of the shepherd's shieling, situated, bosomed in trees, amid some solitary pass of the mountains; here, the dark, melancholy pine reared its mournful head, companioned by the sable fir, the larch, the service-tree, and the wild cherry; there, the silvery willow laved its drooping branches in the stormy flood; whilst, with the white foam of the joyous exulting waters, all trees of beauty, majesty, and grace, rising from a richly-verdant turfing, formed a delightful contrast. I heard the cry of the soaring eaglet, as he rose from his eyry in the rock; wild, but pleasant music was in the cool, strong wind, which flowed now roughly around, and lashed me, like the sweeping sea-wave.

"Hey? Um 'fear'd you're a trifle ard of 'earing, arn't you? Why then put a roasted *ingin* when you go to bed into your *earn*, and I'll warrant 'twill cure you if you do't *reglar*."

"O dear, no ma'am," I replied; "indeed I'm not *deaf*," with a peculiar emphasis on this last word.

"*No?* Well, I do declare then, I've been haxing you to admire this fine country for *this* ten minutes;—only look! 'tis a vast deal more bootiful than the road I travelled t'other day!"

So, to please the honest woman, I looked at her "fine country," and beheld on my side the road (for we were sitting at cross corners) a stunted hedge-row, inclosing a field or two of stubble; and on hers, a sear, dismal heath, whereupon were marshalled, in irregular array, a few miserable, brown furze bushes; amongst which, a meagre, shaggy ass, more miserable still, with his hind legs logged and chained, was endeavouring to pick up a scanty subsistence. What the road of the other day could have been, it surpassed even my capacity, with this specimen of "the bootiful" before me, to surmise; but my companion was evidently one of those enviable individuals, whose ignorance is indeed their happiness, or whose imagination supplies the deficiencies of bare reality.

Shortly afterwards we took up another passenger—a "*lady*" also—whose figure was youthful, and whose face, perhaps, was not otherwise; but as she was weeping bitterly, her features were con-

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cealed by a white cambric *mouchoir* from my curious gaze. Poor creature! Had she parted from a lover?—a parent?—a child? Was she a reduced lady, quitting, for the first time and the last, her paternal home, to seek, by the exertion of her talents, or the labour of her hands, a precarious subsistence in the cold, wide world? Had she hurried from the bed of death? or, did she merely indulge in the soft sentimental sorrow, induced by Colburn's, or Longman's, or Newman's last novel? Alas! the fair mourner informed us not. I felt delicate on the point of intruding upon private sorrows, and so, I presume, did my loquacious friend for she was actually *silent*;—albeit, I perceived that the good woman was embarrassed as to the line of conduct she ought to adopt towards the afflicted stranger. To make acquaintance with, and comfort her, was the prompting of her benevolent heart; so she put a blue glass bottle of smelling-salts into the mournful lady's hand, which was immediately returned with a dignified, repellant bow. The basket of provisions was next offered; but this the weeping fair one, it was clear, did not *see*; and my honest widow, not a little disconcerted, made yet another attempt to console one who evidently "*would* not be comforted," by a full, particular, and authentic relation of certain woful passages in her own monotonous life. All, however, would not do—Niobe still wept; and the widow and I felt ourselves in a very awkward, uncomfortable situation.

After awhile, however, we took up another passenger—a "*lady*" again—and, Heaven bless the woman! one even more voluble than my first companion, and decidedly more candid, since she had not been seated five minutes in the vehicle, ere she unblushingly announced herself—a *baker's wife!* Good Heavens! and in these march-of-intellect and refinement days, too! Well might Niobe wake with a start from her trance of woe, and, glancing sovereign contempt upon the new, unconscious passenger, discover to me a countenance as plain, withered, and fraught with the impress of evil passions, as that of the *Lady in the Sacque*, in Sir Walter's tale of the Tapestried Chamber. I never beheld so fretful and malignant-looking a being!—and the contrast which her visage afforded to that of my kind-hearted widow, which beamed with satisfaction and good-humour, was quite remarkable. This "lady," indeed, now appeared to have regained her native element, and not to be out-done in frankness by Mistress Baker, first avowed herself the widow of a chandler, but lately retired from business; and subsequently I gathered from her discourse that the *gentleman* her relation was, until his infirmity deprived him of the situation—*groom*, in a REAL gentleman's family (the distinction I particularly admired); and that the *lady*, her condescending friend, was a grocer's daughter! Niobe, at this precise point of the conversation, bestowed a ghastly grin upon the new allies, and producing from her reticule a well-soiled and much bethumbed volume (whether of plays, or a novel, I could not discern), commenced perusing it with an avidity apparently unchecked by its disgusting odour, the which powerfully assailed me. I, too, was allowed by my loquacious widow, now that she had fallen in with a bird of her own feather, to read in peace for the space of some three or four miles; but at length my attention was aroused from my book by the loud voice of Mrs. Baker, who was promulgating to Dame Chandler the mysterious manner in which she fattened her dogs, by giving them, twice or thrice a day, a quartern loaf, crumbed, and sopped in melted fat, or dripping, which saved meat, since the animals liked that food far better. But at this instant the Telegraph stopped; and the coachman demanding his fare, since she had reached the place at which she had desired to be set down, a violent altercation ensued between them respecting sixpence; and finally the *lady* just stepped out of the vehicle in time to save herself from the indignity of being pulled from it by its infuriated driver.

"A fine *sturren* (stirring), business-like woman!" exclaimed the widow, as we again proceeded; "likelies to turn a penny whiles other folks lay a bed snoring; but mortal wasteful um sure, for one that talks about saving! Meat indeed she may save; but lauk now, only *consate* the *grase* she gives 'em confounded brutes, and the *taller* trade so low!"

"And only think," added I, "of the numbers of poor creatures who are starving, whilst she bestows quartern loaves of fine white bread upon her dogs!"

"An' has for saving *meat*," cried Niobe (then did she speak for the first time), "sure am I, my fath—that's to say, the butchers, wouldn't thank her for her pains."

Here was a discovery! but a greater was at hand; for when the Telegraph arrived at its destination—the White

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Horse, Fetter-lane—a livery-servant met this sentimental, and inordinately proud, and ill-humoured *lady;* and after delivering a message from her "*new misses,*" called a hackney-coach to convey her to her "new place."

My honest widow hurried to the bar, in order to obtain some *stomachic* which should enable her to endure the further fatigue of reaching her own abode; and Mr. S. (a *real* gentleman I hope) meeting me, I amused him uncommonly with this description of my fellow-travellers, as we returned to our happy home in —— Square.—M. L. B.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MECHANICAL POWER OF COALS.

THE Menai Bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in modern ages, consists of a mass of iron, not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the sea. The consumption of seven hanhels of coal would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs.

The great pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is 700 feet in the side of its base, and 500 in perpendicular height, and stands on eleven acres of ground. Its weight is, therefore, 12,760 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet; consequently it would be raised by the effort of about 630 chaldrons of coal, a quantity consumed in some founderies in a week.

The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2,200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire,) might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia,* vol. xiv.

WONDROUS EFFECTS OF CHEMISTRY.

NOT to mention the impulse which its progress has given to a host of other sciences, what strange and unexpected results has it not brought to light in its application to some of the most common objects! Who, for instance, would have conceived that linen rags were capable of producing *more than their own weight* of sugar, by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids?—that dry bones could be a magazine of nutriment, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their sustenance in the form best adapted to the support of life, on the application of that powerful agent, steam, which enters so largely into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable?—that sawdust itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet no way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible as well as highly nutritive?

FIRST ENGLISH COLONY IN AMERICA.

THE first attempt of the English to effect any settlement in America, was made by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, in the month of June, 1578, obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth, authorizing him to plant a colony in that country. Gilbert's project failed; but it was afterwards resumed by his half-brother, the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, who, in 1584, obtained a patent similar to that which had been granted to Gilbert, and next year planted a colony at the mouth of the Roanoke, naming the country *Virginia* in honour of his royal mistress. But all these settlers, as well as others who crossed the Atlantic during the next twenty years, either perished by famine and disease, or by the hands of the Indians, or returned to England.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia,* vol. xiii.; *being* vol. i. *of the History of the Western World—United States of America.*

TRADITIONS OF THE INDIANS.

ACCORDING to the unambitious belief of the Osages, a people living on the banks of one of the lower tributaries of the Missouri, they are sprung from a snail and a beaver. The Mandans believe their ancestors once lived in a large village under ground, near a subterranean lake; that by means of a vine tree, which extended its roots to their cheerless habitation, they got a glimpse of the light; that informed by some adventurers, who had visited the upper world, of the numerous buffaloes pasturing on the plains, and of the trees loaded with delicious fruits, the whole nation, with one consent, began to ascend the roots of the vine; but that, when about the half of them had reached the surface, a corpulent woman

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climbing up, broke the roots by her weight; that the earth immediately closed, and concealed for ever from those below the cheering beams of the sun. From a people who entertain such fanciful notions of their origin, no valuable information concerning their early history can be expected.—*Ibid.*

POLITE SLAUGHTERING OF AN ENEMY.

At times, an Indian warrior, when about to kill and scalp a prostrate enemy, addresses him in such terms as the following:—

"My name is Cashegra: I am a famous warrior, and am going to kill you. When you reach the land of spirits, you will see the ghost of my father: tell him it was Cashegra sent you there." The uplifted tomahawk then descends upon his victim.—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A SCENE ON THE "COSTA FIRME."

I was awakened by the low growling, and short bark of the dog. The night was far spent; the tiny sparks of the fire-flies that were glancing in the doorway, began to grow pale; the chirping of the crickets and lizards, and the *snore* of the tree-toad waxed fainter, and the wild cry of the tiger-cat was no longer heard. The *terral*, or land-wind, which is usually strongest towards morning, moaned loudly on the hillside, and came rushing past with a melancholy *sough*, through the brushwood that surrounded the hut, shaking off the heavy dew from the palm and cocoa nut trees, like large drops of rain.

The hollow tap of the woodpecker; the clear flute note of the *Pavo del monte;* the discordant shriek of the macaw; the shrill *chirr* of the wild Guinea fowl; and the chattering of the paroquets began to be heard from the wood. The ill-omened *gallinaso* was sailing and circling round the hut, and the tall flamingo was stalking on the shallows of the lagoon, the haunt of the disgusting alligator, that lay beneath, divided from the sea by a narrow mud bank, where a group of pelicans, perched on the wreck of one of our boats, were pluming themselves before taking wing. In the east, the deep blue of the firmament, from which the lesser stars were fast fading, all but the "Eye of Morn," was warming into magnificent purple, and the amber rays of the yet unrisen sun were shooting up, streamer-like, with intervals between, through the parting clouds, as they broke away with a passing shower, that fell like a veil of silver gauze between us and the first primrose-coloured streaks of a tropical dawn.

"That's a musket shot," said the lieutenant. The Indian crept on his belly to the door, dropped his chin on the ground, and placed his open palms behind his ears. The distant wail of a bugle was heard, then three or four dropping shots again, in rapid succession. Mr. Splinter stooped to go forth, but the Indian caught him by the leg, uttering the single word "*Espanoles.*"

On the instant a young Indian woman, with a shrieking infant in her arms, rushed to the door. There was a blue gunshot wound in her neck, from which two or three large black clotting gouts of blood were trickling. Her long black hair was streaming in coarse braids, and her features were pinched and sharpened, as if in the agony of death. She glanced wildly behind, and gasped out, "*Escapa, Oreeque, escapa, para mi soi, muerto ya.*" Another shot, and the miserable creature convulsively clasped her child, whose small shrill cry I often fancy I hear to this hour, blending with its mother's death-shriek, and, falling backwards, rolled over the brow of the hill out of sight. The ball had pierced the heart of the parent through the body of her offspring. By this time a party of Spanish soldiers had surrounded the hut, one of whom kneeling before the low door, pointed his musket into it. The Indian, who had seen his wife and child thus cruelly shot down before his face, now fired his rifle, and the man fell dead. "*Sigi mi Querida Bondia—maldito.*" Then springing to his feet, and stretching himself to his full height, with his arms extended towards heaven, while a strong shiver shook him like an ague fit, he yelled forth the last words he ever uttered, "*Venga la suerte, ya soi listo,*" and resumed his squatting position on the ground. Half-a-dozen musket balls were now fired at random through the wattles, while the lieutenant, who spoke Spanish well, sung out lustily, that we were English officers who had been shipwrecked. "*Mentira,*" growled the officer of the party, "*Piratas son ustedes.*" "Pirates leagued with Indian bravoes; fire the hut, soldiers, and burn the scoundrels!" There was no time to be lost; Mr. Splinter made a vigorous attempt to get out, in which I seconded him, with all the strength that

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remained to me, but they beat us back again with the buts of their muskets.

"Where are your commissions, your uniforms, if you be British officers?" We had neither, and our fate appeared inevitable.

The doorway was filled with brush-wood, fire was set to the hut, and we heard the crackling of the palm thatch, while thick stifling wreaths of white smoke burst in upon us through the roof.

"Lend a-hand, Tom, now or never, and kick up the dark man there," but he sat still as a statue. We laid our shoulders to the end wall, and heaved at it with all our might; when we were nearly at the last gasp it gave way, and we rushed headlong into the middle of the party, followed by Sneezer with his shaggy coat, that was full of clots of tar blazing like a torch. He unceremoniously seized "*par le queue*," the soldier who had throttled me, setting fire to the skirts of his coat, and blowing up his cartouch box. I believe under Providence. that the ludicrousness of this attack saved us from being bayonetted on the spot. It gave time for Mr. Splinter to recover his breath, when being a powerful man, he shook off the two soldiers who had seized him, and dashed into the burning hut again. I thought he was mad, especially when I saw him return with his clothes and hair on fire, dragging out the body of the captain. He unfolded the sail it was wrapped in, and pointing to the remains of the naval uniform in which the mutilated and putrifying corpse was dressed, he said sternly to the officer, "We are in your power, and you may murder us if you will; but *that* was my captain four days ago, and you see, *he* at least was a British officer—satisfy yourself." The person he addressed, a handsome young Spaniard, with a clear olive complexion, oval face, small brown mustachios, and large black eyes, shuddered at the horrible spectacle, but did as he was requested.

When he saw the crown and anchor, and his majesty's cipher on the appointments of the dead officer, he became convinced of our quality, and changed his tone—"*Es verdat, son de la marina Englesa;*" "But gentlemen, were there not three persons in the hut?" There were indeed—the flames had consumed the dry roof and walls with incredible rapidity, and by this time they had fallen in, but Oreeque was no where to be seen. I thought I saw something move in the midst of the fire, but it might have been fancy. Again the white ashes heaved, and a half-consumed hand and arm were thrust through the mouldering mass, then a human head, with the scalp burnt from the skull, and the flesh from the chaps and cheek-bones; the trunk next appeared, the bleeding ribs laid bare, and the miserable Indian, with his limbs like scorched rafters, stood upright before us, like a demon in the midst of the fire. He made no attempt to escape, but reeling to and fro like a drunken man, fell headlong, raising clouds of smoke and a shower of sparks in his fall. Alas! poor Oreeque, the newly risen sun was now shining on your ashes, and on the dead bodies of the ill-starred Bondia and her child, whose bones, ere his setting, the birds of the air, and beasts of the forest, will leave as white and fleshless as your own. The officer, who belonged to the army investing Carthagena, now treated us with great civility; he heard our story, and desired his men to assist us in burying the remains of our late commander.

We remained all day on the same part of the coast, but towards evening the party fell back on the outpost to which they belonged—after travelling an hour or so we emerged from a dry river course, in which the night had overtaken us, and came suddenly on a small plateau, where the post was established on the promontory of "*Punto Canoa.*" There may be braver soldiers at a charge, but none more picturesque in a *bivouac* than the Spanish. A gigantic wild cotton-tree, to which our largest English oaks were but as dwarfs, rose on one side, and overshadowed the whole level space.

The bright beams of the full moon glanced among the topmost leaves, and tipped the higher branches with silver, contrasting strangely with the scene below, where a large watch-fire cast a strong red glare on the surrounding objects, throwing up dense volumes of smoke, which eddied in dun wreaths amongst the foliage, and hung in the still night air like a canopy, leaving the space beneath comparatively clear.

A temporary guard-house, with a rude verandah of bamboos and palm leaves, had been built between two of the immense spurs of the mighty tree, that shot out many yards from the parent stem like wooden buttresses, whilst overhead there was a sort of stage made of planks laid across the lower boughs, supporting a quantity of provisions covered with tarpaulins. The sentries in the back ground with their glancing arms, were seen pacing on their watch;

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some of the guard were asleep on wooden benches, and on the platform amongst the branches, where a little baboon-looking old man, in the dress of a drummer, had perched himself, and sat playing a Biscayan air on a sort of bagpipe; others were gathered round the fire cooking their food, or cleaning their arms.

It shone brightly on the long line of Spanish transports that were moored below, *stem on* to the beach, and on the white sails of the armed craft that were still hovering under weigh in the offing, which, as the night wore on, stole in, one after another, like phantoms of the ocean, and letting go their anchors with a splash, and a hollow rattle of the cable, remained still and silent as the rest.

Farther off, it fell in a crimson stream on the surface of the sheltered bay, struggling with the light of the gentle moon, and tinging with blood the small waves that twinkled in her silver wake, across which a guard boat would now and then glide, like a fairy thing, the arms of the men flashing back the red light.

Beyond the influence of the hot smoky glare, the glorious planet reassumed her sway in the midst of her attendant stars, and the relieved eye wandered forth into the lovely night, where the noiseless sheet lightning was glancing, and ever and anon lighting up for an instant some fantastic shape in the fleecy clouds, like prodigies forerunning the destruction of the stronghold over which they impended; while beneath, the lofty ridge of the convent-crowned Popa, the citadel of San Felipé bristling with cannon, the white batteries and many towers of the fated city of Carthagena, and the Spanish blockading squadron at anchor before it, slept in the moonlight.

We were civilly received by the captain, who apologized for the discomfort under which we must pass the night. He gave us the best he had, and that was bad enough, both of food and wine, before showing us into the hut, where we found a rough deal coffin lying on the very bench that was to be our bed. This he ordered away with all the coolness in the world. "It was *only* one of his people who had died that morning of *vomito*, or yellow fever." "Comfortable country this," quoth Splinter, "and a pleasant morning we have had of it, Tom!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

DIRGE.

GREEN be the turf o'er thy head,
Light lie the earth on thy breast,
Peaceful and calm be thy sleep,
Till thou'rt called to rejoice with the blest.

Though we weep, yet we joy at thy lot,
Though we mourn thee, we yet can resign,
Though we sorrow, 'tis not without hope,
Though we lose thee, forbear to repine.

From the cares and the pains of this world
Thy beatified spirit is free,
'Twould be selfish in us to deplore,
For we know that thy God is with thee.

Royal Lady's Magazine. No. I

THE REBELLION IN STOCK POGIS.

*Answer to Mrs. Jones's Letter in Hood's Comic Annual.**

Padinton third Janeary 1831.

DR. MRS. JONES,—I take Pin in hand to Scratch you a few Remarks in return for your kind Pestle: it however gav me a sevear Blow to hear of my deer frends Roofall Sitawayshun: keep up your Spirits, do my deer Frend, I dout not in your next I shall hear you have taken to your Old Rum again down stairs and find the Windy-Pains in a Hole condishun—Yet what can you Relie on when the Country Gernals is filled with sheets of Flams of Steaks and Bairns burnt to their foundhayshones. But let you and me Mrs. J. hop that these evil Doors may be sicured. I have a bit of Noose for you—Swing is taken and Lockt up—let us hop then that Steps may be taken for capshining his Canfeedrats—You enquier what our King and Manystirs think of Stuck Puggys I beleeve they think your Magasstearall Funkshunareas mite have shone more Hacktivity and Incision again armed Poplars and Incieders—but its all owing to the March of Intellx—instid of mindin there work they are always runnin to heer some Seedishus Ourang or other on the Harrastocrazy — they now call themselves the Industerious Classis, formally they was called The Lore Ordurs. My Servint gal atends Love Feasts and Missinarea Meetins and has the impidence to tell me she has a Soal as valleyable as my own and actally askt if her minnyster mite be aloud to come and prepair me for Heavn; but I told the uzzy to prepair herself for another place and gav her a munths warnin to soot herself—but about the parleymeant — Hurl Grey the Primer has a load on his sholders wich I hop he will be able to discharg an all go off quiet: He has pledgd himself for to the caws for Riform an says hell Redrench evry Place where he has Grounds: and they all talk

* From the *Literary Gazette*. See Notice of the *Comic Annual*—*Mirror*, No. 467.

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about Pooling Mesurs; but the Wetterun Bishop Sincurers and Cloaths borrowers show pourfull Oppisishun and perplix and embrace all his Plans—Pettyshuns come in from all Parts for Necromancypassion, wich I take to be some new plan for washin the Blackamer wite—also for the vote by Ballad which Mr. Hum supports and likewis Mr. Oconl the Hireish mimber wich wants the Onion to be repeeled and caws all Hireland Watery eyes; but I hop sich Cryses will niver arrive——I supose youve herd Hunt is returnd for Prestun wherby Im sorry to heer of a incindery sittin in the ows, for he not only first burnt the Corn but sold it after to the pure Peeple—but is Blackin his good—Our new lord Canceller Brewem gives us Hops that he will put a end to all the Old Suits without making any New Breeches wich wrong incisions wold show Shear hignoranc—but hes no Goos!—Mr. Grant wants to Mancypate the Jews—Porkreetchers! my next Nabor Levy says they are a Pursycutish Race thogh they hav Numbers of Genesis among them fit for Trusts on Securitys; but let who will be in or out somethin must be done. Winters com and the ole Country wants instand Releafing thoug I hop no Treesunable acts will be manny fisted be the Peeple—Nobody now cant sell nothing Goods hangs on hand and Malefactors are dropping in every line—Soverins is scars and Peeples ready to tear each other to peeces for um—We want some change ——In the Naborhood of Manshister thirty thousn Wafers are in a state of Risibility which is no laughin matter, havin struck for more Wags tho' they get therty shillins a Weak and are always in Labor!—this abolition of feelin shold be checkt, for if it is to go on it will most likly continew——As you observe, the Rag for Chang is grate—as they say The Scullmasters Abroad and the Scull all in confushon—Old Head devices done away with and Hairy Cassles supplyin the place—Aspics on the Continence seem very embracing—tho the Trials in France is over the People are in Truble—I hope the Rising in the Low Kantrys is over—The Poles seem to be makin head again the Rushons in great Armd Bodis—bent on Deth or imprisenment to get Liberty—In short all Eurups in Harms; but nothins so Barberus as Civil comoshins Hopin all is over with You, and restin asshurd Stuck Puggys is not likely to rise again, I conclude remaining Your sincer Frend and well wisher A HUMPHRIES.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE MR. ST. JOHN LONG.

"Aye—there's the *rub*."—HAMLET.

"'Tis all one!" said I, laying down the newspaper on the breakfast table, after reading an erroneous representation of myself and the Marquess of Sligo:—"I am resolved to remove this stain from my character, and, if *hard-rubbing* can do it, I may hope to succeed." I had scarcely pronounced these words, when my servant entered the room to inform me that a person had arrived in breathless haste, imploring my assistance for a gentleman in a dying condition. Heedful, as I ever am to attend to the sufferings of others—a pursuit in which I have found ample fee-licity—I drew on my boots and followed the applicant to the house of the suffering gentleman. This was situated in a picturesque part of the metropolis, and, on knocking, the door was opened to me by a man who might be six and forty years of age—there, or thereabout. Guessing the purport of my visit, he said nothing, but led me up to his master's room, when a spectacle of the most appalling character met my eyes. A gentleman in the prime of life, lay extended on a bed—his hair dishevelled, his dress disordered, and his complexion a midway hue between the tints of chalk and Cheshire cheese. His tongue hung out of his mouth, loaded with evidence of internal strife. I naturally believed that the present was a confirmed case of *phthisis pulmonalis*, and I accordingly had recourse to my well known, and, with-few-exceptions-always-successful remedy of inhaling. In this instance, however, it did not answer my expectations. Instead of benefitting the *trachea*, it produced a sympathetic affection of the stomach and diaphragm, and the *œsophagus* formed the medium of communication between the patient and myself. Having taken a pinch of snuff, I was about to give my other infallible remedy a fair trial, when the patient opened his eyes. But, gracious heaven! what eyes! The visual orb was swoln, blood-shot, troubled and intolerably dull. At the same moment, some incoherent expressions fell from the unfortunate gentleman. After a reference to the kidneys, he seemed to wish for something to be found in the *coal-hole*, or the *cider-cellar*; but the search of the servant below stairs was unavailing. I now began to apprehend delirium. To be sure of the state of his mind, I inquired if there were any clergyman whom he would wish to see;

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He exclaimed, "O venerable old Offley!" But when I expressed to the servants a wish that this reverend gentleman might be sent for, they assured me that they had never heard of him! The patient then muttered some inarticulate sounds, and turned on his side. This position being favourable for my original operation of rubbing, I slit up the back of his coat, waistcoat, and all other vestmental impediments, and smartly applied a solution of *tartarised antimony* along the course of the spine. The effect was instantaneous on the alimentary canal, and a griping in the transverse arch of the *colon* well nigh put a full stop to the patient's sufferings. The *ductus communis choledochus* again deluged the stomach, and with the customary consequences. The scene now, became almost insupportable. An aged nurse, who had, from the infancy of the patient, been his domestic, declared that she could hold out no longer. Poor creature! the tear of affection glistened in her eye; while her convulsed features betrayed uncontrollable sensations. It was a struggle between the heart and the stomach: the heart remained true, but the stomach turned. At this the patient commenced cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, in a way which will be found fully detailed with all due dashes — ! — ! — ! &c. &c. in the last number of a Northern magazine. "Zounds!" cried he, starting up on his *séant*—"Who are you? who sent for you? May the fiends catch you and cleave to you for ever! Give us the hips! a small glass of brandy! ha! ha! ha! O my back! D—n all doctors! Here am I stung and tortured with *gastritis, hepatitis, splenitis, nephritis, epistaxis, odontalgia, cardialgia, diarhœa,* and a whole legion of devils with Latin names! D—n all doctors again, say I!" And with this exclamation, he hurled a curious crown of crockery at my head, which fitted on so tightly, that only by breaking it, could I disengage myself from the delfic diadem. I hastily ran down stairs, and, meeting the man of six and forty in the passage, I inquired of him very minutely concerning the state of his master. He answered all my questions with perfect candour, and not without a certain archness of look and manner rather unusual among men of six and forty in his rank of life. From all I elicited, and also from certain corroborative proofs, which I do not think it necessary now to specify, I have no hesitation in declaring, for the information of the profession to which I do not belong, and of the public generally, that in this case my abstruse remedies had not a fair trial, inasmuch as the patient's state was vulgarly simple. He had been *drunk* the night before!

J. St. J. L.

Fraser's Magazine.

Retrospective Gleanings.

HISTORY OF THE PENNY.

(For the Mirror.)

"She sighs and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No *silver-penny* to reward her pain."

Dryden.

According to Camden and Spelman, the ancient English penny* was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors.

In the time of Ethelred, it was equal in weight to our threepence. Till the time of King Edward I. the penny was struck with a cross, so deeply indented in it, that it might be easily broken, and parted on occasion into two parts, thence called *half-pennies*; or into four, thence called *fourthings*, or *farthings*; but that prince coined it without indenture, in lieu of which he struck round halfpence and farthings. He also reduced the weight of the penny to a standard, ordering that it should weigh thirty-two grains of wheat taken out of the middle of the ear. This penny was called the penny sterling. Twenty of these pence were to weigh an ounce; whence the penny became a weight, as well as a coin. By subsequent acts it has been further reduced. In ancient statutes, the penny was used for all silver money; hence the *ward-penny*, the *avert-penny*, the *rete-penny*, &c.

The *ward-penny* was formerly a customary due paid to the sheriff, or other officer, for maintaining *watch* and *ward*. It was payable at the feast of St. Martin; and is still paid within the manor of Sutton Colfield, in Warwickshire, and that with some very singular ceremonies.

The *aver-penny*, or *average-penny*, was contributed towards the king's averages, or money given to be freed thereof.

The *rete-penny* was an ancient customary due of one penny for every person to the parish priest.

The *schar-penny* was a compensation paid by tenants who neglected to pen up their cattle at night in the pounds or yard of their lord, for the benefit of their dung, or *scearn*, as the Saxons called it.

Peter-pence were an ancient tax of a penny on each house throughout Eng-

* Derived from *pecunia*.

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land, paid to the Pope. It was called *Peter-pence* because collected on the day of *St. Peter ad vincula*. By the Saxons it was called *Rome-feoh—i. e.* the fee of Rome; and also *Rome-scot*, and *Rome-pennying*, because collected and sent to Rome. And lastly, it was called *hearth-money*, because every dwelling-house was liable to it, provided there were thirty pence *vivæ pecuniæ* belonging to it—nay, every religious house, the Abbey of St. Alban's alone excepted. It was finally prohibited under Queen Elizabeth.

"The money of England (says Chamberlayne) was abused and falsified for a long time; till Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1560, to her great praise, called in all such money; since which time, no base money hath been coined in the Mint of England, but only of pure gold and silver, called *sterling money*; only of latter time, in relation to the necessity of the poor, and exchange of great money, a small piece of copper, called a farthing, or fourth part of a penny, hath been permitted to be coined; and so likewise an halfpenny of two farthings."

Penny pieces of copper were first issued in England June 26, 1797.

N. B. This is a *penny article*, but it is hoped the reader will not object to pay *twopence* for it. P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF BAIL.

(For the Mirror.)

"Worry'd with debts, and past all hopes of *bail*,
The unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail."
Roscommon.

THE system of *giving securities, or bail*, to answer an accusation, is a custom (says Brewer) which appears to have been coeval with the Saxon nation. This system was, indeed, subsequently carried by the Saxons to a burthensome and degrading height—not being confined to those who were accused of crime, but extending to the whole community, who thus gave surety to answer anticipated criminality. This object was effected by the division of England into counties, hundreds, and tithings, and by the direction that every man should belong to some tithing or hundred; which divisions were pledged to the preservation of the public peace, and were answerable for the conduct of their inhabitants.

The system of placing all the people under *borh*, or bail, the origin of which was attributed to Alfred, is first clearly enforced in the laws of Edgar.

P. T. W.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS OF THE DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

"See the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live."
Shakspeare.

THE Chaldæans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians began the day at sun-rise, and divided both the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the invention of hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide this interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and distinguished by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock invented by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, 136 years B. C. was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and setting sun, the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours, the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and derived this practice from their ancient jurisprudence and rites of religion, established long before they had any idea of the division into hours. The first sun-dial seen at Rome was brought from Catania, in Sicily, in the first punic war, as part of the spoils of that city; and after this period, they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer, called *accendus*, used to proclaim the hours; and at the bench of justice (says Kennett) gave notice every three hours what it was o'clock.

Throughout the Turkish empire, time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the vigils of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

P. T. W.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

Voyage up the Bristol Channel.—Two steam-packets ply twice every week throughout the year between Bristol and Swansea. The opposition has been so great this season, that the cabin fare is only 5*s.* and the steerage 2*s.* 6*d.* for a distance of seventy-five miles. The voyage down is performed in fine wea

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ther in about six hours; while, in consequence of the tide being adverse, it requires from nine to ten hours to make the voyage up the Channel. We hardly know any voyage so pleasant of the same length, for the scenery along the shores of the Severn sea, as it is well known, is singularly romantic and beautiful. We will give a rapid description of the voyage to Bristol:—Let us suppose ourselves darting between Swansea pier-heads, in the well-known *Palmerston* steamer, with her opponent, the *Bristol*, in her wake. After crossing Swansea Bay, you pass Porthcawl, about fifteen miles from Swansea, where a harbour has been formed, at a great expense, by an extensive new coal company, whose works lie fourteen miles distant. This coast is exposed to all the fury of the Atlantic, the surf against the cliffs appearing very distinct at Swansea; and the task of forming the Breakwater must have been a difficult one. The steamers now keep close along shore, in a channel inside the Nass Sands—an extensive and dangerous bank to seaward. The contrast between the immense and tumultuous masses of breakers over these sands, particularly if the wind is fresh, and the calmness of the narrow channel you are securely traversing, is very impressive. These sands, and another large shoal called the Skerweathers, nearer Swansea, have been fatal to many vessels. In rough weather, however, the steamers go outside, which lengthens the passage considerably. A large West Indiaman, with a cargo of rum, &c., was lost a few years ago on a rock near Porthcawl, called the Tusca, which disappears at high-water; and a dreadful scene of riot occurred amongst the peasantry along shore in consequence. The coast near Porthcawl appears at Swansea to be the eastern extremity of the bay; but the bluff point called the Nass, about eight miles farther, is so in reality. The coast onwards past the Nass point is almost perpendicular, the limestone lying in horizontal strata, so as to closely resemble a very lofty wall. There are several breaks or openings of extreme natural beauty as you proceed, which have a double effect on the mind when contrasted with the stern scenery of this wild coast. St. Donat's Castle, the residence of Mr. T. D. T. Drake, an extensive and antique structure in fine preservation, with its venerable towers partly embosomed in wood, is extremely beautiful. The park, studded with deer, shelves gradually down to the shore; a lofty watch-tower on the heights, and the hanging terraces, must command a splendid view. St. Donat's Castle is said to have been built nearly a thousand years ago, and was very strongly fortified: as many Roman coins have been found here, there has probably been a Roman station near. An extensive cave, accessible only at low water, near here, is said to have been the retreat of St. Donat.—The steamers still keep close along shore, and pass Aberthaw, celebrated for its limestone, till you near the Flat and Steep Holmes, two conspicuous islands in the middle of the Channel, about three miles distant from each other. From a lofty light-house on the Flat Holme, a magnificent view may be obtained on a clear day of the Channel, with Lundy Island rearing its head above the distant ocean:—

> "Look round—behold
> How proudly the majestic Severn rides
> On the sea—how gloriously in light
> It rides!"

The Flat Holme, which is nearly ten miles from Cardiff harbour, forms the boundary of the port of Bristol; and every seven years the mayor and corporation of that city visit it, and go through some ceremonies prescribed by ancient custom. There are some remarkable and interesting rocks on the Flat Holme: its only inhabitants are a man and his wife, the attendants at the light-house. This man is created sole lord of the island by the corporation of Bristol, and has the exclusive right of fishing round its shores. The Steep Holme is a lofty and barren rock, tenanted alone by the cormorant and the sea-mew: it is smaller than the Flat Holme. The following lines are so beautifully descriptive of this lonely and desolate spot, that we cannot resist transcribing them:

> "The sea-bird claims that solitary spot,
> And around, loud screaming, wheels
> In undisturbed possession: other sounds,
> Save those of shrieking winds and battling cliffs,
> Are seldom heard in that deserted isle.
> The spirit of desolation seems to dwell
> Within it; and although the sun is high,
> And Nature is at holy peace, it has
> An aspect wild and dreary.
> But in the wint'ry storm, when all that sea—
> The terrible Atlantic—breasts its rocks
> In thund'ring conflict, the unearthly howl
> Might almost wake the dead."
>
> *N. T. Carrington.*

But to proceed with our voyage:—Almost opposite the Holmes there is an extensive view on your right of Bridgewater Bay, receding inland; and on the left, Pennarth Roads, with the forest of shipping and town of Cardiff elevated in the distance, present themselves. On this side the Channel there is nothing more to mention—the thriving and very extensive port of Newport on the Uske

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in Monmouthshire, about twelve miles above Cardiff, not being visible. This town has risen almost entirely within the present century. It owes its prosperity partly to the excellent quality and hardness of its coal, which is almost equal to that of Newcastle, and partly to an unjust and exclusive act of parliament, which enacts that all coals shipped eastward of the Holmes shall be free of duty, to the great injury of Cardiff, Swansea, and other ports to the westward. The annual shipments to the port of Bridgewater alone, in consequence, are 100,000 tons. You now stretch nearer the Somersetshire coast; and after passing that beautiful and much-frequented little watering-place, Weston-supra-mare, clustering on the side of a romantic declivity along shore, the flood-tide reaches you on arriving in the far-famed King-Road at the mouth of the Avon, which, in addition to the natural beauty of the surrounding scenery, generally presents an animating scene of shipping and steamers, lying off till there is sufficient tide up the river. But we have progressed gently amidst a crowd of small craft past Pill, a fishing village at its mouth; and after being entranced for five miles with the magnificent and varied scenery of that lovely river, the classic and palatial buildings of Clifton, cresting the pinnacle of the rocks, come in sight as you near Cumberland Basin, and form a fit termination to such a scene. But we must recur to this subject. VYVYAN.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

WE all know that Sir Humphry Davy was the creator of electro-chemistry—that he was the inventer of the safety-lamp; but few are aware that he was also a poet, and that the chemist wrote the prologue to the *Honey Moon*. We knew that he was skilful in angling, for he was the author of *Salmonia;* but we did not know that he was the original Green Man, and went a-fishing in a green dress, with a broad-brimmed green hat stuck with artificial flies, and being, in short, all green, down to his boots of Indian rubber. He was also an epicure of the drollest kind, for he was curious in tasting every thing that had never been tasted before, and interfered himself in the composition of dishes intended for his table, thereby encountering the wrath of strange cooks, and running serious risks in inn-kitchens. We have long heard his name coupled with aristocratic parties, but we see how he contrived to reconcile the calls of the laboratory and the invitations of great people. He worked to the last moment; and, when he was too late for dinner, covered his dirty shirt with a clean one, there being no time for changing it. He has been known to wear five *strata* of shirts at a time, and to have greatly surprised his friends by his rapid transitions from a state of corpulency to that of considerable leanness. This was when, at some moment of leisure, he contrived to find time to despoil himself of his *exuvia*. All Sir Humphry's experience in high circles (and in the plenitude of his fame he commanded any rank) never gave him ease of manner: he lacked the original familiarity with polished society, and his best efforts at pleasing were marred with a disagreeable bearing, which might sometimes be called pertness, sometimes superciliousness.—As in his dress he oscillated between a dandy and a sloven, so in his manners he vibrated from familiarity to hauteur. In all personal matters he missed the golden mean.—*Spectator Newspaper.*

YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.

THE young Princess Esterhazy was a great favourite of George IV. At a ball given in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, the young ladies were each expected to kneel, and present him with a nosegay; but the princess declared, that as she was of royal blood, she would prefer death to such degradation. The King received her graciously, notwithstanding her obstinacy; but her governess sent the child to bed immediately after dinner. "*Bon pour la digestion,*" exclaimed the princess; which so enraged the governess, that she took her out of bed and whipped her soundly. "*Bon pour la circulation,*" said the princess; and the next day the governess resigned.—*Atlas.*

PLAIN SPEAKING.

AT St. Augustine's Sessions, in an appeal case, a witness was asked by Sir Edward Knatchbull, to relate what took place between him and his master, which he did as follows:—"I told him he was a liar." Chairman—"Very improper language." Witness—"Can't help that, I am come here to speak the truth, and you have got it."—*Kent and Essex Mer.*

THE DEAD HAND.

IT is an opinion very prevalent among the "finest pisantry in the world," that

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a lighted candle placed in a dead man's hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used; and also that, if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking! Under the influence of this superstition, a party, a few nights since *armed with a dead man's hand* and lighted candle, attacked the house of Mrs. Leonard (the mother of the priest), in the town of Oldcastle, county of Meath; but, unfortunately for the credit of the creed, the inmates were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them.

EPIGRAMS.

"UPON his arrival at Perthshire, his Majesty is to be received by a band of two hundred men, *entirely of the Mac clan*, arrayed in the ancient national costume."—*Scotsman*

In Scotia our king 's to be blessed with a treat,
A *ballet*ing one if the Scotch have their nacks,
For the papers put forth he's at Perthshire to meet,
Dressed in tartan and bonnet, *a band of all "Macs."* (Almacks.)

WHICH wert thou, cruel Bishop Bonner,
A savage *wit*, or senseless *noddy*,
When to extinguish Ridley's faith,
Thou *mad'st a bonfire* of his body?

DISDAIN'D by the Helen he fondly had wooed,
A love-stricken swain in a region *campestris*,
Thus "clerkly" gave vent to his sorrowful mood,
*Ah! vota si mea valissent cum Vestris!**

AH me! what *foggy thoughts* environ
The man that reads Galt's "Life of Byron."—*Hudibras parodied.*

"What pens doth Galt in general use?"
To Farthing thus said Simon Shark;
"Mostly the *Nocto-Polygraph*,
Or pen that writes Sir—*in the dark.*"
PUN-ICUS.

* Vide Certamen Ajacis et Ulyssis. *Ovid's Met.*

PARLIAMENTARY ABSTINENCE.

PERHAPS it is not generally known, and certainly not generally attended to, that an act of parliament was made in the reign of Edward III. prohibiting any one from being served, at dinner or supper, with more than two courses; except upon some great holidays there specified, in which he may be served with three. This act has never been repealed. J. J. C.

ANTICIPATORY EPITAPH.

(To the Editor.)

CONNECTED with Leeds, Kent, mentioned in No. 461 of *The Mirror*, I beg leave to inform you, that in the village churchyard, near the castle, is a rather singular inscription upon a grave-stone, which was put up by the deceased during his life time; and when I first saw it, had blanks, for inserting his age and the time of his death. These blanks have long since been filled up, and the whole now reads as follows:—

"In memory of James Barham, of this parish, who departed this life Jan. 14, 1818, aged 93 years; and who, from the year 1774 to the year 1804, rung, in Kent and elsewhere, 112 peals, not less than 5,040 changes in each peal, and called bobs, &c. for most of the peals; and April 7th and 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob-majors, on Leeds bells, in 27 hours." R. KOFFE.

As Le Commandeur De Sillery, who was ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian ambassador, in the square before the beautiful church of the Gesù, at Rome (where it seems there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer), he said to him, "What an odd thing it is that there should be always something of a breeze here? Can your excellency account for it?" "Perfectly well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradition that has been long current in this city. The devil and the wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome, when, coming to the Jesuits' College in this place, the devil said to the wind, 'Pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two, I have a word to say to these good fathers within.' The devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been ever since waiting for him at the door." J. G. B.

MATCH MAKING.

LORD CHESTERFIELD being told that a certain termagant and scold was married to a gamester; replied, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

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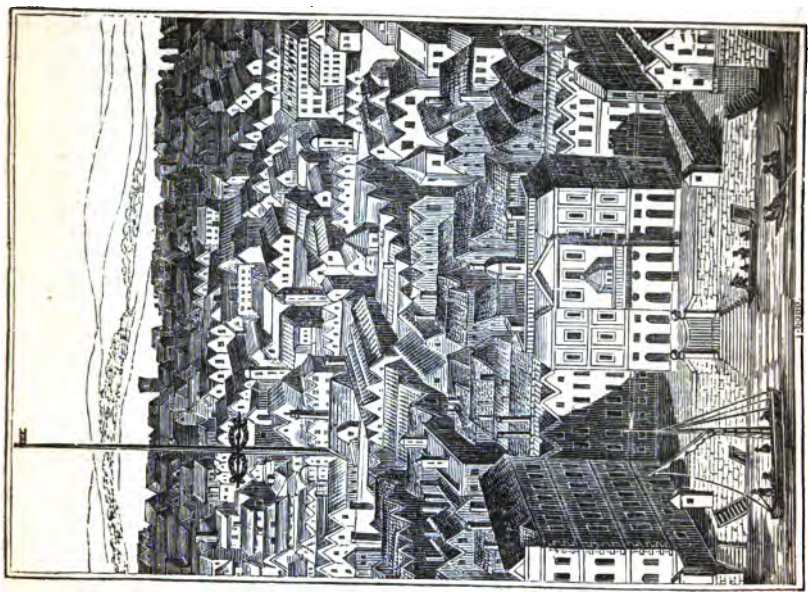
The Mirror

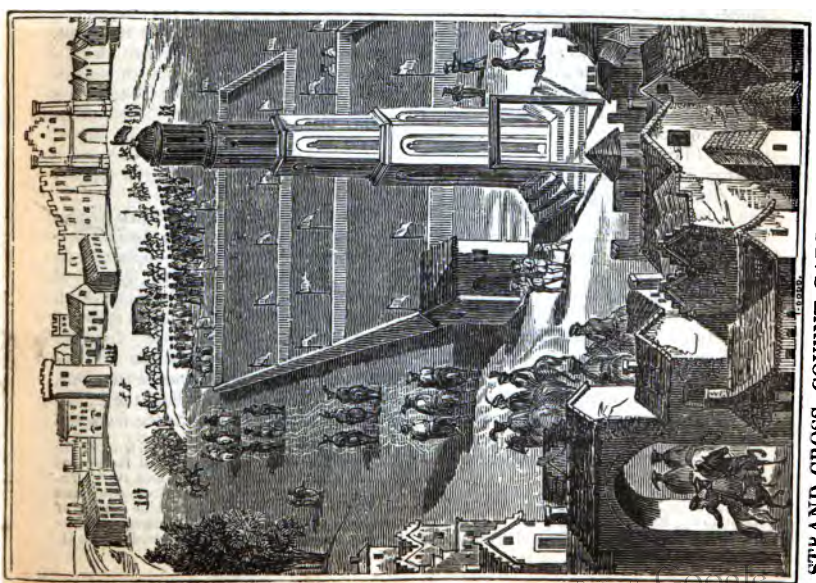
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 473.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.



THE STRAND, FROM ARUNDEL HOUSE, ANNO 1700.



STRAND CROSS, COVENT GARDEN, &c. ANNO 1547.

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THE STRAND, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(Inscription copied from the original of the annexed Engraving.)

THE STRAND,
In its ancient state, anno 1547.
With the Strand Cross, Convent Garden, &c.
With the Procession of Edward VI.

THE STRAND,
And its Neighbourhood, anno 1700.
Looking from Arundel House, northwards,
With the Maypole and Garland.

We have often, in our antiquarian notices of the Metropolis, touched upon the olden topography of COVENT GARDEN and THE STRAND, and illustrated our pages with some portion of its history. Thus, in vol. xii. p. 40, the "regular subscriber" will find an Engraving, and descriptive notes of Old Covent Garden: in vol. xiii. p. 122, he will find a second notice of the same spot; and in the same volume, p. 241, is a whole-page Engraving of the original Somerset House, with ample details of its foundation, the neighbouring district, &c. The reader should turn to these pages, and re-read them in connexion with the few particulars we have now to add.

To aid the first Engraving, with the Strand Cross and *Covent Garden*, we may quote that—

"Most of the ground occupied by the above parish was, in ancient times (anno 1222), an extensive garden, belonging to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, and thence called the *Convent* Garden, from which the present appellation is an evident corruption. This estate, with other contiguous lands of the Abbots, which were originally named the *Elms*, and afterwards *Seven Acres*, and *Long Acre*, having reverted to the town at the Dissolution, was given by Edward the Sixth to his ill-fated uncle, the Duke of Somerset; after whose attainder, as appears from the original *Minutes* of the Privy Council, there was a patent granted in March, 1552, to John Russell, Earl of Bedford, and Lord Privy Seal, *per Bill. Dom. Regis* 'of the gift of the Covent, or Convent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, near Charing Cross, with seven acres, called *Long Acre*, of the yearly value of 6*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, parcel of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset, to have to him and his heirs, reserving a tenure to the King's Majesty in *socage*, and not in *capite*.' Shortly after, the Earl of Bedford erected a mansion, principally of wood, for his town residence, near the bottom of what is now Southampton Street;* and that building, which obtained the name of *Bedford House*, remained till the year 1704: it was inclosed by a brick wall, and had a large garden extending northward, nearly to the site of the present market-place."

The Engraving scarcely requires further explanation. The Royal Procession to the Convent in the distance, with the young King, Edward VI. beneath a canopy, has a picturesque, if not imposing effect. By the way, a Correspondent, who appears to delight in the quaint sublime, tells us that in digging the foundation of the Market just erected in Covent Garden, a quantity of human bones were dug from a rich black mould, at the depth of five feet from the surface, opposite James-street. "The Irish labourers threw them forth, and the sun again gleamed upon the probable particles of holy nuns, till the heavy feet of costermongers, &c. scattered them, and carried the crumbling relics sticking to their muddy heels, throughout the town. This northern portion of the market might probably have been the Convent burial-ground."

A general descriptive outline of the Strand will assist the second view. Malcolm tells us that "the Strand *once* consisted of palaces for the Monarch, Archbishop, Bishops, a Royal Hospital, and mansions of the nobility. Yet a complaint occurs in the rolls of parliament of the high road between the Temple and the village of Charing being so deep and miry as to be almost impassable." Mr. Brayley, in his interesting *Londiniana*, gives the following:—

"In ancient times the STRAND was an open space, extending from *Temple Bar* to the village of *Charing*, sloping down to the river, and intersected by several streams from the neighbouring high grounds, which in this direction emptied themselves into the Thames. In after ages, when the residence of the court at Westminster had become more frequent, and the Parliament was held there, the Strand, being the road thence from the

* That street was so called in compliment to the celebrated Lady Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of *Southampton*, and consort of William Lord Russell. Several other places in this parish were also denominated from either the names or titles of the Russell family—as *Russell* Street, *Bedford* Street and Bury, *Tavistock* Street, *Chandos* Street, &c. *King* and *Henrietta* Streets were so named in honour of Charles I. and his Queen; and *James* and *York* Streets, of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

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City, became the site of several magnificent mansions belonging to the nobility and clergy, most of which were situated on the south side, and had large gardens extending to the water's edge.

"The first of these from Temple Bar, was [illegible], an inn belonging to the [illegible] Exeter, afterwards called *Paget House*, and *Leicester House*, and finally *Essex House*, from being the residence of the favourite of Queen Elizabeth; under the latter appellation it has given name to the street, now built upon the spot where it formerly stood. Between that mansion and the present *Milford Lane*, was a Chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, called *St. Spirit*, 'upon what occasion founded,' says Stow, 'I have not read.'* To the west of this chapel was an Inn, belonging to the Bishop of Bath, called *Hampton Place*, and afterwards *Arundel House*, standing on the site of the present Arundel Street.—Further to the westward was an Inn of Chancery, called *Chester's Inn*, and *Strand Inn*, near which the Bishop of *Landaff* had also an *Inn*. At a short distance from the latter place was the *Strand Bridge*; 'and vnder it,' says Stow, 'a lane or way down to the landing-place on the bank of the Thames,'† the site of which is still marked by Strand Lane. Not far from the bridge stood the Bishops of *Chester's Inn* ('commonly called *Lichfield* and *Couentrie*.'‡), and adjoining it the Bishop of *Worcester's Inn*, both of which were pulled down by the Protector Somerset, in 1549, when he erected *Somerset House*.§ Opposite the Bishop of Worcester's Inn formerly stood a stone cross, at which, says Stow, 'the justices itinerants sate without London.'‖ Near this spot afterwards was erected the *May Pole*, which was removed in 1713.¶ The next mansion was the *Palace* of the *Savoy*, adjoining to the walls of which were the gardens of the Bishop *Carlisle's Inn*, afterwards called *Worcester House*, now the site of Beaufort Buildings. The next in succession was *Salisbury House*, which has given name to Salisbury and Cecil Streets. Proceeding onwards, and passing over *Ivy Bridge*, the magnificent structure of *Durham House* presented itself, which at one period was a royal palace. Nearly adjoining was an *Inn* belonging to the Bishops of *Norwich*, afterwards called *York House*, from becoming the residence of the Archbishops of York, when their former mansion at Whitehall was converted into a royal palace by Henry the Eighth. York Stairs, at the bottom of Buckingham Street, still marks the water-gate of the estate, which subsequently became the property of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose names and titles are perpetuated in the various streets, &c. built upon it. The last mansion near the village of Charing, and now the only remaining one, was called *Northampton House*, afterwards *Suffolk House*, and now *Northumberland House*, from being the residence of the Dukes of Northumberland.

"On the north side, the Strand presented but few houses of note. *Wimbledon House*, on the spot lately occupied by D'Oyley's Warehouse, which had been erected by Sir Edward Cecil, was burnt down in 1628. At a little distance, westward, was *Burghley House*, afterwards *Exeter House*, and now partly occupied by Exeter 'Change; on the other part, and its attached ground, were erected the several streets and alleys receiving names from the Cecil family."

* Stow's "Survey," p. 829, edit. 1618.

† Ibid. p. 130. ‡ Ibid.

§ The church of St. Mary le Strand was first termed St. Mary le Strand Cross; but, as the Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI. deprived the inhabitants of it, in order to afford a site for his intended palace (Somerset House), our historians have barely mentioned it, some of whom suppose it to have been alluded to in the decretal sentence of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1222, already mentioned under the name of the *Innocents*. The parishioners, thus deprived of their place of worship, were compelled to find admittance at the neighbouring churches, till the commissioners for erecting fifty new ones determined this parish should contain one of the number.—*Malcolm*.

‖ Stow's "Survey," p. 130, edit. 1618.

¶ The old May-pole often mentioned as in a state of decay in various publications, which stood almost on the site of the present church, was removed in 1713, and a new one erected July 4, opposite Somerset House, which had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, decorated on rejoicing days with flags and garlands.—When the second May-pole was taken down, in May, 1718, Sir Isaac Newton procured it from the inhabitants, and afterwards sent it to the Rev. Mr. Pound, rector of Wanstead, Essex, who obtained permission from Lord Castlemain to erect it in Wanstead Park, for the support of the then largest telescope in Europe, made by Monsieur Hugon, and presented by him to the Royal Society, of which he was a member. This enormous instrument, 125 feet in length, had not long remained in the park, when the following limping verses were affixed to the May-pole:

"Once I adorn'd the Strand,
But now have found
My way to pound,
In Baron Newton's land:
Where my aspiring head aloft is rear'd,
T' observe the motions of the ethereal herd.

"Here sometimes rais'd a machine by my side,
Through which is seen the sparkling milky tide:
Here oft I'm scented with a balmy dew,
A pleasing blessing which the Strand ne'er knew.

"There stood I only to receive abuse,
But here converted to a nobler use;
So that with me all passengers will say,
I'm better far than when the Pole of May."

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THE LAST WISH.

(For the Mirror.)

EDWARD ROSE, who died at Barnes, bequeathed an annual amount of 20*l.* to the parish, on condition that rose-trees should be planted round his tomb.

Vide Crofton Croker.

AY! o'er them shall the soft wind blow,
And kiss their lips of bloom—
The fair, the bright in sunset's glow;
—Plant roses on my tomb.

The cypress is a mournful tree,
And bodes an early doom;
But lovely eyes shall weep o'er me;
—Plant roses o'er my tomb.

When feverish dreams assail with dread
The bosom's haunted gloom,
Oh, why should we lament the dead?
—Plant roses on my tomb.

The birds shall sing, amid their leaves,
To skies of richest bloom;
But cypress-shade the spirit grieves;—
—Plant roses on my tomb.

I loved them when a careless child,
And bless'd their deep perfume,
When lute and song my dreams beguiled;
—Plant roses on my tomb.

The fragrance touch'd with golden light,
And beautified with bloom;—
Oh, plant them in the sunset bright,
To consecrate my tomb. R. A.*

HALCYON DAYS.

(To the Editor.)

IN illustration of your correspondent P. T. W.'s article, entitled "Halcyon Days," in No. 471, I beg to furnish you with the following, from a friend's album:—

THERE is a bird, a little bird, of plumage bright and gay,
Free as the tenants of the sea, free as its finny prey;
In wintry storms she lays her eggs, the briny sands among,
And twice seven days sweet calms succeed where billows roared along.
These are the sailor's *Halcyon Days*, when pleasure's on the main;
The young ones hatched, the storm appears, and Boreas rules again. H. H. C.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH TITLE "DUKE OF CLARENCE."

(To the Editor.)

IN No. 437 of the *Mirror*, is an account of "Clarence and its Royal Dukes," which seems to imply that the title is derived from a town in Suffolk; but according to a recent traveller, the origin is of much older date, having descended by marriage, from the Latin conquerors of Greece. He thus describes the ancient town of Clarentza:—"One of the most prominent objects was Castel Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza, or Clarentza, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to our Royal Family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western Empire amongst their leading chieftains, Clarentza, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Elis, was formed into a Duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Phillippa, the consort of Edward III. became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our Royal Family. It is certainly singular that a wretched village in Greece should have bestowed its name upon the British monarch." According to the above account, Clarentia, I should suppose, is a corruption of Clarentza, and, perhaps, took its name in honour of the son of the warlike Edward; but, as to a "wretched village in Greece," bestowing its name upon the British monarch, the writer must be aware, according to his own account, that in ancient times Clarentza was no more a poor village, than Clare is what it was, when the wassail bowl cheered the baronial hall of its now mouldering castle.

W. G. C.

* Our correspondent assures us that the above lines were written many months before "The Tribute of Roses" appeared in the *Literary Gazette*.—See *Mirror*, vol. xvi. page 176.

YES, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(For the Mirror.)

"The grave is the ordeal of true affection."
Washington Irving.

YES, we shall meet again,
When this world's strife is over;
And where comes not care or pain,
A brighter land discover.

I will not think, in lasting night,
Earth's love and friendship dies;—
It lives again, serenely bright,
In worlds beyond the skies.

I will not think the grave hath power
To dim this heart's undying love:—
Oh! may I still, in death's dark hour,
Its lasting fondness prove.

Immortal sure some feelings are:—
Oh! not of earth the pure devotion,
Which lives in one fond earthly care,
And that—pure Friendship's soft emotion.

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For brightest this wild world appears
When far each selfish care is driven;
Soft Pity! dry not yet thy tears—
They make dark earth resemble heaven.

For other's weal, for other's woe,
Let me have smiles and tears to give;
And all my busy care bestow,
In some fond trusting heart to live.

And let a voice be murmuring near,
When other sounds are faint and low,
And whisper softly in my ear,
When Death's chill dews are on my ear—

"Yes, we shall meet again,
When this world's strife is over;
And, where comes not care or pain,
A better land discover."

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R.

WHO WAS KATERFELTO?

(To the Editor.)

PERHAPS some of your curious readers would oblige me with a little information concerning the personage mentioned in these lines of Cowper:—

"And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders wondering for his bread."
Task—Winter Evening.

All that *I* could discover about him, I found accidentally in a pamphlet on Quackery, published in 1805, at Kingston-upon-Hull. In a note to that little work, I am informed that *Dr.* Katerfelto *practised* on the people of London in the influenza of 1782; that he added to his *nostrum* the fascinations of hocus pocus; and that among other philosophical apparatus, he employed the services of some extraordinary *black cats*, with which he astonished the ignorant, and confounded the vulgar. But he was not, it seems, so successful in his practice when out of London: not long before his death, he was committed by the Mayor of Shrewsbury to the common House of Correction in that town, as a vagrant and impostor. When or how he died does not appear.

Cowper, when he mentions the name of Katerfelto, in the *Task*, in alluding to the advertisements of the London newspapers — and probably wrote the passage in the year 1782. The *Task* was published complete in 1785.

Whoever has easy access to the newspapers of 1782 or thereabout (as I, at this moment have not) will most probably discover some amusing particulars about this *Doctor*, that may attract your readers, few of whom will be more gratified than

Great Russell-st. W. C.

THE CHEROOT.

(To the Editor.)

IN page 429, vol. xvi. of your amusing Miscellany, the Cheroot is called a China Cigar. The writer, if he had given himself the trouble to inquire of any person who had ever been in that country, would have ascertained that there is no such thing as a Cheroot manufactured in China; and what are called Cigars there are nothing more than a small quantity of very fine cut yellowish tobacco, wrapped up in white paper, and about two inches or rather more in length. These, the Chinese sometimes smoke, but generally prefer a shallow cupped pipe of composition metal, of which copper is the principal part; to which a long whanghee or small black bamboo is attached, as a stem or stalk, sometimes more than a yard in length, and tipped with an ivory tube or mouthpiece. They generally carry a piece of joss-stick or slow-match with them, and a flint, steel, and punk; and when they are inclined to smoke, they strike fire on a piece of punk, and light the joss-stick, which will continue burning a long while. As their tobacco is very fine and dry, the pipeful seldom takes more than one or two whiffs to consume it, and they emit the smoke through their nostrils in large volumes. In this manner they will smoke more than a dozen pipesfull in a short time. Cigars are generally imported into China by the Americans, or sent from Manilla; and Cheroots by the English and other trading vessels from Bengal or from Madras.

In India, the lower orders use a hookah or hubble bubble, which is made of a cocoa-nut shell well cleaned out, having a hole through the soft eye of the shell, and another on the opposite side, a little lower down, the first of which is used for the chauffoir, and the other to suck or draw the smoke from. The shell is nearly filled with water, and a composition of tobacco, sugar, and sometimes a little opium, is put into the chauffoir, in shape of a ball, about the size of a marble, which they call joggery. A live coal is then put on the ball in the chauffoir, and the hubble-bubble is handed from one to another, with the best relish imaginable. Sometimes a dozen natives, get squatting on their hams, in a group, and pass this delicate article of luxury from one to another, each taking two or three good pulls at it as it goes round, and chattering three or four at a time, like so many apes. They likewise emit the smoke

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through their nostrils like the Chinese. The women are in the habit of enjoying the hubble-bubble, in groups, in a similar manner.

The best Cheroots are manufactured at Chiusmah, near Calcutta, where likewise a great quantity are made up; they vary in length from four to eight or nine inches. A great quantity are likewise manufactured at Masulapatam, but they are considered as much inferior to those of Bengal. At Masulapatam there is a very extensive manufactory of a black clammy snuff, which is sent all over Hindostan.

Camden Town. R. L.

STORY OF A BOY.

(For the Mirror.)

Some years back a small party of children were amusing themselves upon the beach, near the town of Conway, in North Wales. One of them a fine boy of three years old being much fatigued, left his juvenile companions, and unperceived by them, got into a boat not far from the spot, and fell asleep. The tide soon afterwards coming in, floated the boat, and carried it up the river; and upon the return of tide it fell back, and subsequently the boat and infant were carried out into the channel, between Puffin Isle, near the Anglesea Coast and the Lancashire Shore, or I should say, in the Irish Channel. A trading vessel, in the grey of the morning, perceiving a small boat so far from any land, bore down, and the crew to their great surprise, found only the poor child in it, nearly heart broken at its unfortunate situation, and totally unable to give any regular account of itself. The master of the vessel felt every wish and anxiety to restore the poor child to its parents, but not being able to glean from it who they were, and having no children of his own, he made up his mind to adopt the boy, congratulating himself that Providence had in this singular manner thought proper to send him an heir to his property, and a delight as he fondly hoped in his declining years. Accordingly after his return back from Liverpool, where he was then bound, to his residence in the North of Ireland, he introduced his little charge to his wife, who had never borne him any family; related the very singular manner he had found him, and they mutually agreed to take him under their protection until they could find out his parents, and if they were unsuccessful, to bring him up as their own child.

Sometime afterwards the mother of the boy came to be made acquainted with what had happened to him, and she caused a letter to be sent to his foster father, wishing her child to be given up to her; her application was attended to, expressing much pleasure at being able to restore the boy to her, but stated that he was doing well, and in good hands, they were reluctant to part with him; and to induce his mother to suffer him to remain where he was, she was informed that his protector had made his will, and upon his demise, had left the whole of his property to the child. All this had no weight, she demanded her son, and the little fellow was afterwards given up, with many tears and regrets by his foster parents, to his mother, at Liverpool. It would be well could the narrative break off here in the manner it could be wished. But soon afterwards, upon the return of the boy with his mother to their home, playing with some children in the neighbourhood of Oakland Carding Manufactory, near Llanurst, he unfortunately fell into a small sheet of water and was drowned before any assistance could be rendered him.

Paddington. J. N. J.

The Naturalist.

ANECDOTES OF A TAME HAWK.

(By a Correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History.)

About three years since a young sparrowhawk was purchased and brought up by my brother. This was rather hazardous, as he, at the same time, had a large stock of fancy pigeons, which, in consequence of their rarity and value, he greatly prized. It seems, however, that kindness and care had softened the nature of the hawk, or the regularity with which he was fed, rendered the usual habits of his family unnecessary to his happiness; for, as he increased in age and size, his familiarity increased also, leading him to form an intimate acquaintance with a set of friends who have been seldom seen in such society. Whenever the pigeons came to feed, which they did oftentimes from the hand of their almoner, the hawk used also to accompany them. At first the pigeons were shy, of course; but, by degrees, they got over their fears, and ate as confidently as if the ancient enemies of their race had sent no representative to their banquet. It was curious to observe the playfulness of the hawk, and his perfect good-

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nature during the entertainment; for he received his morsel of meat without that ferocity with which birds of prey usually take their food, and merely uttered a cry of lamentation when the carver disappeared. He would then attend the pigeons in their flight round and round the house and gardens, and perch with them on the chimney-top, or roof of the mansion; and this voyage he never failed to make early in the morning, when the pigeons always took their exercise. At night he retired with them to the dovecote: and though for some days he was the sole occupant of the place, the pigeons not having relished this intrusion at first, he was afterwards merely a guest there; for he never disturbed his hospitable friends, even when their young ones, unfledged and helpless as they were, offered a strong temptation to his appetite. He seemed unhappy at any separation from the pigeons, and invariably returned to the dovehouse, after a few days purposed confinement in another abode, during which imprisonment he would utter most melancholy cries for deliverance; but these were changed to cries of joy on the arrival of any person with whom he was familiar. All the household were on terms of acquaintance with him; and there never was a bird who seemed to have won such general admiration. He was as playful as a kitten, and, literally, as loving as a dove.

But that his nature was not altogether altered, and that notwithstanding his education, which, as Ovid says,

"Emolit mores, nec sinit esse feros,"*

he was still a hawk in spirit, was proved on an occasion of almost equal interest. A neighbour had sent us a very fine specimen of the smaller horned owl (*Strix brachyòtus*,) which he had winged when flying in the midst of a covey of partridges; and after having tended the wounded limb, and endeavoured to make a cure, we thought of soothing the prisoner's captivity by a larger degree of freedom than he had in the hen-coop which he inhabited. No sooner, however, had our former acquaintance, the hawk, got sight of him, than he fell upon the poor owl most unmercifully; and from that instant, whenever they came in contact, a series of combats commenced, which equalled in skill and courage any of those which have so much distinguished that great hero [?], who to the boldness and clearness of vision of the hawk unites the wisdom of the bird of Athens. The defence of the poor little owl was admirably conducted: he would throw himself upon his back, and await the attack of his enemy with patience and preparation; and, by dint of biting and scratching, would frequently win a positive, as he often did a negative, victory. Acquaintanceship did not seem, in this case, likely to ripen into friendship; and when his wing had gained strength, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, the owl decamped. leaving the hawk in possession of his territory.

The fate of the successful combatant was, however, soon to be accomplished; for he was shortly after found drowned in a butt of water, from which he had once or twice been extricated before, having summoned a deliverer to his assistance by cries that told he was in distress. There was great lamentation when he died, throughout the family; and it was observed by more than one person, that that portion of the dovecote in which he was wont to pass the night was for some time unoccupied by the pigeons with whom he had lived so peaceably, even during his wars with the unfortunate owl.

* "Softens the manners, nor permits to be cruel."

The Novelist.

NIGHT IN A TURKISH CEMETERY.

THE scenery round Aleppo is varied and beautiful, and contains some of the richest objects, peculiar to a land of eastern romance. When the sunset extends its purple flush around the hills, and the city is gladdened by the sound of silver bells, announcing the return of some Turkish caravan, a landscape of more extraordinary magnificence never entranced the imagination of the traveller! At the brow of the sunny hill, on which the peaks of Aleppo glance in the stainless azure of heaven, are suspended bowers of rose and cypress trees, through whose fragrant solitudes the streamlet murmurs its liquid song; and the picturesque situation of the scattered vales is so admirably calculated to inspire the musings of a contemplative mind, that Fancy might there embody her dreams and phantasies without the fear of receiving intrusion from the world. The scenes are decidedly distinguished by such attractive beauty, that I am disposed to think with the poet—

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Methinks amid such scenes as this,
Must *they* have dwelt—the bards of old,
Whose numbers of Arcadian bliss,
And Tempe's beauteous vale, have told.*

Many an exquisite story has been embalmed in the spirit of song, or invested with the pleasing garb of tradition, while the lighter incidents of life have faded into oblivion without a tongue to record them. One of these, selected from the many which my heart has kept sacred among the dim recollections of the past, sustains the interest of my present sketch; and a more amusing recital I have never *yet* transmitted to the pages of *The Mirror*.

It was a night of deep and tranquil loveliness—a night that seldom fails to soften the excitement produced by the feverish pursuits of day. The vivid glow of an eastern sunset quivered on the mountains, and the clouds that displayed their crystal forms in its western glory, seemed coloured with a tint of the richest crimson. In the azure vault above, emblazoned in the spirit of Byron's splendid, intellectual coruscation, with—

Hues that have words and speak to ye of heaven,

thousands of silver orbs sparkled and gleamed like fairy lamps of fire; and the bowers, in which the "Sultana of the Nightingale" inspired a song from her minstrel lover, assumed the dream-like repose which pervaded the surrounding scenes, and extended its influence to the city of Aleppo.

At this silent hour I wandered among the tombs that lay within the cemetery at some distance from the city: they were arranged with the most pleasing care, and the statuary exhibited on many of them formed an ornamental grace to their sepulchral beauty. Some were wholly shrouded in cypress, while others shone in the moonlight beneath a wreath of consecrated roses, designed to embalm the mementos of mouldering marble. Here a sister's affection might be traced—one who had lived long enough to lay her sacred offering upon the tomb, and bedew it with the tears of grief. Notwithstanding its solemn associations, it was withal a place adapted to the most exquisite feelings, and a sanctuary where the heart might forget its worldly aspirations. But the Turks, in selecting their cemeteries, far transcend the boasted intellectual superiority of Europeans; and the one which lay beneath the walls of Aleppo, was, in every point of view, eminently calculated to confirm me in such an opinion. Its cypress trees,

The only constant mourners o'er the dead,

* Bernard Barton

when the hearts that deplored the destiny of their friends had mingled with them in the dust, appeared perfectly congenial with the natural solemnity of the place; and the vortex of succeeding events has not yet sept away the charm they impressed upon my memory.

As I stood in a state of silent abstraction, beside a tomb distinguished from the others by a sculptured turban, the sound of a lute excited my attention, and instantly averting my head from the object placed before it, I perceived the tall shadowy figure of a man, partially concealed among the cypress trees.—This nocturnal wanderer, my only companion in the "City of the Dead," dispelled my gloomy reflections at once, and inspired some vivid ideas relative to his appearance in such a place. Wishing to attain some means of elucidating the mystery, I concealed my person behind a tomb attached to that portion of the cemetery, well adapted to shield me from observation, and by the adoption of this judicious expedient, I succeeded in the accomplishment of my design; but after the "unearthly phantom" had riveted my gaze for a few minutes, he sank into a sepulchre, and left me to a series of vague and unprofitable conjectures. In a short time, however, I observed him quietly proceeding amid the mingled ranks of rose-bowers and tombs, and as he agitated the silent leaves, he accompanied the music of his lute with one of the sweetest melodies which Nature has assigned to a human voice. His manner was decidedly captivating, and his fine, manly features produced in my mind a favourable impression of his urbanity. I advanced therefore from the place of concealment, and explaining the object of my intrusion, expressed my sincere regret at being obliged to witness the singular transaction in which he had been engaged. He paused awhile, but at length replied in a strain of such agreeable language, that if I had entertained any doubt of his cheerful disposition, his frank and persuasive humour would have finally removed it.

"How the devil came you here?" ejaculated the stranger, putting aside the lute, which hung suspended from his neck by a diamond chain. "You are deeply in love with the dead, cavalier, to select such a place as this for the haunt of your meditative dreams.

"Your Turkish cemetries," I replied, "possess an indisputable superiority over the sepulchral gardens of Europe. To wander through these bowers of rose and cypress trees at this

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beautiful hour of night, enchants the heart with imaginings that soar above our earthly sphere. But were you inspired by the same lofty feelings when I first saw you?"

"Not I, cavalier; I came to these charnel vaults to exchange a kiss or two on the lovely lips of the Pacha's daughter, though, the plague to my whiskers! if the gloomy Mahometans were in possession of my secret, I should be impaled before sunrise, and my blue-eyed Sultana would doubtless expiate the crime of 'lighting up her heart' at the shrine of affection, by being closed in a sack and thrown into the lake. But I felt persuaded, there was something *English* in the tones of your voice. Did you forsake Old Albion for the sultry, pestilential deserts of these infernal realms?"

"Not absolutely; my travels would have terminated at Constantinople—at the Gem of Turkish Cities—if the Sultan had not commanded me to convey a message to the Pacha of Aleppo, relative to the punishment of some refractory rebels."

"Oh! oh! then you will remain here. But the time of my departure is rapidly approaching, for when the beams of to-morrow's sun again illumine the earth, I shall make my best bow to Aleppo—to its angelic Peris, and retire with my beautiful Sultana—the charm and grace of this eastern fairy land! But *diable!* you love a story, and I will tell you of every circumstance combined with my singular adventure for a wife. Sit down, cavalier, and lend an ear to my romance."

I complied; and the associate of my solitude amused me by exhibiting his humorous loquacity.

"It was sunset, and the starry loveliness of the skies had not assumed the splendour which now deepens around them with a tinge of purple, when I left the Turkish Divan, and, after dismissing my companions, proceeded *ad libitum* along the streets of Aleppo. You may feel surprised at my temerity, but, remember, that a person delegated by the Porte is as secure in the public walks as if he were honoured with the chains and straw of a dungeon in the Pacha's palace. But, as I pursued my path with sauntering steps, I heard the sound of a lute, accompanied by one of the sweetest voices that ever beguiled a Peri, and turning to ascertain the cause of the music, I caught a glimpse of the loveliest woman in Aleppo; but I forgot, in the fervour of the moment, that my feet were treading on hallowed and forbidden ground—the gardens and seraglio of the Pacha!—and if my beautiful visitant had not expressed her assurance of unalterable protection, I should have resigned the rose of my story—the loadstar of my life. But why should I extend my recital. I succeeded in captivating the affection of a Pacha's daughter, and, to brighten my future hopes, she revealed her elevated rank to me; yes, I obtained a triumph which far transcends the energetic deeds of the warrior, and immortalized my adventure with vows of eternal constancy! Since that period, we have selected this cemetery as a place more exclusively designed for the effectual development of our concerted escape, and I have at length adopted the determination of depriving the Divan of its brightest gem. To-morrow we shall quit this enchanted land, and pursue our course to the Island of the West. But hark! I hear the sound of my Peri's lute among the cypress trees—she is waiting to embrace me. Farewell! and if she is not my bride ere another sunset, I will consent to have my body suspended, like the coffin of Mahomet, between earth and sky."

Deal. R. A.

The Selector AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, vol. viii.)

THE concluding portion of this volume has lately appeared, and is entitled to equal commendation with its predecessors. Among the most important of the anecdotical lives are, Roger Bacon, Herschel, Watt, and Arkwright—names nearly and dearly allied with the triumphs of science in this country. In Arkwright's Memoir are some important as well as interesting particulars of the Cotton Manufacture in England. Our quotation is, however, from another portion of the volume, illustrating, as we conceive it does, a species of character which can scarcely be estimated in too amiable a light.

The wonderful Robert Walker, as he is still called in the district of the country where he resided, was curate of Seathwaite in Cumberland during the greater part of last century. The fullest account that has appeared of Mr. Walker is that given, in the notes to his series of sonnets entitled "The River

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Duddon," by Mr. Wordsworth, in whose poem of the Excursion the worthy clergyman is also noticed with the commendations due to his singular virtues. From this memoir it appears that Walker was born in the parish of Seathwaite in 1709; that being of delicate constitution, it was determined by his parents, whose youngest child he was, to breed him a scholar; and that accordingly he was taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic by the clergyman of the parish, who also officiated as schoolmaster. He afterwards contrived to acquire a knowledge of the classics; and, becoming in this manner qualified for taking holy orders, was ordained, and appointed to the curacy of his native parish, which was at this time (about the year 1735) of the value of five pounds per annum. On obtaining possession of this living Walker married, his wife bringing him what he calls himself, in one of his letters, "a fortune" of forty pounds. We must refer to Mr. Wordsworth's pages, and the documents which will be found printed there, for a detail of all that the industry and economy of the curate and his wife contrived to accomplish upon these scanty resources. Suffice it to say, that about twenty years after Walker's entrance upon his living we find its value, according to his own statement, increased only to the amount in all of seventeen pounds ten shillings. At a subsequent period it received a further augmentation, to what amount is not stated; but it was not considerable. Before this Mr. Walker had declined to accept the adjoining curacy of Ulpha, to be held, as proposed by the bishop, in conjunction with that of Seathwaite, considering, as he says himself, that the annexation "would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places, by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." Yet at this time he had a family of eight or nine children. One of his sons he afterwards maintained at the college of Dublin till he was ready for taking holy orders. He was, like his predecessors in the same cure, schoolmaster as well as clergyman of his parish; but "he made no charge," says his biographer, "for teaching school; such as could afford to pay gave him what they pleased." His hospitality to his parishoners every Sunday was literally without limitation; he kept a plentiful table for all who chose to come. Economical as he was, no act of his life was chargeable with any thing in the least degree savouring of avarice on the contrary, many parts of his conduct displayed what in any station would have been deemed extraordinary disinterestedness and generosity. Finally, at his death, in 1802, he actually left behind him no less a sum than two thousand pounds.

There is in all this, as Mr. Wordsworth remarks, something so extraordinary, as to make some explanatory details necessary. These we shall give in his own words. "And to begin," says he, "with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted in his rustic neighbourhood as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours, at all times considerable, at one period of the year, viz., between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this part of the country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden, also, was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own, less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself. He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the pre-

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sent of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in works of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Sunday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a newspaper, or sometimes with a magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visiters, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the homespun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth, spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in fat. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. By these various resources this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family; not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life," but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

SACRIFICE OF A MORISCOE GIRL.

It would be unreasonable to expect analyses of Novel stories in a periodical sheet like our Miscellany. We rarely attempt the task of giving them; but prefer giving occasionally a running notice of a meritorious work of this class, and then leave the reader to indulge his taste at the nearest library, upon the strength of our recommendation. To let him into *the plot* or thread of the story would be ill-judged: for one of the greatest delights of reading, of all ages, is to expect, hope, and despair, by turns, and thus become identified with the feelings and actions of all parties concerned in the narrative. Every lover of novel, tale, and romance must recollect the pleasure of reading Mr. Grattan's Highways and Byways, and how beautifully the scenes and incidents were grouped in those little series of *tales by the roadside*. The charming interest of one of them is worth a whole volume of lumbering history of a revolution or royal line. Mr. Grattan, too, has taken all the Low Countries to himself, and the literature of their life belongs to him. The other day he published a history of the Netherlands (noticed in the last volume of the *Mirror*, page 257); and here we have him again, with *The Heiress of Bruges*, a tale of the year 1600.

The main story needs not be told; but a scene may be easily detached, to show what spirit-stirring scenes may be expected throughout the work. It needs only be premised that Beatrice, in our extract, is the co-heroine of the *Heiress of Bruges*, and is sacrificed by the Inquisition in Brussels:—

A law of the Emperor Charles V., passed half a century before, had decreed the frightful punishment of living burial against female heretics, and many executions of the kind had varied by their bloodless atrocity the horrid butcheries committed all through the Low Countries during the tyranny of Alva. After that period such sacrifices had been less frequent; but as late as three years before the date of our story, an instance of this barbarity had publicly taken place in Brussels, by the orders of Albert, who at that time held the highest dignity of the Christian

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priesthood, next to that of its supreme head. A poor servant girl, named Anne Vanderhove, arrested on a charge of heresy, refused, in all the pride of martyrdom, to renounce her faith. She was condemned to the grave—not to the common occupancy of that cold refuge of the lifeless body, but to all the horrors of living contact and hopeless struggles with the suffocating clay. She suffered her punishment, in the midst of a crowd of curious fanatics; but such was the disgust inspired by the spectacle, that it was thought impolitic to hazard in the face of day another exhibition of the kind. Beatrice's judges, therefore, after a summary hearing, decreed that she too should be buried alive—but at night. She heard her sentence, in just sufficient exercise of reason to comprehend and shudder at it. But her mind, wandering and unsettled, had not force enough to dwell on the contemplation of what awaited her, and unconscious of her approaching fate gave her the semblance of indifference.

But Beatrice, with all her pride, and almost unfeminine force of character, was not proof against a fate so horrible. As the hour drew nigh when she was to be led forth to execution, the blood in her throbbing veins seemed suddenly frozen, like the hot streams of lava checked in its molten flow. Her blanched cheeks and starting eyeballs told that her fever was quenched, and her insensibility awakened to a full sense of her terror.

In darkness and silence the sad procession moved from the prison's most private door, on the night fixed for the execution, the third after the hapless girl's arrival in Brussels. The persons employed were few; no sympathizing crowd attended to strain the victim's pride and courage, and make her for very shame's sake brave the terrific scene. Lone and desolate, she was led along by two brutal men, with taunt and execration; they, dressed in the dark habits of their office: she, bare-footed, and clothed in the yellow garment called a *san benito,* her beautiful jet locks cut close, and her disfigured head and pallid face surmounted by the conical cap in which the inquisition decked its victims for sacrifice. Four masked men walked first in the procession, two carrying spades, and two bearing the insignia of the Holy Office. Next followed the secretary, with a book and materials for writing, ready to record the particulars of the execution. Then came Beatrice, dragged onwards by her supporters, and urged towards the closing scene by the odious voice of Dom Lupo, pouring a strain of pious blasphemies into her reluctant ears. He stepped close in her tract, and leant his head forward, determined that she should not have a moment's respite till the damp earth closed those ears for ever. A dozen armed men brought up the march; and no suspicion of the inquisitor's proceeding aroused the citizens, in the narrow and unlit streets through which it moved.

In less than half an hour, Beatrice's bruised and lacerated feet, felt a sudden relief that spread up refreshingly through her whole frame, on pressing a grass plot, moistened by the night dew. At the same moment, a gleam from a lantern opened by one of the men close to her, showed that she stood on the brink of a newly-dug grave. She started back at the appalling sight—and was upheld from falling by her attendants, on whose faces she saw a malignant grin; while the tones of Dom Lupo's voice seemed to hiss in her ears, like the serpent triumph of a fiend.

"Erring daughter of the only true and most merciful church," gloomed he, "unrepented sinner, on the verge of death—ere the grave close over thy living agony—ere the arm of Almighty wrath shove thee into the pit of hell, and eternal flames enfold thee—listen to the last offer of the mother thou hast outraged, of the faith thou hast defiled. Recant thy errors—renounce thy false Gods—confess thy crimes—and return into the blessed bosom of the church!"

Beatrice, rousing the whole force of her latent energy, pushed the inquisitor from her, with a look of scorn, burst from her keepers' arms, and sprang into the open grave.

"Lost and condemned for ever and ever—let the earth lie heavy on her head!" exclaimed the furious priest, stamping his foot with rage, and motioning to the familiars, who instantly commenced to shovel the earth into the grave. Not a sound was heard but the soft rustling of the leaves overhead, for this scene took place in the open ground above the Sablon, formerly mentioned as the scene of some earlier executions; and Beatrice's grave was dug at the very foot of the tree, where the Jews, in 1370, had expiated their imputed sacrilege.

Not a murmur, not a movement betrayed an instant's shrinking from her fate, as the cold heap of clay covered Beatrice to the very neck. Her face was still above ground, and the infuriated bigot, whose word was to save her or stifle her voice for ever, once more ap-

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proached. He knelt beside her, thrust his crucifix close to her still straining eyes, and in accents that faltered from rage, he cried out—

"Dost thou still dare refuse? Death is on thy lips—hell gapes for thee!—Wretched woman, say but one word—kiss the blessed relic, and thou art saved."

"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" said Beatrice, in hollow and broken accents.

"It is done! Cover her quick! Let per perish in eternal fire!" cried the inquisitor.

The executioners heaped the earth still higher—the head was covered in—and only then a smothered scream burst upwards, while the struggles of natural agony shook the mound to and fro.—Still the legal and consecrated murderers went on, with trembling hands and quaking hearts; but as they hastily closed their work, a deep and heavy groan came upon the air from a not distant part of the waste ground; and the group looking round in guilty terror, saw a man close wrapped in a cloak, but struggling with another, of aged and decrepit stature, as if he would break from his hold, and rush upon their unholy labours. A weapon gleamed in his hand; and the whole group of guilt, inquisitor, familiars and guards, struck with panic, and imagining rescue and revenge from a hundred indignant arms, hastily fled from the scene with loud cries for help.

In a moment the grave was torn open, and Beatrice, still panting in the struggle between life and death, snatched from its re-opened jaws, and about to be borne off in the close-locked arms of her brother, when the insatiate inquisitor, his ardent vengeance overcoming his fears, turned from his flight to give one assuring glance upon his victim's grave. By the light of the lantern which streamed on the ground, he saw that, instead of the indignant crowd his apprehensions had imagined, only two men were on the spot, one of them old and diminutive, and the other encumbered with the exhumed body. In the glow of fanatic fury, he forgot all personal fears, and while his dastard creatures held on their terrified course, he sprang back alone to the burial-ground, and seizing the old man with one hand, he stretched forth the other to grasp from the Moriscoe's hold his still insensible burthen.

"Sacrilegious villains!" cried he, "give up your impious purpose, and resign the body of the recreant lost one. Let it rot in its earthy prison, till the last trumpet rouse it in resurged life to burn in eternal fire."

A deep and silent plunge of the Moriscoe's poignard struck the blaspheming bigot in the throat; another blow pierced his heart, as he fell into the imperfectly hollowed grave; and while he lay there, several strokes were dealt on him by the feeble hands of the old man with one of the spades, which he tremblingly seized. And then, in the instinct of terror at the deed, he shovelled the loose earth over the bleeding carcass, while the Moriscoe's pale profile looked stern and rigid in the expiring light. The work was soon complete; and the mound of earth thus hastily thrown up (soon covered with as rank weeds as ever sprang from a polluted soil) were long marked by shuddering superstition as "the grave of the Mahommedan girl." The fate of the inquisitor was quite unsuspected; and he might have been still believed to have disappeared supernaturally, or perished by some less awful visitation, had not unerring records thrown light on his fate.

The tottering steps of the old man quickly led the way across the thickly planted site of the little Sablon, and by many a winding lane and alley towards the hill of Caudenburgh, till the Moriscoe, with his beloved burthen, found a safe refuge in the old man's dwelling, in the narrow street on the side of the hill, not a hundred yards below the house of the Marquess of Assembourg.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

MUSICAL LITERATURE IN NORTH AMERICA.

We have just received two numbers of a New York periodical, entitled the "Euterpeiad, a Musical Review and Tablet of the Fine Arts," published every fortnight, or, as our transatlantic fellow-labourers express it, "semi-monthly," and feel flattered at finding our opinions quoted, our columns referred to with acknowledgment, and, still more, our custom of giving good and *cheap* music, followed, though on a smaller scale, by this critic of the new world. One of the two numbers before us contains Paisiello's delightful serenade from the Barber of Seville, as arranged by Bishop for two voices; and the other, a movement from Rossini's overture to William Tell; both very creditable, as well to the selector's taste as to the progress of American musical

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typography. The "Euterpeiad" is not confined to music, but embraces the whole circle of the fine arts, theatrical criticism, and even original tales. We are concerned, however, only with the musical part, and, as a specimen of the manner in which it is probable that department will be conducted, give the following extract from the editor's address:

"In regard to music, since the appearance of Weber, an almost new era has commenced. In the works of this celebrated composer, the proverb has been realized—the German Professor has given to his notes the power of language: emotions are almost imbibed from the sounds as from a visible transaction, or a well-told description. If the country which presents the highest or most generally approved attainments in singing, be demanded, perhaps the correct answer would be Italy. The contest afterwards for the highest eminence would lie between England, Germany, and France. The Scottish, Irish, and Welsh compositions, and English ballad music, must of course come under the aggregation of the English school, and availing itself of this union, and taking into view the circumstance of having for a considerable period steadily adopted, and engrafted upon its own stock, the beauty and excellence in the science manifested by the Germans and Italians, the claims of this school become formidable. And it is this which, through the medium of the same tongue, extends an immediate and irresistible influence over the United States.

"As this school is so interesting to the American public, we shall go into some particulars respecting it. To avoid tediousness, the eminent compositions of the English school may be reduced to two classes—lyrical and sacred; or, as some would divide it, into three, adding madrigalists. We can go back for the second class, as far as the time of Henry VIII. who was himself no mean composer in church music. Purcell, the well-known composer of the music for the Tempest, has stood the ordeal of nearly three centuries. He was also the author of the music of the Indian Queen, Arthur and Emmeline, and a variety of other pieces. It may be observed that these names are not clustering, but solitary, appearing at long intervals. Locke, the producer of the music in the incantation scene in Macbeth, as now sung and played, was the contemporary of Purcell. Dr. Arne next appears, the famous composer of Artaxerxes. Bishop, who has identified himself with almost every thing valuable in modern composition, is well known, as are also his works. It would be impossible to omit the name of Handel, the great *thorough bass* of musical composition, to whom Mozart confessed that every subsequent composer had been signally indebted. He is, by adoption and patronage, the property of the English school. It may not be unacceptable to add, that he composed, besides his other numerous works, one hundred and fifty-eight pieces, of which thirteen were Italian operas, many of which were successful.* The famous contest between Handel and Buononcini in Italian composition was decided in favour of the former by public acclamation. Those who are sceptical on the score of his composing in Italian, are referred to the well-known air, 'Lord, remember David,' which is to be found in the opera of Sosarmes, commencing with the words, 'Rendi il sereno.'"†

The list of operas recently performed in New York might put our patent theatres a little to the blush, at least on the score of variety. Rokeby; the Tempest; John of Paris; the Barber of Seville; the Caliph of Bagdad, performed, and the Freischütz in preparation, at *one theatre*. The principal female singers are all English—Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Knight (formerly Miss Povey), and Madame Feron. The American editor's remarks on the two last named ladies, and on ballad singing in general, are so much in accordance with our own opinions, except the praise he bestows on Madame Feron's execution, that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting them.

"Mrs. Knight's worst ballads, aided by a drum beaten by Mr. Knight, seem to please the audience better than Mad. Feron's bravuras; indeed, we think the manager would gain more by the adoption of Mrs. K. than Madame F. We have remarked a listlessness on the part of Madame F., doubtlessly in consequence of feeling that her best efforts are not appreciated by the audience. We are not an ardent admirer of that lady's style: she has evidently studied to surmount difficulties, without sufficiently paying attention to the groundwork of singing; she fills you with ad-

* There are thirty-two Italian operas by Handel, in MS. in his Majesty's collection, and he composed eleven others—making forty-three in all.—(*Editor of Harmonicon.*)

† How many more might the American writer have added to this solitary one, had his list of Handel's Italian songs been at hand. This great German composer was nearly as well acquainted with the Italian language as with his own, and often not only wrote letters in it, but employed it in many of his private memorandums.—(*Ib.*)

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miration at the execution of a tremendous passage, and then disappoints you by singing a few sustained notes in a tremulous, uncertain manner. In making the above observations on ballads, let us not be supposed to throw discredit upon that style of composition. 'Robin Gray,' 'Oh no we never mention her,' 'The Soldier's Tear,' and such compositions, are a description of ballads, of which, with the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh melodies, we are proud; but if we admit that the drum and fife compositions of Mr. Lee and others, such as 'Bonnets of blue,' 'Blue bonnets,' 'Charley's over the water,' and 'Over the water to Charley,' are other than trash, fit only to amuse the gentlemen and ladies of colour in the gallery, we should be unworthy to be editor of the 'Euterpeiad.'"

Harmonicon.—No. 1.

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

We regret to announce the death of this eminent literary character, and venerable citizen, so well known as the the author of *The Man of Feeling*, and many other productions. Mr. Mackenzie had been confined almost to his room for a considerable time past by the general decay attending old age, and expired, we understand, on the evening of Friday the 14th. There will no doubt in time come from his friends a biographical account of so distinguished and excellent a man; and although it might not be proper to enter into detail at present, we cannot but with feelings of regret notice the departure of almost the last of that eminent class of literary men, who, above fifty years ago, cast such a lustre on our city. They were succeeded, indeed, by a more stern, and probably more philosophical class of writers, as displayed in the papers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and similar productions; but in that delicate perception of human character and human manners, so correctly, so elegantly, and often so humourously delineated in the numbers of the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, where Mr. Mackenzie was the chief contributor, as well as in his other works, and in his general views of the great principles of moral conduct, there have been few authors more distinguished. The elegant society in Edinburgh, well known in former days by the name of the "Mirror Club," consisted, besides Mr. Mackenzie, of several gentlemen who were afterwards Judges in the Court of Session—viz. Lord Bannatyne, Lord Cullen, Lord Abercrombie, Lord Craig, and also Mr. George Home and Mr. George Ogilvie. The first, now Sir William Bannatyne, a venerable and most accomplished gentleman of the old school, is the only survivor. Mr. Mackenzie was in his 86th year, having been born in 1745. His eldest son is Lord Mackenzie, at present an eminent Judge in the Courts of Session and Justiciary. —*Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ARCH POETRY.

Pope Leo X. was particularly fond of Querno, a poet, the author of "The Alexiad," and who, at an entertainment given by some young men of rank, had been dignified with the appellation of "The Arch Poet." Leo used occasionally to send him some dishes from his table; and he was expected to pay for each dish with a Latin distich. One day, as he was attending Leo at dinner, and was ill of the gout, he made this line:

Archi-poeta facit versus pro mille poetis:
What pains for others the arch poet takes,
He for a thousand poets verses makes.

As Querno hesitated for the next line, the good-humoured Pontiff replied—

Et pro mille aliis Archi-poeta bibit:
If for a thousand he's obliged to think,
He chooses for as many more to drink.

Querno, willing to make up for his former deficiency, exclaimed—

Porrige, quod facient mihi carmina docta Falernum:
To aid my genius, and my wit refine,
Most Holy Pontiff, pour Falernian wine.

The Pope immediately replied—

Hoc vinum enervat debilitatque pedes:
I shall supply that wine with sparing hand,
Which from the feet takes off the power to stand. J. G. B.

DOUBTING.

The mind that never doubts shall learn nothing; the mind that ever doubts shall never profit by learning. Our doubts only stir us up to seek truth; our resolution settles us in the truth we have found. There were no pleasure in resolution, if we had not been formerly troubled with doubts; there were nothing but discomfort and disquietness in doubts, if it were not for the hope of resolution. It is not good to let doubts dwell too long upon the heart; there may be good use of them as passengers, but dangerous as inmates. Hall.

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CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A PICTURE.

In Windsor Castle is the celebrated painting representing "*The Interview of Henry the Eighth with Francis the First*," between Guisnes and Ardres, near Calais, in the year 1520, on an open plain, since denominated *Le Champ de Drap d'or*. "After the execution of Charles the First," says Britton, "the parliament appointed commissioners to dispose of his effects, and an agent from France began a treaty with them for this painting. Philip, Earl of Pembroke, an eminent admirer of the arts, who considered the picture as a valuable appendage to an English palace, resolved, if possible, to prevent the bargain being concluded, and went privately to the royal apartments, cut out the head of King Henry from the canvass, placed it in his pocket-book, and retired unnoticed. The agent, finding the picture so materially mutilated, declined to purchase; and it remained in its station till Cromwell, having obtained the supreme command, prevented any further disposal of the collection. On the Restoration, the then Earl of Pembroke delivered the dissevered fragment to Charles the Second, who ordered it to be reinserted in its place. By looking sideways at the picture in a proper light, the reparation becomes visible."

P. T. W.

MEMORY.

It is reported of the Emperor Claudius, that he retained in memory all Homer, Sallust, Demosthenes, Avicen, and Aristotle's Metaphysics.

Tully and Seneca never heard any thing material but it was imprinted in their memory.

Scaliger said he learned Homer in twelve days, and all the Greek poets in four months.

Seneca, the philosopher, could repeat two thousand names in the exact order in which they were rehearsed to him.

Themistocles, when he was promised to be taught the art of memory, said, "I had rather be taught the art of forgetfulness, for I remember those things I would not, and I cannot forget those things I would."

ROYAL PLEASURE.

In the midst of the distresses with which France was harassed in the reign of Charles VII., and whilst the English were in possession of Paris, Charles amused himself and his mistresses with balls and entertainments. The brave La Hire, coming to Charles one day, to talk to him on some business of importance, whilst the luxurious prince was occupied in arranging one of his parties of pleasure, was interrupted by the monarch, who asked him what he thought of his arrangement. "I think, sire," said he, "that it is impossible for any one to lose his kingdom more pleasantly than your majesty." J. G. B.

A Lincolnshire farmer on being told that the low countries had risen, said he "was glad to hear it, for they would not be so often injured by floods."

A. H. R—T.

DEXTEROUS SHAVING.

Despatch is the order of things, and I think the following cannot be out-done by all the barberizing annals of ancient or modern times, not even by the Patent Steam Shaving Machine, talked so much of a few years ago:—There are opposite each other, in George-street, St. Giles's, two barbers' shops, whose weekly customers average 3,000, and in one of them is a man who has frequently, on a Sunday, mown the chins of the almost incredible number, 500, the majority of these being Irish labourers, with beards of a week's growth. In the other, a woman takes no inconsiderable share in the arduous but unpolite performance—pulling men by the nose. Jac-co.

SELF ILLUSTRATION.

In the Jamaica House of Assembly, a motion being made for leave to bring in a bill to prevent the frauds of Wharfingers, Mr. Paul Phipps, member for St. Andrew, rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I second the motion; the Wharfingers are, to a man, a set of rogues; I know it well; *I was one myself for ten years.*"

A little better taste (were it a very little) in the affair of life itself, would mend the manners and secure the happiness of some of our noble countrymen, who come with high advantage and a worthy character into the public.—*Shaftesbury.*

RELIGION.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

No. 474.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2d

Lord Byron.

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON, WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE, BY THOMAS MOORE, Vol. ii.

[To attempt anything like an analysis of a "great big book," of 823 pages, like the present, and that within a sheet of 16 pages, would be an effort of condensation indeed. Besides, the very nature of the volume before us will not admit of such a task being performed with much regard to accuracy or unique character. The "Letters," of which the work is, in great part, composed, are especially ill adapted for such a purpose; since, many of them become interesting only from manner rather than importance of matter. Horace Walpole's Correspondence would make but a dull book cut in "little stars" in the letter style; and Lord Byron, as a letter writer, resembles Walpole more closely than any other writer of his time. His gay, anecdotical style is delightful—his epithets and single words are always well chosen, and often convey more than one side of the letter of a common-place mind.

Our sheet of Extracts is from such portions of Mr. Moore's volume as appear to illustrate the main points of the Noble Poet's character and habits, as the superscriptions will best explain—*currente calamo* from pages 22 to 769—within a few leaves of the Appendix.]

HIS SENSIBILITY.

WITH the following melancholy passage one of his journals concludes:—

"In the weather for this tour (of thirteen days) I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.)—fortunate in all our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty; I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me * * *."

On his return from an excursion to Diodati, an occasion was afforded for the gratification of his jesting propensities by the avowal of the young physician (Polidori) that—he had fallen in love. On the evening of this tender confession they both appeared at Shelley's cottage—Lord Byron, in the highest and most boyish spirits, rubbing his hands as he walked about the room, and in that utter incapacity of retention which was one of his foibles, making jesting allusions to the secret he had just heard. The brow of the doctor darkened as this pleasantry went on, and, at last, he angrily accused Lord Byron of hardness of heart. "I never," said he, "met with a person so unfeeling." This sally, though the poet had evidently brought it upon himself, annoyed him most deeply. "Call *me* cold-hearted—*me* insensible!" he exclaimed, with manifest emotion—"as well might you say that glass is not brittle, which has been cast down a precipice, and lies dashed to pieces at the foot!"

TO AUGUSTA.

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine,
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and part
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress:
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,

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The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience:—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

VII.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and
brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks:
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

VIII.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

IX.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunt'ed so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

X.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
By the old hall which may be mine no more,
Leman's is fair: but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they
are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

XI.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be:
The passions which have torn me would have
slept;
I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst not wept.

XIII.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life that might have filled a century,
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

XV.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal,
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

XVI.

For thee my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine:
We were and are—I am even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

AMOUR AT VENICE.

Venice, November 17, 1816.

"I WROTE to you from Verona the other day in my progress hither, which letter I hope you will receive. Some three years ago, or it may be more, I recollect you telling me that you had received a letter from our friend, Sam, dated "On board his gondola." *My* gondola is, at this present, waiting for me on the canal; but I prefer writing to you in the house, it being autumn—and rather an English autumn than otherwise. It is my intention to remain at Venice during the winter, probably, as it has always been (next to the east) the greenest island of my imagination. It has not disappointed me; though its evident decay would, perhaps, have that effect upon others. But I have been familiar with ruins too long to dislike desolation. Besides, I have fallen in love, which, next to falling into the canal (which would be of no use, as I can swim,) is the best or the worst thing I could do. I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of

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a "Merchant of Venice," who is a good deal occupied with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year. Marianna (that is her name) is in her appearance altogether like an antelope. She has the large, black, oriental eyes, with that peculiar expression in them which is seen rarely among *Europeans* —even the Italians—and which many of the Turkish women give themselves by tinging the eyelid—an art not known out of that country, I believe. This expression she has *naturally* — and something more than this. In short, I cannot describe the effect of this kind of eye—at least upon me. Her features are regular, and rather aquiline—mouth small—skin clear and soft, with a kind of hectic colour — forehead remarkably good; her hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and colour of Lady J***'s; her figure is light and pretty, and she is a famous songstress — scientifically so; her natural voice (in conversation, I mean,) is very sweet; and the *naiveté* of the Venetian dialect is always pleasing in the mouth of a woman.

November 23.

You will perceive that my description, which was proceeding with the minuteness of a passport, has been interrupted for several days. In the meantime.

* * * * * *

December 5.

Since my former dates, I do not know that I have much to add on the subject, and, luckily, nothing to take away; for I am more pleased than ever with my Venetian, and begin to feel very serious on that point—so much so, that I shall be silent.

* * * * * *

By way of divertisement, I am studying daily, at an Armenian monastery, the Armenian language. I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this—as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement—I have chosen, to torture me into attention. It is a rich language, however, and would amply repay any one the trouble of learning it. I try, and shall go on;—but I answer for nothing, least of all for my intentions or my success. There are some very curious MSS. in the monastery, as well as books; translations also from Greek originals, now lost, and from Persian and Syriac, &c.; besides works of their own people. Four years ago the French instituted an Armenian professorship. Twenty pupils presented themselves on Monday morning, full of noble ardour, ingenuous youth, and impregnable industry. They persevered with a courage worthy of the nation and of universal conquest, till Thursday; when *fifteen* of the *twenty* succumbed to the six and twentieth letter of the alphabet. It is, to be sure, a Waterloo of an Alphabet — that must be said for them. But it is so like these fellows, to do by it as they did by their sovereigns—abandon both; to parody the old rhymes, "Take a thing and give a thing"—"Take a king and give a king. They are the worst of animals, except their conquerors.

I hear that that H———n is your neighbour, having a living in Derbyshire. You will find him an excellent hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps, too much japanned by preferment in the church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being overrun with fine feelings about women and *constancy* (that small change of love, which people exact so rigidly, receive in such counterfeit coin, and repay in baser metal;) but, otherwise, a very worthy man, who has lately got a pretty wife, and (I suppose) a child by this time. Pray remember me to him, and say that I know not which to envy most—his neighbourhood, him, or you.

Of Venice I shall say little. You must have seen many descriptions; and they and they are most of them like. It is a poetical place; and classical, to us, from Shakspeare and Otway. I have not yet sinned against it in verse, nor do I know that I shall do so, having been tuneless since I crossed the Alps, and feeling, as yet, no renewal of the "estro." By the way, I suppose you have seen "Glenarvon." Madame de Staël lent it me to read from Copet last autumn. It seems to me that, if the authoress had written the *truth*, and nothing but the truth—the whole truth —the romance would not only have been more *romantic*, but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can't be good—I did not sit long enough. When you have leisure, let me hear from and of you, believing me ever and truly yours most affectionately. B.

P.S. Oh! *your Poem*—is it out? I hope Longman has paid his thousands; but don't you do as H** T**'s father did, who, having, made money by a quarto tour, became a vinegar merchant; when, lo! his vinegar turned sweet (and be d—d to it) and ruined him. My last letter to you (from Verona) was inclosed to Murray—have you got it? Direct to me *here*, *poste restante*.

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There are no English here at present. There were several in Switzerland — some women; but, except Lady Dalrymple Hamilton, most of them as ugly as virtue—at least those that I saw."

AT VENICE.

To Mr. Moore.

"Venice, December 24th, 1816.

"I HAVE taken a fit of writing to you, which portends postage—once from Verona—once from Venice, and again from Venice—*thrice* that is. For this you may thank yourself, for I heard that you complained of my silence—so here goes for garrulity.

"I trust that you received my other twain of letters. My 'way of life' (or 'May of life,' which is it, according to the commentators?)—my 'way of life' is fallen into great regularity. In the mornings I go over in my gondola to hobble Armenian with the friars of the convent of St. Lazarus, and to help one of them in correcting the English of an English and Armenian grammar which he is publishing. In the evenings I do one of many nothings—either at the theatres, or some of the conversazioner, which are like our routs, or rather worse, for the women sit in a semicircle by the lady of the mansion, and the men stand about the room. To be sure, there is one improvement upon ours—instead of lemonade with their ices, they hand about stiff *rum-punch—punch*, by my palate; and this they think *English*. I would not disabuse them of so agreeable an error—'no, not for Venice.'

"Last night I was at the Count Governor's, which, of course, comprises the best society, and is very much like other gregarious meetings in every country—as in ours—except that, instead of the Bishop of Winchester, you have the Patriarch of Venice; and a motley crew of Austrians, Germans, noble Venetians, foreigners, and, if you see a quiz, you may be sure he is a consul. Oh, by the way, I forgot, when I wrote from Verona, to tell you that at Milan I met with a countryman of yours—a Colonel * * * *, a very excellent, good-natured fellow, who knows and shows all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native there. He is particularly civil to strangers, and this is his history—at least an episode of it.

"Six-and-twenty years ago, Colonel * * * *, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa * * * *, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland, but England, which is a different thing; and *she*, heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the definitive treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Colonel * * * *, who flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame * * * *, murmured forth, in half forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed 'Who are you?' The colonel cried, 'What, don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c. &c. &c.; till at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence, to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant.—She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word) and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence.

"Methinks this is as pretty a moral tale as any of Marmontel's. Here is another. The same lady, several years ago, made an escapade with a Swede, Count Fersen (the same whom the Stockholm mob quartered and lapidated not very long since), and they arrived at an Osteria, on the road to Rome or thereabouts. It was a summer evening, and while they were at supper, they were suddenly regaled by a symphony of fiddles in an adjacent apartment, so prettily played, that, wishing to hear them more distinctly, the count rose, and going into the musical society, said—'Gentlemen, I am sure that, as a company of gallant cavaliers, you will be delighted to show your skill to a lady, who feels anxious,' &c. &c. The men of harmony were all acquiescence—every instrument was tuned and toned, and, striking up one of their most ambrosial airs, the whole band followed the count to the lady's apartment. At their head was the first fiddler, who, bowing and fiddling at the same moment, headed his troop, and advanced up the room. Death and discord!—it was the marquess himself, who was on a serenading party in the country, while his spouse had run away from town.—The rest may be imagined; but, first of all, the lady tried to persuade him that she was there on purpose to meet him, and had chosen this method for an harmonic surprise. So much for this gossip, which amused me when I heard it, and

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I send it to you, in the hope it may have the like effect. Now we'll return to Venice."

"The day after to-morrow (to-morrow being Christmas-day) the Carnival begins. I dine with the Countess Albrizzi and a party, and go to the opera. On that day the Phenix (not the Insurance Office, but) the theatre of that name opens: I have got me a box there for the season, for two reasons, one of which is, that the music is remarkably good. The Contessa Albrizzi, of whom I have made mention, is the De Staël of Venice—not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and, I believe, not at all dissolute, as most of the women are. She has written very well on the works of Canova, and also a volume of Characters, besides other printed matter. She is of Corfu, but married a dead Venetian—that is, dead since he married.

"My flame (my 'Donna,' whom I spoke of in my former epistle, my Marianna) is still my Marianna, and I, her—what she pleases. She is by far the prettiest woman I have seen here, and the most loveable I have met with any where—as well as one of the most singular. I believe I told you the rise and progress of our *liaison* in my former letter. Lest that should not have reached you, I will merely repeat that she is a Venetian, two-and-twenty years old, married to a merchant well to do in the world, and that she has great black oriental eyes, and all the qualities which her eyes promise. Whether being in love with her has steeled me or not, I do not know; but I have not seen many other women who seem pretty. The nobility, in particular, are a sad-looking race—the gentry rather better. And now, what art *thou* doing?

"What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?

Are you not near the Luddites? By the Lord! if there's a row, but I'll be among ye! How go on the weavers—the breakers of frames—the Lutherans of politics—the reformers?

"As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

"When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding-sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

"Though black as his heart its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

There's an amiable *chanson* for you—all impromptu. I have written it principally to shock your neighbour * * *, who is all clergy and loyalty—mirth and innocence—milk and water.

"But the Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore,
The Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore,
Masking and humming,
Fifing and drumming,
Guitarring and strumming,
Oh Thomas Moore.

The other night I saw a new play—and the author. The subject was the sacrifice of Isaac. The play succeeded, and they called for the author—according to continental custom—and he presented himself: a noble Venetian, Mali, or Malapiero by name. Mala was his name, and *pessima* his production—at least, I thought so, and I ought to know, having read more or less of five hundred Drury-lane offerings, during my coadjutorship with the sub-and-super committee.

"When does your Poem of Poems come out? I hear that the E. R. has cut up Coleridge's Christabel, and declared against me for praising it. I praised it, firstly, because I thought well of it; secondly, because Coleridge was in great distress, and, after doing what little I could for him in essentials, I thought that the public avowal of my good opinion might help him further, at least with the booksellers. I am very sorry that J * * has attacked him, because, poor fellow, it will hurt him in mind and pocket. As for me, he's welcome,—I shall never think less of J * * for any thing he may say against me or mine in future.

"I suppose Murray has sent you, or will send (for I do not know whether they are out or no) the poem, or poesies, of mine, of last summer. By the mass! they're sublime—'Ganion Coheriza'—gainsay who dares! Pray, let me hear from you, and of you, and, at least, let me know that you have received these three letters. Direct, right *here, poste restante*.—"Ever and ever, &c."

AN EXECUTION.

To Mr. Murray.

"Venice, May 30th, 1817.

"I RETURNED from Rome two days ago, and have received your letter; but no sign nor tidings of the parcel sent through Sir C. Stuart, which you mention. After an interval of months, a packet of

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'Tales,' &c. found me at Rome; but this is all, and may be all that ever will find me. The post seems to be the only sure conveyance, and *that only for letters*. From Florence I sent you a poem on Tasso, and from Rome the new Third Act of 'Manfred,' and by Dr. Polidori two portraits for my sister. I left Rome and made a rapid journey home. You will continue to direct here as usual. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to Naples; I should have run down there too for a week, but for the quantity of English whom I heard of there. I prefer hating them at a distance; unless an earthquake, or a good real irruption of Vesuvius, were ensured to reconcile me to their vicinity.

* * * * * *

"The day before I left Rome I saw three robbers guillotined. The ceremony—including the *masqued* priests; the half-naked executioners; the bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner; the scaffold; the soldiery; the slow procession, and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood, and the ghastliness of the exposed heads—is altogether more impressive than the vulgar and ungentlemanly dirty 'new drop,' and dog-like agony of infliction upon the sufferers of the English sentence. Two of these men behaved calmly enough, but the first of the three died with great terror and reluctance. What was very horrible, he would not lie down; then his neck was too large for the aperture, and the priest was obliged to drown his exclamations by still louder exhortations. The head was off before the eye could trace the blow; but from an attempt to draw back the head, notwithstanding it was held forward by the hair, the first head was cut off close to the ears: the other two were taken off more cleanly. It is better than the oriental way, and (I should think) than the axe of our ancestors. The pain seems little, and yet the effect to the spectator, and the preparation to the criminal, is very striking and chilling. The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shake so that I could hardly hold the opera-glass, (I was close, but was determined to see, as one should see every thing, once, with attention;) the second and third (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferent,) I am ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, though I would have saved them if I could.

"Yours, &c."

PORSON.

"I REMEMBER to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties, but not frequently; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening, for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public,—commons, college, or chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of under-graduates, many of them freshmen and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times that I saw him went which were only at William Bankes's (the Nubian discoverer's) rooms. I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the 'Cobbler of Messina,' insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.

"I perceive, in the book you sent me, a long account of him, which is very savage. I cannot judge, as I never saw him sober, except in *hall* or combination room; and then I was never near enough to hear, and hardly to see him. Of his drunken deportment, I can be sure, because I saw it.'

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

IT was about the time (1819) when the foregoing letter was written, and when, like the first return of reason after intoxication, a full consciousness of some of the evils of his late libertine course of life had broken upon him, that an attachment differing altogether, both in duration and devotion, from any of those that, since the dream of his boyhood, had inspired him, gained an influence over his mind which lasted through his few remaining years; and, undeniably wrong and immoral (even allowing for the Italian estimate of such frailties) as was the nature of the connexion to which

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this attachment led, we can hardly perhaps,—taking into account the far worse wrong from which it rescued and preserved him,—consider it otherwise than an event fortunate both for his reputation and happiness.

The fair object of this last, and (with one signal exception) only *real* love of his whole life, was a young Romagnese lady, the daughter of Count Gamba, of Ravenna, and married, but a short time before Lord Byron first met with her, to an old and wealthy widower, of the same city, Count Guiccioli. Her husband had in early life been the friend of Alfieri, and had distinguished himself by his zeal in promoting the establishment of a National Theatre, in which the talents of Alfieri and his own wealth were to be combined. Notwithstanding his age, and a character, as it appears, by no means reputable, his great opulence rendered him an object of ambition among the mothers of Ravenna, who, according to the too frequent maternal practice, were seen vying with each other in attracting so rich a purchaser for their daughters, and the young Teresa Gamba, then only eighteen, and just emancipated from a convent, was the selected victim.

The first time Lord Byron had ever seen this lady was in the autumn of 1818, when she made her appearance, soon after her marriage, at the house of the Countess Albrizzi, in all the gaiety of bridal array, and the first delight of exchanging a convent for the world. At this time, however, no acquaintance ensued between them;—it was not till the spring of the present year that, at an evening party of Madame Benzoni's, they were introduced to each other. The love that sprung out of this meeting was instantaneous and mutual,—though with the usual disproportion of sacrifice between the parties; such an event being, to the man, but one of the many scenes of life, while, with woman, it generally constitutes the whole drama. The young Italian found herself suddenly inspired with a passion, of which, till that moment, her mind could not have formed the least idea;—she had thought of love but as an amusement, and now became its slave. If at the outset, too, less slow to be won than an Englishwoman, no sooner did she begin to understand the full despotism of the passion than her heart shrunk from it as something terrible, and she would have escaped, but that the chain was already around her.

No words, however, can describe so simply and feelingly as her own, the strong impression which their first meeting left upon her mind:—

"I became acquainted," says Madame Guiccioli, "with Lord Byron in the April of 1819:—he was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzoni, at one of that lady's parties. This introduction, which had so much influence over the lives of us both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only from courtesy. For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening on account of the late hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances,—alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences,—on being requested by the Countess Benzoni to allow himself to be presented to me, refused, and, at last, only assented from a desire to oblige her.

"His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day."

* * * * * * *

About the middle of April, Madame Guiccioli had been obliged to quit Venice with her husband. Having several houses on the road from Venice to Ravenna, it was his habit to stop at these mansions, one after the other, in his journeys between the two cities; and from all these places the enamoured young Countess now wrote to her lover, expressing, in the most passionate and pathetic terms, her despair at leaving him. So utterly, indeed, did this feeling overpower her, that three times, in the course of her first day's journey, she was seized with fainting-fits. In one of her letters, which I saw when at Venice, dated, if I recollect right, from "Cà Zen, Cavanella di Po," she tells him that the solitude of this place, which she had before found irksome, was, now that one sole idea occupied her mind, become dear and welcome to her, and promises that, as soon as she arrives at Ravenna, "she will, according to his wish, avoid all general society, and devote herself to reading, music, domestic occupations, riding on horseback,—every thing, in short, that she knew he would

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most like." What a change for a young and simple girl, who, but a few weeks before, had thought only of society and the world, but who now saw no other happiness but in the hope of becoming worthy, by seclusion and self-instruction, of the illustrious object of her love!

On leaving this place, she was attacked with a dangerous illness on the road, and arrived half dead at Ravenna; nor was it found possible to revive or comfort her till an assurance was received from Lord Byron, expressed with all the fervour of real passion, that, in the course of the ensuing month, he would pay her a visit. Symptoms of consumption, brought on by her state of mind, had already shown themselves; and, in addition to the pain which this separation had caused her, she was also suffering much grief from the loss of her mother, who, at this time, died in giving birth to her twentieth child. Towards the latter end of May she wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that, having prepared all her relatives and friends to expect him, he might now, she thought, venture to make his appearance at Ravenna. Though, on the lady's account, hesitating as to the prudence of such a step, he, in obedience to her wishes, on the 2nd of June, set out from La Mira (at which place he had again taken a villa for the summer), and proceeded towards Romagna.

While he was lingering irresolute at Bologna, the Countess Guiccioli had been attacked with an intermittent fever, the violence of which combining with the absence of a confidential person to whom she had been in the habit of intrusting her letters, prevented her from communicating with him. At length, anxious to spare him the disappointment of finding her so ill on his arrival, she had begun a letter, requesting that he would remain at Bologna till the visit to which she looked forward should bring her there also; and was in the act of writing, when a friend came in to announce the arrival of an English lord in Ravenna. She could not doubt for an instant that it was her noble lover; and he had, in fact, notwithstanding his declaration to Mr. Hoppner that it was his intention to return to Venice immediately, wholly altered this resolution before the letter announcing it was despatched, — the following words being written on the outside cover:—"I am just setting off for Ravenna, June 8, 1819.—I changed my mind this morning, and decided to go on."

The reader, however, shall have Madame Guiccioli's own account of these events, which, fortunately for the interest of my narration, I am enabled to communicate:—

"On my departure from Venice, he had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine wood, the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came, in fact, in the month of June, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini; while, I attacked by a consumptive complaint, which had its origin from the moment of my quitting Venice, appeared on the point of death. The arrival of a distinguished foreigner at Ravenna, a town so remote from the routes ordinarily followed by travellers, was an event which gave rise to a good deal of conversation. His motives for such a visit became the subject of discussion, and these he himself afterwards involuntarily divulged; for having made some inquiries with a view to paying me a visit, and being told that it was unlikely that he would ever see me again, as I was at the point of death, he replied, if such were the case, he hoped that he should die also; which circumstance, being repeated revealed the object of his journey. Count Guiccioli, having been acquainted with Lord Byron at Venice, went to visit him now, and in the hope that his presence might amuse, and be of some use to me in the state in which I then found myself, invited him to call upon me. He came the day following. It is impossible to describe the anxiety he showed,—the delicate attentions that he paid me. For a long time he had perpetually medical books in his hands; and not trusting my physicians, he obtained permission from Count Guiccioli to send for a very clever physician, a friend of his, in whom he placed great confidence. The attentions of the Professor Aglietti (for so this celebrated Italian was called), together with tranquillity, and the inexpressible happiness which I experienced in Lord Byron's society, had so good an effect on my health, that only two months afterwards I was able to accompany my husband in a tour he was obliged to make to visit his various estates.

* * * * * * *

In the separation that had now taken place (1820) between Count Guiccioli and his wife, it was one of the conditions that the lady should, in future, reside under the paternal roof:—in consequence of which, Madame Guiccioli, on the 16th of July, left Ravenna and re-

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tired to a villa belonging to Count Gamba, about fifteen miles distant from that city. Here Lord Byron occasionally visited her—about once or twice, perhaps, in the month—passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude. To a mind like his, whose world was within itself, such a mode of life could have been neither new nor unwelcome; but to the woman, young and admired, whose acquaintance with the world and its pleasures had but just begun, this change was, it must be confessed, most sudden and trying. Count Guiccioli was rich, and, as a young wife, she had gained absolute power over him. She was proud, and his station placed her among the highest in Ravenna. They had talked of travelling to Naples, Florence, Paris,—and every luxury, in short, that wealth could command was at her disposal.

All this she now voluntarily and determinedly sacrificed for Byron. Her splendid home abandoned—her relations all openly at war with her—her kind father but tolerating, from fondness, what he could not approve—she was now, upon a pittance of 200*l.* a year, living apart from the world, her sole occupation the task of educating herself for her illustrious lover, and her sole reward the few brief glimpses of him which their now restricted intercourse allowed. Of the man who could inspire and keep alive so devoted a feeling, it may be pronounced with confidence that he could *not* have been such as, in the freaks of his own wayward humour, he represented himself; while, on the lady's side, the whole history of her attachment goes to prove how completely an Italian woman, whether by nature or from her social position, is led to invert the usual course of such frailties among ourselves, and, weak in resisting the first impulses of passion, to reserve the whole strength of her character for a display of constancy and devotedness afterwards.

MEETING OF LORD BYRON AND MR. MOORE AT VENICE.

It was my good fortune, at this period, (1819) in the course of a short and hasty tour through the north of Italy, to pass five or six days with Lord Byron at Venice. I had written to him on my way thither to announce my coming, and to say how happy it would make me could I tempt him to accompany me as far as Rome.

Having parted, at Milan, with Lord John Russell, whom I had accompanied from England, and whom I was to rejoin, after a short visit to Rome, at Genoa, I made purchase o. a small and (as it soon proved) crazy travelling carriage, and proceeded alone on my way to Venice. My time being limited, I stopped no longer at the intervening places than was sufficient to hurry over their respective wonders, and, leaving Padua at noon on the 8th of October, I found myself, about two o'clock, at the door of my friend's villa, at La Mira. he was but just up, and in his bath; but the servant having announced my arrival, he returned a message that, if I would wait till he was dressed, he would accompany me to Venice. The interval I employed in conversing with my old acquaintance, Fletcher, and in viewing, under his guidance, some of the apartments of the villa.

It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance, and the delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, any idea of what it could be when under the influence of such pleasurable excitement as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change, having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a "faccia di musico," as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap,—all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humour, which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the

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contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvedere Apollo had become still more striking.

His breakfast, which I found he rarely took before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily despatched,—his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time living under the same roof with him at La Mira; and who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first short interview, of intelligence and amiableness such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm.

We now started together, Lord Byron and myself, in my little Milanese vehicle, for Fusina,—his portly gondolier Tita, in a rich livery and most redundant mustachios, having seated himself on the front of the carriage, to the no small trial of its strength, which had already once given way, even under my own weight, between Verona and Vicenza. On our arrival at Fusina, my noble friend, from his familiarity with all the details of the place, had it in his power to save me both trouble and expense in the different arrangements relative to the custom-house, remise, &c. and the good-natured assiduity with which he bustled about in despatching these matters gave me an opportunity of observing, in his use of the infirm limb, a much greater degree of activity than I had ever before, except in sparring, witnessed.

As we proceeded across the Lagoon in his gondola, the sun was just setting, and it was an evening such as Romance would have chosen for a first sight of Venice, rising "with her tiara of bright towers" above the wave; while to complete, as might be imagined, the solemn interest of the scene, I beheld it in company with him who had lately given a new life to its glories, and sung of that fair City of the Sea thus grandly:

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanters wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."

But whatever emotions the first sight of such a scene might, under other circumstances, have inspired me with, the mood of mind in which I now viewed it was altogether the very reverse of what might have been expected. The exuberant gaiety of my companion, and the recollections,—any thing but romantic,—into which our conversation wandered, put at once completely to flight all poetical and historical associations; and our course was, I am almost ashamed to say, one of uninterrupted merriment and laughter till we found ourselves at the steps of my friend's palazzo on the Grand Canal. All that had ever happened, of gay or ridiculous, during our London life together,—his scrapes and my lecturings,—our joint adventures with the Bores and Blues, the two great enemies, as he always called them, of London happiness,—our joyous nights together at Watier's, Kinnaird's, &c. and "that d—d supper of Kinnaird's which *ought* to have been a dinner,"—all was passed rapidly in review between us, and with a flow of humour and hilarity, on his side, of which it would have been difficult, even for persons far graver than I can pretend to be, not to have caught the contagion.

LORD BYRON'S PARSIMONY.

It is, indeed, certain, that he had at this time (1819) taken up the whim (for it hardly deserves a more serious name) of minute and constant watchfulness over his expenditure; and, as most usually happens, it was with the increase of his means that this increased sense of the value of money came. The first symptom I saw of this new fancy of his was the exceeding joy which he manifested on my presenting to him a rouleau of twenty Napoleons, which Lord K**d, to whom he had, on some occasion, lent that sum, had entrusted me with, at Milan, to deliver into his hands. With the most joyous and diverting eagerness, he tore open the paper, and, in counting over the sum, stopped frequently to congratulate himself on the recovery of it.

Of his household frugalities I speak but on the authority of others; but it is not difficult to conceive that, with a restless spirit like his, which delighted always in having something to contend with, and which, but a short time before, "for want," as he said, "of something craggy to break upon," had tortured itself with the study of the Armenian language, he should, in default of all better excitement, find a sort of stir and amusement in the task of contesting, inch by inch, every encroach-

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ment of expense, and endeavouring to suppress what he himself calls

"That climax of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills."

In truth, his constant recurrence to the praise of avarice in Don Juan, and the humorous zest with which he delights to dwell on it, shows how new-fangled, as well as far from serious, was his adoption of this "good old-gentlemanly vice." In the same spirit he had, a short time before my arrival at Venice, established a hoarding-box, with a slit in the lid, into which he occasionally put sequins, and, at stated periods, opened it to contemplate his treasures. His own ascetic style of living enabled him, as far as himself was concerned, to gratify this taste for enonomy in no ordinary degree,—his daily bill of fare, when the Margarita was his companion, consisting, I have been assured, of but four beccafichi of which the Fornarina eat three leaving even him hungry.

HIS MEMOIRS.

(1819)—A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. "Look here," he said, holding it up,—"this would be worth something to Murray, though *you*, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" I asked.—"My Life and Adventures," he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. "It is not a thing," he continued, "that can be published during my lifetime, but you may have it if you like—there, do whatever you please with it." In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added, "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." He then added, "You may show it to any of our friends you may think worthy of it:"—and this is nearly word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject.

To Mr. Moore.

"January 2nd, 1820.

"My dear Moore,

"'To-day it is my wedding-day,
And all the folks would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

Or *thus*—

"Here's a happy new year! but with reason
I beg you'll permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

"My this present writing is to direct you that, *if she chooses*, she may see the MS. Memoir in your possession. I wish her to have fair play, in all cases, even though it will not be published till after my decease. For this purpose, it were but just that Lady B. should know what is their said of her and hers, that she may have full power to remark on or respond to any part or parts, as may seem fitting to herself. This is fair dealing, I presume, in all events.

"To change the subject, are you in England? I send you an epitaph for Castlereagh.

* * * * *

Another for Pitt—

"With death doom'd to grapple
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

"The gods seem to have made me poetical this day—

"In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

Or—

"You come to him on earth again,
He'll go with you to hell.

"Pray let not these versiculi go forth with *my* name, except among the initiated, because my friend H. has foamed into a reformer, and, I greatly fear, will subside into Newgate; since the Honourable House, according to Galignani's Reports of Parliamentary Debates, are menacing a prosecution to a pamphlet of his. I shall be very sorry to hear of any thing but good for him, particularly in these miserable squabbles; but these are the natural effects of taking a part in them."

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

"Ravenna, May 8, 1820.

"Sir Humphry Davy was here last fortnight, and I was in his company in the house of a very pretty Italian lady of rank, who, by way of displaying her learning in presence of the great chemist, then describing his fourteenth ascension of Mount Vesuvius, asked 'if there was not a similar volcano in *Ireland*?' My only notion of an Irish volcano consisted of the lake of Killarney, which I naturally conceived her to mean; but on second thoughts I divined that she alluded to *Ice*land and to Hecla—and so it proved, though she sustained her volcanic topography for some time with all the amiable pertinacity of 'the feminie.' She soon after turned to me, and asked me various questions about Sir Humphry's philosophy, and I explained as well as an oracle his skill in gasen safety lamps, and ungluing the Pompeian MSS. 'But what do you call him?' said she. 'A great chemist,' quoth I. 'What can he

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do?' repeated the lady 'Almost any thing,' said I. 'Oh, then, mio caro, do pray beg him to give me something to dye my eyebrows black. I have tried a thousand things, and the colours all come off; and besides, they don't grow. Can't he invent something to make them grow?' All this with the greatest earnestness; and what you will be surprised at, she is neither ignorant nor a fool, but really well educated and clever. But they speak like children, when first out of their convents; and, after all, this is better than an English blue-stocking."

POPE—AND OTHER MATTERS.

To Mr. Moore.

"Ravenna, July 5th, 1821.

"How could you suppose that I ever would allow any thing that *could* be said on your account to weigh with *me?* I only regret that Bowles had not *said* that you were the writer of that note until afterwards, when out he comes with it, in a private letter to Murray, which Murray sends to me. D—n the controversy!

"D—n Twizzle,
D—n the bell,
And d—n the fool who rung it—Well!
From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd.

"I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her) who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poesy for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply N. N. A., and has not a word of 'cant' or preachment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn* her *letter*—which, by the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter, in such circumstances, as better than a diploma from Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in *Norway* (but not from a dying woman) in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe oneself a poet. But if I must believe that * * * * *, and such fellows, are poets, also, it is better to be out of the corps.

"I am now in the fifth act of 'Foscari,' being the third tragedy in twelve months, besides *proses*; so you perceive that I am not at all idle. And are you, too, busy? I doubt that your life at Paris draws too much upon your time, which is a pity. Can't you divide your day, so as to combine both? I have had plenty of all sorts of worldly business on my hands last year—and yet it is not so difficult to give a few hours to the *Muses*. This sentence is so like * * * * that— "Ever, &c."

FROM "DETACHED THOUGHTS."

"WHAT a strange thing is life and man! Were I to present myself at the door of the house where my daughter now is, the door would be shut in my face—unless (as is not impossible) I knocked down the porter; and if I had gone in that year (and perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in Norway), or into Holstein, I should have been received with open arms into the mansion of strangers and foreigners, attached to me by no tie but by that of mind and rumour.

"As far as *fame* goes, I have had my share: it has indeed been leavened by other human contingencies, and this in a greater degree than has occurred to most literary men of a *decent* rank of life; but, on the whole, I take it that such equipoise is the condition of humanity."

"A young American, named Coolidge, called on me not many months ago. He was intelligent, very handsome, and not more than twenty years old, according to appearances; a little romantic, but that sits well upon youth, and mighty fond of poesy, as may be suspected from his approaching me in my cavern. He brought me a message from an old servant of my family (Joe Murray), and told me that *he* (Mr. Coolidge) had obtained a copy of my bust from Thorwaldsen, at Rome, to send to America. I confess I was more flattered by this young enthusiasm of a solitary Trans-Atlantic traveller, than if they had decreed me a statue in the Paris Pantheon (I have seen emperors and demagogues cast down from their pedestals even in my own time, and Grattan's name razed from the street called after him in Dublin); I say that I was more flattered by it, because it was *single, unpolitical,* and was without motive or ostentation—the pure and warm feeling of a boy for the poet he admired. It must have been expensive, though;—*I* would not pay the price of a Thorwaldsen bust for any human head and shoulders, except Napoleon's, or my children's, or some *'absurd womankind's,'* as Monkbarn's calls them—or my sister's. If asked *why*, then, I sate for my own?—Answer, that it was at the particular request o J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., and for no one else. A *picture* is a different matter;—every body sits for their picture;—but a bust looks like putting up pretensions

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to permanency, and smacks something of a hankering for *public* fame rather than private remembrance.

"Whenever an American requests to see me (which is not unfrequently) I comply, firstly, because I respect a people who acquired their freedom by their firmness without excess; and, secondly, because these Trans-Atlantic visits, 'few and far between" make me feel as if talking with posterity from the other side of the Styx. In a century or two, the new English and Spanish Atlantides will be masters of the old countries, in all probability, as Greece and Europe overcame their mother Asia in the older or earlier ages, as they are called."

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY OF LORD BYRON, 1821.

"Ravenna, January 12th, 1821.

"I have found out the seal cut on Murray's letter. It is meant for Walter Scott—or *Sir* Walter—he is the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore. But it does not do him justice. Scott's—particularly when he recites—is a very intelligent countenance, and this seal says nothing.

"Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any—if not better (only on an erroneous system)—and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing 'Aristides called the Just,' and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

"I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper!—for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W. Scott's. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Contesse G. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

"January 20th, 1821.

"To-morrow is my birthday—that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight, i. e. in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! —and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.

"It is three minutes past twelve.—'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, and I am now thirty-three!

'Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, Labuntur anni;—'

but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have done.

"Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

"January 22nd, 1821.

1821.
Here lies
interred in the Eternity
of the Past,
from whence there is no
Resurrection
for the Days—whatever there may be
for the Dust—
the Thirty-Third Year
of an ill-spent Life,
Which, after
a lingering disease of many months,
sunk into a lethargy,
and expired,
January 22nd, 1821, A.D.
Leaving a successor
Inconsolable
for the very loss which
occasioned its
Existence.

LORD CLARE.

On the road to Bologna he had met with his early and dearest friend, Lord Clare, and the following description of their short interview is given in his "Detached Thoughts."

"Pisa, November 5th, 1821.

"'There is a strange coincidence sometimes in the little things of this world, Sancho,' says Sterne in a letter (if I mistake not,) and so I have often found it.

"Page 128, article 91, of this collection, I had alluded to my friend Lord Clare in terms such as my feelings suggested. About a week or two afterwards, I met him on the road between Imola and Bologna, after not having met for seven or eight years. He was abroad in 1814, and came home just as I set out in 1816.

"This meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of *Harrow*. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare too was much agitated—more in *appearance* than myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. He told me that I should find a note from him left at Bologna. I did. We were obliged to part for our different journeys, he for Rome, I for Pisa, but with the promise to meet again in spring. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them. He had heard that I was coming on, and had left his letter for me at Bologna, because the people with whom he was travelling could not wait longer.

"Of all I have ever known, he has always been the least altered in every

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thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions.

"I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance."

On the subject of intimacies formed by Lord Byron, not only at the period of which we are speaking, but throughout his whole life, it would be difficult to advance any thing more judicious, or more demonstrative of a true knowledge of his character, than is to be found in the following remarks of one who had studied him with her whole heart, who had learned to regard him with the eyes of good sense, as well as of affection, and whose strong love, in short, was founded upon a basis the most creditable both to him and herself,—the being able to understand him.*

"We continued in Pisa even more rigorously to absent ourselves from society. However, as there were a good many English in Pisa, he could not avoid becoming acquainted with various friends of Shelley, among which number was Mr. Medwin. They followed him in his rides, dined with him, and felt themselves happy, of course, in the apparent intimacy in which they lived with so renowned a man; but not one of them was admitted to any part of his friendship, which, indeed, he did not easily accord. He had a great affection for Shelley, and a great esteem for his character and talents; but he was not his friend in the most extensive sense of that word. Sometimes, when speaking of his friends and of friendship, as also of love, and of every other noble emotion of the soul, his expressions might inspire doubts concerning his sentiments and the goodness of his heart. The feeling of the moment regulated his speech, and besides, he liked to play the part of singularity,—and sometimes worse, more especially with those whom he suspected of endeavouring to make discoveries as to his real character; but it was only mean minds and superficial observers that could be deceived in him. It was necessary to consider his actions to perceive the contradiction they bore to his words: it was necessary to be witness of certain moments, during which unforeseen and involuntary emotion forced him to give himself entirely up to his feelings; and whoever beheld him then, became aware of the stores of sensibility and goodness of which his noble heart was full.

"Among the many occasions I had of seeing him thus overpowered, I shall mention one relative to his feelings of friendship. A few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. A soft melancholy was spread over his countenance;—he recalled to mind the events of his life; compared them with his present situation and with that which it might have been if his affection for me had not caused him to remain in Italy, saying things which would have made earth a paradise for me, but that even then a presentiment that I should lose all this happiness tormented me. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend. His emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down.

"Lord Clare's visit also occasioned him extreme delight. He had a great affection for Lord Clare, and was very happy during the short visit that he paid him at Leghorn. The day on which they separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron. 'I have a presentiment that I shall never see him more,' he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy came over him during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare's departure, whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend.'"

Of his feelings on the death of his daughter Allegra, this lady gives the following account:—"On the occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his grief the excess of paternal tenderness. His conduct towards this child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have guessed from his expressions that he felt this affection for her. He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; and when afterwards that of her death arrived, I was obliged to fulfil the melancholy task of communicating it to him. The memory of that frightful moment is stamped indelibly on my mind. For several evenings he had not left his

* "My poor Zimmerman, who now will understand thee?"—such was the touching speech addressed to Zimmerman by his wife, on her deathbed, and there is implied in these few words all that a man of morbid sensibility must be dependent for upon the tender and self-forgetting tolerance of the woman with whom he is united.

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house, I therefore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every caution which my own sorrow suggested, I deprived him of all hope of the child's recovery. 'I understand,' said he,—'it is enough, say no more.' A mortal paleness spread itself over his face, his strength failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look was fixed, and the expression such that I began to fear for his reason; he did not shed a tear, and his countenance manifested so hopeless, so profound, so sublime a sorrow, that at the moment he appeared a being of a nature superior to humanity. He remained immovable in the same attitude for an hour, and no consolation which I endeavoured to afford him seemed to reach his ears, far less his heart. But enough of this sad episode, on which I cannot linger, even after the lapse of so many years, without renewing in my own heart the awful wretchedness of that day. He desired to be left alone, and I was obliged to leave him. I found him on the following morning tranquillized, and with an expression of religious resignation on his features. 'She is more fortunate than we are,' he said; 'besides her position in the world would scarcely have allowed her to be happy. It is God's will—let us mention it no more.' And from that day he would never pronounce her name; but became more anxious when he spoke of Ada,—so much so as to disquiet himself when the usual accounts sent him were for a post or two delayed.

The melancholy death of poor Shelley, which happened, as we have seen, also during this period, seems to have affected Lord Byron's mind less with grief for the actual loss of his friend than with bitter indignation against those who had, through life, so grossly misrepresented him; and never certainly was there an instance where the supposed absence of all religion in an individual was assumed so eagerly as an excuse for the entire absence of truth and charity in judging him. Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellencies of his heart and genius, and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life had been, like his poetry, a sort of bright, erroneous dream,—false in the general principles on which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of the details. Had full time been allowed for the "over-light" of his imagination to have been tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it.

It was about this time that Mr. Cowell, paying a visit to Lord Byron at Genoa, was told by him that some friends of Mr. Shelley, sitting together one evening, had seen that gentleman, distinctly, as they thought, walk, into a little wood at Lerici, when at the same moment, as they afterwards discovered, he was far away, in quite a different direction. "This," added Lord Byron, in a low, awe-struck tone of voice, "was but ten days before poor Shelley died."

HIS SERVICE IN THE GREEK CAUSE.

With that thanklessness which too often waits on disinterested actions, it has been some times tauntingly remarked, and in quarters from whence a more generous judgment might be expected, that, after all, Lord Byron effected but little for Greece: as if much *could* be effected by a single individual, and in so short a time, for a cause which, fought as it has been almost incessantly through the six years since his death, has required nothing less than the intervention of all the great powers of Europe to give it a chance of success, and, even so, has not yet succeeded. That Byron himself was under no delusion, as to the importance of his own solitary aid—that he knew, in a struggle like this, there must be the same prodigality of means towards one great end as is observable in the still grander operations of nature, where individuals are as nothing in the tide of events—that such was his, at once, philosophic and melancholy view of his own sacrifices, I have, I trust, clearly shown. But that, during this short period of action, he did not do well and wisely all that man could achieve in the time, and under the circumstances, is an assertion which the noble facts here recorded fully and triumphantly disprove. He knew that, placed as he was, his measures, to be wise, must be prospective, and from the nature of the seeds thus sown by him, the benefits that were to be expected must be judged. To reconcile the rude chiefs to the government and to each other;—to infuse a spirit of humanity, by his example, into their warfare;—to prepare the way for the employment of

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the expected loan, in a manner most calculated to call forth the resources of the country—to put the fortifications of Missolonghi in such a state of repair as might, and eventually *did*, render it proof against the besieger;—to prevent those infractions of neutrality, so tempting to the Greeks, which brought their government in collision with the Ionian authorities, and to restrain all such license of the press as might indispose the courts of Europe to their cause:—such were the important objects which he had proposed to himself to accomplish, and towards which, in this brief interval, and in the midst of such dissensions and hindrances, he had already made considerable and most promising progress. But it would be unjust to close even here the bright catalogue of his services. It is, after all, *not* with the span of mortal life that the good achieved by a name immortal ends. The charm acts into the future—it is an auxiliary through all time; and the inspiring example of Byron, as a martyr of liberty, is for ever freshly embalmed in his glory as a poet.

HIS PORTRAIT.

Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features with the most varied and interesting expression.

The same facility, indeed, of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them.

His eyes, though of a light grey, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness—from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. Of this latter passion, I had once an opportunity of seeing what fiery interpreters they could be, on my telling him, thoughtlessly enough, that a friend of mine had said to me—"Beware of Lord Byron, he will, some day or other, do something very wicked." "Was it man or woman said so?" he exclaimed, suddenly turning round upon me with a look of such intense anger as, though it lasted not an instant, could not easily be forgot, and of which no better idea can be given than in the words of one who, speaking of Chatterton's eyes, says that "fire rolled at the bottom of them."

But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty, as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. "Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love." It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. "This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forget the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity—I had almost said—as if to satisfy yourself, that thus looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of man."

His head was remarkably small—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.

In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trousers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 475.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1831. [PRICE 2d.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S COTTAGE, WINDSOR.

THEY who draw their notions of royal enjoyment from the tinsel of its external trappings, will scarcely believe the above cottage to have been the residence of an English princess. Yet such was the rank of its occupant but a few years since, distant as may be the contrast of courts and cottages, and the natural enjoyment of rural life from the artificial luxury—the painted pomp and idle glitter of regal state.

The above cottage stands in the grounds of Grove House, adjoining the churchyard of Old Windsor. It was built under the superintendent taste of the Princess Elizabeth,* second sister of the present King, and now known as the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg. To the decoration of this cottage the Princess paid much attention: it is quite in the *ornée* style; and its situation is so beautiful as to baffle all embellishment.

* Born May 22, 1770; married April 7, 1818, to Frederick Joseph Lewis, Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, who died April 2, 1829, aged 61.

Grove House, the seat of Lady Dowager Onslow, of whom the Princess purchased the whole property, was built by Mr. Bateman, uncle to the eccentric Lord Bateman. This gentleman made it a point in his travels to notice everything that pleased him in the monasteries abroad; and, on his return to England, he built this house; the bedchamber being contrived, like the cells of monks, with a refectory, and every other appendage of a monastery; even to a cemetery, and a coffin, inscribed with the name of a supposititious ancient bishop. Some curious Gothic chairs, bought at a sale of the curiosities in this house, are now at Strawberry Hill.

Old Windsor gives rise to many more interesting reminiscences; and few who "suck melancholy from a song" would exchange its sombre churchyard for the gayest field of fancy. We may be there anon.

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ENGLISH SUPERSTITION.

(For the Mirror.)

Sir Walter Scott, in his history of *Demonology and Witchcraft*, has omitted a tradition which is still popular in Cheshire, and which from its close resemblance to one of the Scottish legends related by that writer, gives rise to many interesting conjectures respecting the probable causes of such a superstition being believed in countries with apparently so little connexion or intercourse, as Cheshire and Scotland. The facts of Sir Walter's narration are as follow: vide *Demonology and Witchcraft*, p. 133.

"A daring horse jockey having sold a horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, had a remarkable hillock on the Eildon Hills, called Lucken Hare, appointed as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, the money was paid in an ancient coin, and he was invited by the purchaser to view his residence. The trader followed his guide through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at his charger's feet. 'All these men,' said the wizard in a whisper, 'will awaken at the battle of Sheriff-moor.' A horn and a sword hung suspended together at one extremity of the chamber. The former the jockey seized, and having sounded it, the horses stamped, the men arose and clashed their armour; while a voice like that of a giant pronounced these words:—

"Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

Subsequent to this, Sir Walter proceeds to the relation of another kindred tradition, the incidents of which do not materially differ from those of the preceding. The scene of the Cheshire legend is placed in the neighbourhood of Macclesfield, in that county, and the sign of a public-house on Monk's Heath may have arrested the attention of many travellers from London to Liverpool. This village hostel is known by the designation of the Iron Gates. The sign represents a pair of ponderous gates of that metal, opening at the bidding of a figure, enveloped in a cowl; before whom kneels another, more resembling a modern yeoman than one of the 12th or 13th century, to which period this legend is attributed. Behind this person is a white horse rearing, and in the back ground a view of Alderley Edge. The story is thus told of the tradition to which the sign relates:

The Iron Gates, or the Cheshire Enchanter.

A farmer from Mobberley was riding on a white horse over the heath, which skirts Alderley Edge. Of the good qualities of his steed he was justly proud; and while stooping down to adjust its mane, previously to his offering it for sale at Macclesfield, he was surprised by the sudden starting of the animal. On looking up he perceived a figure of more than common height, enveloped in a cowl, and extending a staff of black wood across his path. The figure addressed him in a commanding voice; told him that he would seek in vain to dispose of his steed, for whom a nobler destiny was in store, and bade him meet him when the sun had set, with his horse, at the same place. He then disappeared. The farmer resolving to put the truth of this prediction to the test, hastened on to Macclesfield Fair, but no purchaser could be obtained for his horse. In vain he reduced his price to half; many admired, but no one was willing to be the possessor of so promising a steed. Summoning, therefore, all his courage, he determined to brave the worst, and at sunset reached the appointed place. The monk was punctual to his appointment. Follow me, said he, and led the way by the *Golden Stone*, *Stormy Point*, to *Saddle Bole*.* On their arrival at this last named spot, the neigh of horses seemed to arise from beneath their feet. The stranger waved his wand, the earth opened and disclosed a pair of ponderous iron gates. Terrified at this, the horse plunged and threw his rider, who kneeling at the feet of his fearful companion, prayed earnestly for mercy. The monk bade him fear nothing, but enter the cavern, and see what no mortal eye ever yet beheld. On passing the gates he found himself in a spacious cavern, on each side of which were horses, resembling his own, in size and colour. Near these lay soldiers accoutred in ancient armour, and in the chasms of the rock were arms, and piles of gold and silver. From one of these the enchanter took the price of the horse in ancient coin, and on the farmer asking the meaning of these subterranean armies, exclaimed, "These are caverned warriors preserved by the good genius of England, until that eventful day, when distracted by intestine broils, England shall be thrice won and lost between sunrise and sunset. Then we awakening from our sleep, shall rise to turn the fate of Bri-

* All places in the neighbourhood of Alderley Edge and Mobberley.

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tain. This shall be when George, the son of George, shall reign. When the Forests of Delamere shall wave their arms over the slaughtered sons of Albion. Then shall the eagle drink the blood of princes from the headless *cross* (query corse.) Now haste thee home, for it is not in thy time these things shall be. A Cestrian shall speak it, and be believed." The farmer left the cavern, the iron gates closed, and though often sought for, the place has never again been found.

The latter part of the monk's prophecy has been fulfilled. Nixon, the well-known Cheshire seer foretold the same events in nearly the same words; but the belief in his dreams of futurity, has been much diminished by the decease of our late monarch. Recourse has been had, as in other works of greater moment, to various readings, and the probable mistakes of early transcribers, and many emendations have been proposed to supply the place of the name of George, but *adhuc sub judice lis est*. The Cestrian rustics of the neighbouring villages, still believe that at midnight the neighing of horses is audible under Alderley Edge.

H.

ANTIQUARIAN SCRAPS.

(To the Editor.)

I WENT the other day over the ruins of St. Dunstan's, and whilst gaping about, saw over one of the portals (inside) an old harp, with an inscription, which, as far as I could make it out, ran thus:—

St Dunstan's harp against a wall,
Upon a pin did hang'a,
The harp itself, with ly' and all,
Un'touched by hand did twang'a.

The harp was supposed to play by itself on St. Dunstan's Day: ly' means lyre.

Can any of your intelligent correspondents inform me why there is an elder tree in all the Palace Gardens?

There is at the back of Old London Bridge, on this side, a street called "Labour in Vain Hill:" not from the height, but from a stone, on which are engraved two figures washing a blackamoor. GEO. ST. CLAIR.

Dean-street, Soho.

I DO NOT know where your indefatigable correspondent *Zanga* discovered his curious "Historical Fact," detailed in No. 471 of *The Mirror*: it is highly amusing, but unfortunately void of truth. The wife of the first Earl of Clarendon was Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart. (now extinct) one of the Masters of Request; by whom he had issue four sons—viz. Henry, his successor; Lawrence, created Earl of Rochester; Edward, who died unmarried; and James, who was drowned while going to Scotland in the Gloucester frigate: also two daughters—viz. Ann, wife of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., and Frances, married to Thomas Knightly, created a Knight of the Bath. HENRY CARR.

Select Biography.

MEMOIR OF TAM O'SHANTER.

(For the Mirror.)

THOMAS REID, so celebrated as Tam O'Shanter by Burns, was born in the Kyle of Ayrshire. His first entrance into active life was in the capacity of ploughboy to William Burns, the father of the poet, whom Thomas described as a man of great capacity, as being very fond of an argument, of rigid morals, and a strict disciplinarian—so much so, that when the labours of the day were over, the whole family sat down by the blazing "ha' ingle," and upon no pretence whatever could any of the inmates leave the house after night. This was a circumstance that was not altogether to Thomas's liking. He had heard other ploughboys with rapture recount scenes of rustic jollity, which had fallen in their way, while out on nocturnal visits to the fair daughters or servant girls of the neighbouring farmers—scenes of which he was practically ignorant. And more—he had become acquainted with a young woman he had met at Maybole Fair; and having promised to call upon her at her father's house, owing to his master's regularity of housekeeping, he had found it totally impracticable.

To have one night's sport was his nightly and daily study for a long time. It so happened that his mistress about this time was brought to bed. Thomas hailed the bustle of that happy period as a fit time to compass his long meditated visit. Mrs. Burns lay in the *spence*. The gossips were met around the kitchen fire, listening to the howling of the storm which raged without, and thundered down the chimney: it was a January blast. Thomas kept his eye upon his master, who, with clasped "hands and uplifted eyes, sat in the muckle chair in the ingle neuk," as if engaged in supplication at the Throne of Grace for the safety of his wife and

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child. Thomas drew his chair nearer the door, and upon some little bustle in the kitchen, he reached the hallen, and was just emerging into darkness, when the hoarse voice of the angry Burns rung in the ears of the almost petrified ploughboy, "Where awa', Tam?"

"The auld doure whalp," muttered Tam, as he shut the door and resumed his stocking; "I was gaun to the door to see if the win' was tirring the thack aff the riggin."

"Thou needs na gang to look the night," cried the rigid overseer of Doonholm, "when it is sae mirk, thou coudna' see thy finger afore thee."

It was indeed "a waefu' nicht." Such a night as this might give rise to these admirable lines of that bard, about to be ushered into the world—

"That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand."

It was a little before the now pensive and thoughtful Burns was given to understand that a son was born unto him, as

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,

that a horrid crash was heard; a shriek rose from the affrighted women, as they drew their chairs nearer the fire. "The ghaists and howlets that nightly cry about the ruins o' Alloway's auld haunted kirk" rose on every imagination. The gudeman rose from his chair, lighted a lantern, commanded Thomas to follow him, and left the house. The case was this—the gable of the byre had been blown down, which, as it was of his own building, was not of the most durable nature.

In due time the joyful father had his first-born son laid in his arms: his joy knew no bounds. The *bicker* was now sent round with increasing rapidity; and Thomas, then in his fourteenth year, was carried to his bed, to use his own words, "between the late and the early, in a gude way, for the first time."—Such was the birth-night of the poet.

How long Thomas Reid remained in the service of William Burns does not appear. It is certain, however, that he was with him when Robert first went to plough, as Thomas has repeatedly told, as an instance of Burns's early addiction to reading, that he has seen him go to, and return from plough, with a book in his hand, and at meal-times "*supping his parritch*" with one hand and holding the book in the other.

It would appear that he had, in process of time, got better acquainted with his sweetheart at Maybole Fair, for he married her. It was on this occasion that he rented the Shanter farm, which, with the assistance of his father-in-law, he stocked and furnished. But fortune went against him:

"His cattle died, and blighted was his corn;"

and an unfortunate friend, for whom he had become security for 150*l.*, failed. Under such a load of ill, he, like many others, sought for consolation in the "yill cups;" and any errand which served as a pretext to visit the town of Ayr, renewed his worship to the "inspiring, bold John Barleycorn;" and he usually returned, like the Laird of Snotterston,

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

But Thomas had many a domestic squabble. His wife, naturally not of the sweetest temper, was doubly soured by the misfortunes of the world, and the dissipation of her helpmate; and often when Tam

"Was gettin' fu' and unco happy,"

she sat at home,

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

She, like too many in that district at that time, was very superstitious. Thomas took her by the weak side, and usually arrested her "light-horse gallop of clish ma-claver" by some specious story of ghost or hobgoblin adventures, with which he had been detained.

He had now got into such a continued state of dissipation and irregularity, that he was obliged to leave the farm to the mercy of his creditors, and opened a small public-house, at the end of the old bridge on the water of Doon. It was while he was here that Tam O'Shanter made its appearance. A manuscript copy was sent to Thomas, by post, with this motto—

Change the name, and the
Story may be told of yourself.

The celebrity of the poem brought numbers to his house, and he sold a great deal. But his spirit could not brook the brutal taunts and jeers which every day he was obliged to bear from his customers. He left off business, and commenced labourer, at which he continued till he got an offer of a situation as overseer of hedges, on the large estate of Castle Semple, at that time belonging to William M'Dowall, Esq., M.P. for Renfrewshire, which he accepted. With short intervals, he remained there till the day of his death. He was of such a character, that he considered no man, or class of men, his superior, and no man his inferior.

Feeling the infirmities of old age approach, Mr. Harvey placed him at his west gate, as gate-keeper, where he fell

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into a lingering disease, which soon put a period to his mortal career. As he had no friends nor relations (his wife having died about two years before) Thomas had never cared for to-morrow: he was destitute of the means to support himself during his illness. The night before he died, he called for a half-mutchkin of whisky; and (as an acquaintance of his sat by his bed-side, and who personally informed me) he, taking a glass of it in his hand, held it between him and the light, and eyed it for some time with a peculiarly exhilarated expression of countenance, even at such a crisis;—then, while pleasure sparkled in his eyes, he took his friend by the hand, and pressing it warmly, exclaimed, "This is the last whisky I, in all probability, will ever drink, and many and often is the times I have felt its power. Here's to thee, Jamie, and may thou never want a drap when thou art dry!" He died the next morning, about eight o'clock. J. R. S.

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER. NO. V.

Dawlish's Hole:—An Incident.

The eye looked out upon the watery world—
With fearful glance looked east and west, but all
Was wild and solitary, and the surge
Dashed on the groaning cliff, and foaming rose
And roared, as 'twere triumphing.
N. T. CARRINGTON.

THE coast scene near Landwithiel* was of so varied and interesting a character that I was irresistibly led on to examine it very fully in detail. My sojourn therefore at Mr. Habbakuk Sheepshanks', of the "Ship-Aground" (whom I have formerly introduced to the reader) was prolonged to an extent which sometimes surprised myself, and the various local stories and traditions of times past, with which mine host, especially when under the exciting influence of an extra glass of grog, almost nightly entertained me, essentially contributed to while away the time. The spot too was so secluded—comparatively unknown: there is something inseparable from a temperament like mine in so deep a retirement. To its inhabitants the world and its busy haunts are but as a tale; yet man in all his varieties is essentially the same. Many a day have I wandered along the sea-beaten coast—dining perhaps on a headland stretching far into the sea—or in some secluded little bay, by the side of a gushing spring; the ocean spread out before me—what object is so boundlessly or beautifully inspiring? It may be mighty fine philosophy for those who have passed through the current of life in one untroubled and unvaried stream, and who have no perception or idea of the deeper (if I may so express it) feelings of our nature, to call all this romance; but those who have tasted bitterly of the ills of this world, and who look back upon times past as doth the traveller in the desert on viewing from afar the oasis he has left—upon their transitory existence as a troubled dream—these can feel how deeply solitude amidst the sublimities of Nature will heal the troubled mind. Is there not a responsive chord in the hearts of such of my readers? Early one morning, soon after my arrival at Landwithiel, I proceeded over land to a distant part of the parish, to visit a ruin situated in a wild and remote spot, which possessed some degree of historical interest. In the evening I decided on returning by the coast in order to vary my route. The day had been clear and sultry, and though the wind blew fresh from the southward, yet its refreshing influence seemed exhausted by the intense heat of the sun. In my progress along shore, though it was getting late, and I was somewhat fatigued, I could not resist the opportunity of exploring a sort of natural opening or cove in a part of the coast where the cliffs were unusually precipitous; affording the geologist the highest gratification; you were reminded indeed of the flat surface of a stone wall in many parts, which effect the regular stratification of the rocks contributed to produce; and it required no great stretch of fancy to imagine it one vast fortification, with loop-holes at regular intervals — at a short distance from seaward certainly it would be difficult to divest a stranger of the idea that it was something artificial. Two high points of rock contracting at their extremities in a circular direction so as almost to meet, ran into the sandy beach, and you found on advancing beyond the narrow entrance, a considerable space, which gradually extended to something like an oblong square, with a sandy bottom everywhere, surrounded by the same lofty cliffs which composed the adjacent coast. I was much surprised that I had never heard of this place before; it had apparently been more the effect of some natural convulsion than of the encroachment of the sea, and at the further end was a high mass of shingles, seaweed, and fragments of rock packed closely together

* Printed by mistake Tor-withiel, in No. II. of these Recollections: see *Mirror*, vol xv. p. 356.

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by the tide. On examination I discovered, about the centre of the shingles, a large stone cross, carved out of a projecting part near the base of the cliff. It bore simply the initials W. D. and though the surrounding rocks were thickly covered with seaweed and barnacles, yet the cross itself was perfectly clean, and bore marks of recent care. Some singular event had evidently occurred in this retired and desolate place. I loitered a considerable time in musing and examining the spot, regardless of the whining and uneasiness of my Newfoundland dog, Retriever, when I was suddenly and fully aroused by the sharp echo and plashing of the tide against the rock, within the entrance of the cove. I now recollected with alarm that it was a spring flood, and that I had heard the tide sets in on this part of the coast with extraordinary velocity. I ran hastily forward, expecting to escape with a mere wetting, along the base of the rocks to an opening which I had passed about half a mile to the westward. I had just grounds of alarm. The mouth of the cove as I have already stated, extended some way abruptly into the beach. On wading to its extremity I found the tide already breaking in impetuous surf towards the foot of the cliffs, and it was now so far advanced as to preclude any hope of escape from that quarter; for the sands shelved in for some way on each side of the projecting entrance, and if I gained the foot of the cliffs I feared that I must inevitably be dashed to pieces before reaching the opening. In the calmest weather on the coast, exposed to all the fury of the Atlantic, the spring tides come in with a heavy swell; on this occasion they were aided by the wind, and I had to retreat with precipitation before an angry and threatening mass of waves, which broke many feet over the spot I occupied the moment before, with a noise like a discharge of artillery.

The night was gathering in, and the report of each successive wave, fraught as it were with my death warrent, struck on my heart like a funeral knell. Was there no hope of escape in the cove itself? no difficult path to the rocks aloft? were the questions I rapidly put to myself. An examination made as well as the darkness of the place permitted, convinced me that my hopes were vain and transitory. I now gave way to a sort of momentary despair; every instant was abridging my chance of life, and the sudden and frightful feeling that you are to be called on unprepared, to die, rushed on my mind with a choking sensation. I listened for some time at the entrance of one of the caverns, which the violence of the sea had excavated in picturesque confusion round the foot of the cliffs, to the sullen moaning and dashing of the tide, when my attention was rivetted by the sweet music of a female voice on the heights above, singing in a wild and elevated strain. It came over me with a sense so deep and clear, that I listened for a few minutes as if my life were in every note. At this instant a fishing boat passed under sail near the mouth of the cove. I shouted with despair, but my voice was lost in the echo of the rocks; it passed fleeting by, and with it my last chance of life. The shout had aroused the strange singer; she arose, advanced to the very extremity of the precipice, where one quiver would have been certain death, and flinging her arms towards the ocean, called out as I imagined from her gestures, to some imagined form. What could this fair apparition mean? I distinctly saw her tall white figure and hair on the sky line (for the moon was near rising) fluttering in the wind. She must either be mad or a spirit, I exclaimed, shouting again and again to her for help; but either my words were lost in the distance, or she regarded them not, for she seated herself, and began to sing in the same wild style as before. This was most extraordinary: a momentary tinge of superstition passed across my mind, but it was speedily dissipated by the exclusive feelings of my situation. Slowly did I see the waves dashing forward to their destined goal, hemming in every chance of escape. I retreated step by step till I reached the shingles, as if greedy of the space which measured out to me my last race of life. My existence was in a span. Great God! I exclaimed, am I then to perish thus—"without a grave, unkennelled, uncoffined, and unknown"—my once sunny home—those faces dearer than heart's blood—the days of my childhood passed over my spirit—my mind was crowded with the images of by-gone days; half an hour more and this breathing form would be clay. Yet how dreadful a death! my poor dog howled and looked up in my face as a violent rush of tide burst against the base of the rocks. Already I imagined the sea around me, lessening my moments of life inch by inch—the tide bubbling about my throat as I clung to the rock for help: I fancied I could have borne any death rather than this lingering misery.

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I rallied: my feelings were unmanly. The moon had risen in unclouded brilliancy, gleaming on the heaving and rippled surface of the dark blue main; I looked up to the tranquil firmament, and the reflection was bitter. Pealing along with the voice of the ocean, the wild and lofty strains from the singular figure aloft, like a gentle brook commingling its waters with a vast and rapid river—failed not during this time to keep up my excitement. The sea was now fast covering the shingles; one chance was yet before me, which the instant I reflected on, I hesitated not to put into execution. It could at worst be only exchanging one death for another, and death would have been a boon indeed, rather than the longer endurance of that deeply agonizing state of suspense. I can fancy my faithful dog, by his actions, had anticipated this resolution: his joyful bark as I sprang forward into the waves, still rings in my ear. He was a dog of prodigious size and strength: holding by his shaggy neck with one hand, I assisted myself in swimming along by him with the other, intending after clearing the mouth of the cove, to make for the opening in the rocks to landward. I felt invigorated with new life, though the chances against me were still precarious, on account of the distance, as we went through the plashing waves with the broad expanse of ocean again before me. The sea was now tolerably calm along shore, for the tide was far advanced, and I had hardly swam twenty yards from the mouth of the cove when a Landwithiel fishing-boat came in sight almost within hail. An involuntary prayer came to my lips; I sung out with all the energy which the hope of life could produce; she was alongside in a trice, and in a few minutes I was sailing for Landwithiel Pier, merrily, at the rate of eight knots an hour. I found on detailing my adventure, which greatly surprised the fine fellows who picked me up, that the cove was called Dawlish's Hole; and that the apparition of the white lady on the rocks was one of flesh and blood, not an airy vision.

"Poor Ellen Dawlish," said Sam Clovelly, my informant, "once the pride of the parish—poor thing! her day has long since gone by; she is always worse when the moon's full; but it's a long yarn, sir, and you'll learn all about her and the wild skipper, as we used to call him, (that's her husband) far better up at the "Ship-Aground" yonder, than I can tell you."

The only consequence that resulted from the adventure thus providentially terminated, was a wet jacket; but a brisk fire, a glass of grog, and a warm welcome in my host's capacious settle, helped to banish it from my recollection. My worthy friend, Sam Clovelly, was not mistaken; my interest, which was deeply awakened, received a strong whet from the narrative which Mr. Sheepshanks related, and though wearied with the day's adventure, I did not go to rest till I had heard the conclusion of his somewhat prolix story. I afterwards happened to know more, indeed, of the circumstances alluded to; and though the day's incident was of a frightful nature, yet I look back upon it as the means of introducing me to the knowledge of events connected with the history of the last surviving member of an ancient family, to me of deep interest. I pause: the reader may hear more of the FATE OF WALTER DAWLISH.

VYVYAN.

Old Poets.

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY from the spleen begun,
By passion mov'd into the veins doth run;
Which when this humour as a swelling flood,
By vigour is infused in the blood,
The vital spirits doth mightily appal,
And weakeneth so the parts organical,
And when the senses are disturb'd and tir'd
With what the heart incessantly desir'd,
Like travellers with labour long oppress'd
Finding relief, ertsoons thy fall to rest.

DRAYTON.

LOVE.

SWEET are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised
Where fancies are in equal balance poised.

MARLOWE.

O learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.

SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTY.

SUCH colour had her face as when the sun
Shines in a watery cloud in pleasant spring;
And even as when the summer is begun
The nightingales in boughs do sit and sing,
So the blind god, whose force can no man shun
Sits in her eyes, and thence his darts doth fling;
Bathing his wings in her bright crystal streams,
And sunning them in her rare beauties beams.
In these he heads his golden-headed dart,
In those he cooleth it, and tempereth so,
He levels thence at good Oberto's heart,
And to the head he draws it in his bow.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

SLANDER.

AGAINST bad tongues goodness cannot defend her,
Those be most free from faults they least will spare,
But prate of them whom they have scantly known,
Judging their humors to be like their own.

ISID

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POSTERITY.

Daughter of Time, sincere Posterity
Always new born, yet no man knows thy birth,
The arbitress of pure Sincerity,
Yet, changeable, (like Proteus,) on the earth
Sometime in plenty, sometime joined with dearth.
Always to come, yet always present here,
Whom all run after, none come after near.
Impartial judge of all save present state
Truth's *Idi-ma* of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more injurious at the first than last,
Preserving others while thine own do waste;
True treasurer of all antiquity,
Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

Fitz Jeffrey.

WAR.

The poets old in their fond fables feign,
That mighty Mars is god of war and strife,
The Astronomers think that whereas Mars doth reign,
That all debate and discord must be rife;
Some think Bellona goddess of that life.
Among the rest that painter had some skill,
Which thus in arms did once set out the same:—
A field of gules, and on a golden hill,
A stately town consumed all with flame
On chief of sable taken from the dame,
A sucking babe, oh! born to bide mischance
Begored with blood and pierced with a lance
On high the Helm, I bear it well in mind,
The wreath was silver, powdered all with shot,
About the which, *goutte de sang*, did twine
A roll of sable black, and foul be blot
The crest two hands which may not be forgot,
For in the right a trenchant blade did stand,
And in the left a fiery, burning brand.

Gascoigne.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CUSTOM OF BULL-BAITING AT GREAT GRIMSBY.

The amusement of bull-baiting is of such high antiquity in this country, that Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II., tells us it was, at that early period, the common entertainment of the young Londoners during the winter season; and Claudian says of the English mastiffs—

"Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni."

The county of Lincoln is eulogized by Fuller as producing superior dogs for the sport; and in Grimsby bull-baiting was pursued with such avidity, that, to increase its importance, and prevent the possibility of its falling into disuse, it was made the subject of an official regulation of the magistracy. It had been practised within the borough from time immemorial, but about the beginning of the reign of Henry VII., the butchers finding it both troublesome and inconvenient to provide animals for the public amusement, endeavoured to evade the requisition; but it was made imperative upon them by the following edict of the mayor and burgesses, which was incorporated into a code of ordinances that were made and agreed to on the 23rd of October, 1499, for the better government of the borough:

"Also, that no Bocher flee or kill no Bull flesche wtin this Burgh, nor that none be brought to sell bot if the Bull be bayted openlye before the Mair and his burgesses, peon of forfeitr. of ev'y default vjs. viijd. Also that the Bochers of this Francheis, and al others that kepe slaughter shopes and kill flesche in this Francheis, to sell, mak onys yerly befor the Mair and his burgesses one bull-bayting, at convenient Tyme of the yere, according to the custom of this Francheis befor usyd, upon peyn of fortur of vjs. viijd."

In the reign of Charles I. an instance occurs of the violation of this ordinance; and it is formally recorded in the mayor's court book, that a fine was imposed by the chamberlains on Robert Camm for "killing a bull, and not first baiting him, according to the custom of the corporation."

These sports were conducted with great cruelty. To make the animal furious, gunpowder was frequently flashed up his nose, and pepper blown into his nostrils; and if this failed *to make him show game*, his flesh was lacerated, and aquafortis poured into the wound. About sixty years ago a bull was put to the stake at Grimsby; but the animal proving too tame, one William Hall put a spike or brad into his stick, and goaded the poor creature until the blood flowed copiously from several parts of his body; and at length, by continually irritating the lacerated parts, the bull became enraged, and roaring in the extremity of his torture, succeeded in tossing his assailant, to the infinite gratification of his cruel persecutors. It is recorded, to the credit of Mr. Alderman Hesleden, that during his mayoralty, in 1779, the annual exhibition was disallowed: from which time the custom declined, although some instances of this inhuman pastime have subsequently occurred.

Strutt says, that in some of the market towns of England, the *bull-rings* to which the unfortunate animals were fastened are remaining to the present time. At Grimsby, the arena where this brutal ceremony was performed, is still distinguished by the name of the "Bull-ring." The ancient stone and ring were removed about thirty years since; but the chain is still in possession of the chamberlains, who pass it annually to their successors; and it is sometimes applied to the purpose of fastening up a gate, when a distress is made on a field belonging to the corporation for rent; but its primitive use is wholly superseded by the abolition of the amusement.

Gentleman's Magazine.

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Notes of a Reader.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE: OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Part IV.—*Zoology—Birds.*

THIS portion illustrates the Economy of Birds, with a few of the most attractive varieties, under European and British, and Foreign Birds. We quote from the "General Economy;" premising that the present Part contains about 250 such illustrations, or *Why and Because.*

Why are birds usually classed according to the forms of their bills and feet?

Because those parts are connected with their mode of life, food, &c., and influence their total habit very materially. *Blumenbach.*

Why have birds little power of suction?

Because of the narrowness and rigidity of their tongue; as may be seen when they drink, having to hold up their heads, and depend upon the weight of the water for transmitting it into the craw.—*Rennie.*

Why are birds said to be "poised" in the air?

Because the centre of gravity of their bodies is always below the insertion of their wings, to prevent them falling on their backs, but near that point on which the body is, during flight, as it were, suspended. The positions assumed by the head and feet are frequently calculated to accomplish these ends, and give to the wings every assistance in continuing the progressive motion. The tail also is of great use, in regulating the rise and fall of birds, and even their lateral movements.—*Fleming.*

Why do birds fly?

Because they have the largest bones of all animals, in proportion to their weight; and their bones are more hollow than those of animals that do not fly. Air-vessels also enable them to blow out the hollow parts of their bodies, when they wish to make their descent slower, rise more swiftly, or float in the air. The muscles that move the wings of birds downwards, in many instances, are a sixth part of the weight of the whole body; whereas, those of a man are not in proportion one-hundredth part so large.

Why are birds covered with feathers?

Because, by this addition to the non-conducting appendices of the skin, birds are enabled to preserve the heat, generated in their bodies, from being readily transmitted to the surrounding air, and carried off by its motions and diminished temperature.—*Fleming.*

Why are the strongest feathers of birds in the pinions and tail?

Because the pinion-feathers may form, when the wing is expanded, as it were, broad fans, by which the bird is enabled to raise itself in the air and fly; whilst its tail feathers direct its course.—*Blumenbach.*

Why do birds moult?

Because they may be prepared for winter; this change being analogous to the casting of hair in quadrupeds. During summer, the feathers of birds are exposed to many accidents. Not a few spontaneously fall; some of them are torn off during their amorous quarrels; others are broken or damaged; whilst, in many species, they are pulled from their bodies to line their nests. Hence, their summer dress becomes thin and suitable. Previous to winter, however, and immediately after incubation and rearing of the young is finished, the old feathers are pushed off in succession by the new ones, and thus the greater part of the plumage of the bird is renewed. —*Fleming.*

Why do birds sing?

Because of the receptacles of air already mentioned but particularly by the disposition of the larynx, which in birds is not, as in mammifera and amphibia, placed wholly at the upper end of the windpipe; but, as it were, separated into two parts, one placed at each extremity. Parrots, ravens, starlings, bullfinches, &c., have been taught to imitate the human voice, and to speak some words: singing birds also, in captivity, readily adopt the song of others, learn tunes, and can even be made to sing in company, so that it has been possible actually to give a little concert by several bullfinches. In general, however, the song of birds in the wild state appears to be formed by practice and imitation.—*Blumenbach.*

Why do the notes of different species of birds vary?

Because, probably, of the structure of the organs of each species enabling them more easily to produce the notes of their own species, than those of any other, and from the notes of their own species being more agreeable to their ears. These conditions, joined to the facility of hearing the song of their own species, in consequence of frequenting the same places, determine the character of the acquired language of the feathered tribes.—*Fleming.*

Why are birds equally dispersed in spring over the face of the country?

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Because, during that amorous season, such a jealousy prevails between the male birds, that they can hardly bear to be seen together in the same hedge or field. Most of the singing and elation of spirits, of that time, seem to be the effect of rivalry and emulation.—*G. White.*

Why is August the most mute month, the Spring, Summer, and Autumn through?

Because many birds which become silent about Midsummer, reassume their notes in September; as the thrush, blackbird, woodlark, willow-wren, &c. —*G. White.*

Why do birds congregate in hard weather?

Because, as some kind of self-interest and self-defence is, no doubt, their motive, may it not arise from the helplessness of their state in such rigorous seasons; as men crowd together, when under great calamities, they know not why? Perhaps approximation may dispel some degree of cold; and a crowd may make each individual appear safer from the ravages of birds of prey and other damages.—*G. White.*

Why do we so often fail in rearing young birds?

Because of our ignorance of their requisite food. Every one who has made the attempt, well knows the various expedients he has resorted to, of boiled meats, bruised seeds, hard eggs, boiled rice, and twenty other substances that Nature never presents, in order to find a diet that will nourish them; but Mr. Montagu's failure, in being able to raise the young of the curl-bunting, until he discovered that they required grasshoppers, is a sufficient instance of the manifest necessity there is for a peculiar food in one period of the life of birds. —*Knapp.*

Why have most noctural birds large eyes and ears?

Because large eyes are necessary to collect every ray of light, and large concave ears to command the smallest degree of sound or noise.

Why do stale eggs float upon water?

Because, by keeping, air is substituted for a portion of the water of the egg, which escapes.—*Prout.*

Why has the breast-bone of all birds which fly, a long ridge or keel?

Because muscles are attached to it, to facilitate their flight.

Why is the plumage of aquatic birds kept dry?

Because the small feathers next the bird fall over each other like the tiles of a roof, and thus throw off the water.

FESTIVALS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS.

BY HORATIO SMITH, ESQ.

(National Library—Vol. v.)

THE readers of *The Mirror* will doubtless expect in its pages some notice of the present work; although it belongs to a Series, which as yet possesses but few attractions for our attention. The title of the volume before us, and the name of its author, however, led us to expect better things; and sorry are we to have little but disappointment to report to the reader.

Mr. Smith sets out by telling us, in his *Preface*, that he has only been able to produce a *mediocre* book, and at once shows that his task has been by no means a grateful one. He talks of compilation and selection as if they were the very drudgery of literature, although in the present instance he has executed both so indifferently. He speaks of *condensing* into "one little volume," whereas the plan adopted by him has but little of the labour of condensation, his book being little but slice upon slice, like preserved fruit, instead of being thoroughly mixed and reduced like jelly. With Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, and Ellis's Edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities before him, he might have produced a volume of exhaustless interest and value, set with hundreds of foot-note references, which he has made but few and far between. Nay, with the example of Brand before him (for we see that he is occasionally quoted), it is difficult to conceive how Mr. Smith could overlook so important a point as the distinct acknowledgment of his authorities.

A slight analysis of Mr. Smith's volume will show the reader that our animadversions are not uncalled for.—Thus, upwards of one hundred pages are devoted to the Festival Games and Amusements of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, meanly as Mr. Smith talks of "learned lore and antiquarian pedantry." Then follow twenty-two pages on, not of, Modern Festivals, &c.: from thence we quote two pages on the amusements of Londoners:—

"In addition to peculiar and extensive privileges of hunting, hawking, and fishing, the Londoners had large portions of ground allotted to them in the vicinity of the city, for such pastimes as were best calculated to render them strong and healthy. The city damsels had also their recreation on the celebration of these festivals, dancing to the accompaniment of music, and continuing their sports by moonlight. Stow tells

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ns that in his time it was customary for the maidens, after evening prayers, to dance and sing in the presence of their masters and mistresses, the best performer being rewarded with a garland. Who can peruse the recapitulation of London sports and amusements, even so late as the beginning of the last century, without being struck by the contrast it presents in its present state, when, as a French traveller observes, it is no longer a city, but a province covered with houses? In the whole world, probably, there is no large town so utterly unprovided with means of healthful recreation for the mass of the citizens. Every vacant and green spot has been converted into a street; field after field has been absorbed by the builder; all the scenes of popular resort have been smothered with piles of brick; football and cricket-grounds, bowling-greens, and the enclosures or open places, set apart for archery and other pastimes, have been successively parcelled out in squares, lanes, or alleys; the increasing value of land, and extent of the city, render it impossible to find substitutes; and the humbler classes who may wish to obtain the sight of a field, or inhale a mouthful of fresh air, can scarcely be gratified, unless, at some expense of time and money, they make a journey for the purpose. Even our parks, not unaptly termed the lungs of the metropolis, have been partially invaded by the omnivorous builder; nor are those portions of them which are still open available to the commonalty for purposes of pastime and sport. Under such circumstances who can wonder that they should lounge away their unemployed time in the skittle-grounds of ale-houses and gin-shops? or that their immorality should have increased with the enlargement of the town, and the compulsory discontinuance of their former healthful and harmless pastimes? It would be wise to revive, rather than seek any further to suppress them: wiser still would it be, with reference both to the bodily and moral health of the people, if, in all new inclosures for building, provision were legally made for the unrestricted enjoyment of their games and diversions, by leaving large open spaces to be appropriated to that purpose.

"Upon a general review of our present prevailing amusements, it will be found, that if many have been dropped, at least in the metropolis, which it might have been desirable to retain, several also have been abandoned, of which we cannot by any means regret the loss; while those that remain to us, participating in the advancement of civilization, have in some instances become much more intellectual in their character, and in others have assumed more elegant, humane, and unobjectionable forms. Bull and bear-baiting, cock-throwing and fighting, and such like barbarous pastimes, have long been on the wane, and will, it is to be hoped, soon become totally extinct. That females of rank and education should now frequent such savage scenes, seems so little within the scope of possibility that we can hardly credit their ever having done so, even in times that were comparatively barbarous."

Truly, as Charles Mathews says, "we are losing all our amusements." Then follow about thirty pages of Holiday Notices; a sort of running commentary on the Calendar. The spaces of the days, however, are sadly disproportioned. Shrove Tuesday occupies upwards of two pages; Good Friday and Easter are pruned into the same space; May Day has upwards of four pages, more than half of which are taken up with the author's own embellishment: still, not a word has he on the *poetry* of the Day beyond his motto from Herrick. Field Sports, as Hawking and Archery, occupy the next thirty pages; but Mr. Smith is wofully deficient in the latter department: for instance, how is it that he has not even mentioned the archery at Harrow School,* and the existence of archery clubs in the present day.—Bull-fights and Baiting of Animals occupy the next forty pages in two chapters, one of which has been mostly transcribed from the Encyclopædia Britannica. An original account of a Spanish Bull Fight occupies twenty pages, and is interesting, but rather out of place among English sports. Dancing has thirty pages, for which the Encyclopædia Britannica has also been very freely taxed. Morris Dancers have ten pages. Jugglers have about the same space, chiefly from Strutt and Brand: Beckmann's chapter might have been added. Music and Minstrels have thirty pages, from Hawkins and Burney. Mr. Singer's curious work has furnished about twenty pages on Playing Cards. Chess is compressed within ten pages! The English Drama, thirty pages, is acknowledged from Hawkins's History of the English Drama, Cibber, and Victor; but "more especially from the Biographia Dramatica," we should say, the weakest source of the four. Malone's Supplement to his Edition of

* See Mirror, vol. xiii p. 259.

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Shakspeare has entirely supplied thirteen pages of Playhouse Notices;—and here the curtain falls—sans Index, or the Author's Farewell.

There are three Engravings—a stunted Frontispiece from Wouverman's Hawking Party, a Plan of Olympia, and the Tomb of Scaurus—the two latter belonging, to use Mr. Smith's words, rather to "learned lore and antiquarian pedantry," than a book of popular interest. Even had Mr. Smith selected cuts of the Archery Meeting at Harrow, or the Staffordshire Morris Dance Window, he would better have consulted the gratification of his readers. In short, there are few subjects that admit of more delightful illustration, literary or graphic, than the "Festivals, Games, and Amusements" of "Merry England;" yet, to do these topics justice, requires careful compilation, condensation, and tasteful arrangement, upon neither of which points can we congratulate Mr. Smith's judgment in the specimen before us. Probably the author has been so long accustomed to indulge his fancy in ten shilling volumes of "historical tales," that he finds it difficult to restrain himself to books of facts: if this be the case, we should say that Mr. Smith is not just the person to furnish the "nation" with a history of "Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern."

LORD BYRON.

(From Moore's "Life," Vol. II.)

To those who have, from his childhood, traced him through these pages, it must be manifest, I think, that Lord Byron was not formed to be long-lived.—Whether from any hereditary defect in his organization—as he himself, from the circumstance of both his parents having died young, concluded—or from those violent means he so early took to counteract the natural tendency of his habit, and reduce himself to thinness, he was, almost every year, as we have seen, subject to attacks of indisposition, by more than one of which his life was seriously endangered. The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet—his long fastings, his expedients for the allayment of hunger, his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food, and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages—all this could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health; while his constant recourse to medicine—daily, as it appears, and in large quantities—both evinced, and, no doubt, increased the derangement of his digestion. When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—"an old feel." To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame, of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed;—to present that grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

"Glittering, like a palace set on fire,
His glory, while it shone, but ruined him!" *
* Beaumont and Fletcher.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

AN UNEDUCATED POET.

ONE of the best papers in the *Public Journals* for the present month is in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 87. It purports to be a notice of "Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an Old Servant. With some Account of the Writer, written by himself: and an introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our Uneducated Poets. By Robert Southey, Esq." We extract such portion of the paper as relates to JONES, reserving a few notices of other uneducated poets for a future number.

In the autumn of 1827, Mr. Southey was spending a few weeks with his family at Harrowgate, when a letter reached him from John Jones, butler to a country gentleman in that district of Yorkshire, who, hearing that the poet laureate was so near him, had plucked up courage to submit to his notice some of his own "attempts in verse." He was touched by the modest address of this humble aspirant; and the inclosed specimen of his rhymes, however rude and imperfect, exhibited such simplicity of thought and kindliness of disposition—such minute and intelligent observation of Nature—such lively sensibility—and, withal, such occasional felicities of diction—that he was induced to make further inquiries into the history of the man. It turned out that Jones had maintained, through a long life the character of a most faithful and exemplary domestic, having been no fewer than twenty-four years with the family, who, still retaining him in their service, had long since learned to regard and value

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him as a friend. The poet laureate encouraged him, therefore, to transmit more of his verses, and the result is the volume before us—not more than a third of which, however, is occupied with the 'Attempts' of the good old butler of Kirby Hall, the rest being given to a chapter of our literary history from his editor's own pen, which, we venture to say, will be not less generally attractive than the "Life of John Bunyan," reviewed in our last Number.

"There were many," says Mr. Southey, "I thought, who would be pleased at seeing how much intellectual enjoyment had been attained in humble life, and in very unfavourable circumstances; and that this exercise of the mind, instead of rendering the individual discontented with his station, had conduced greatly to his happiness; and if it had not made him a good man, had contributed to keep him so. This pleasure should in itself, methought, be sufficient to content those subscribers who might kindly patronize a little volume of his verses."

John Jones's own account of the circumstances under which his "Attempts" have been produced, cannot fail to impress every mind with the moral lesson thus briefly pointed to by the editor. After a simple chronicle of his earlier life, he thus concludes:—

"I entered into the family which I am now serving in January, 1804, and have continued in it, first with the father, and then with the son, only during an interval of eighteen months, up to the present hour, and during which period most of my trifles have been composed, and some of my former attempts brought (perhaps) a little nearer perfection: but I have seldom sat down to study any thing; for in many instances when I have done so, a ring at the bell, or a knock at the door, or something or other, would disturb me; and not wishing to be seen, I frequently used to either crumple my paper up in my pocket, or take the trouble to lock it up, and before I could arrange it again, I was often, sir, again disturbed. From this, sir, I got into the habit of trusting entirely to my memory, and most of my little pieces have been completed and borne in mind for weeks before I have committed them to paper. From this I am led to believe that there are but few situations in life in which attempts of the kind may not be made under less discouraging circumstances. Having a wife and three children to support, sir, I have had some little difficulties to contend with; but, thank God, I have encountered them pretty well. I have received many little helps from the family, for which I hope, sir, I may be allowed to say that I have shown my gratitude, by a faithful discharge of my duty; but, within the last year, my children have all gone to service. Having been rather busy this last week, sir, I have taken up but little time in the preparation of this, and I am fearful you will think it comes before you in a discreditable shape; but I hope you will be able to collect from it all that may be required for your benevolent purpose: but should you wish to be empowered to speak with greater confidence of my character, by having the testimony of others in support of my own, I believe, sir, I should not find much difficulty in obtaining it; for it affords me some little gratification, sir, to think that in the few families I have served, I have lived respected, for in none do I remember of ever being accused of an immoral action; nor with all my propensity to rhyme have I been charged with a neglect of duty. I therefore hope, sir, that if some of the fruits of my humble muse be destined to see the light, and should not be thought worthy of commendation, no person of a beneficent disposition will regret any little encouragement given to an old servant under such circumstances."—pp. 179, 180.

The tranquil, affectionate, and contented spirit that shines out in the "Attempts" is in keeping with the tone of this letter; and if Burns was right when he told Dugald Stewart that no man could understand the pleasure he felt in seeing the smoke curling up from a cottage chimney, who had not been born and bred, like himself, in such abodes, and therefore knew how much worth and happiness they contain; and if the works of that great poet have, in spite of many licentious passages, been found, on the whole, productive of a wholesome effect in society, through their aim and power to awaken sympathy and respect between classes whom fortune has placed asunder, surely this old man's verses ought to meet with no cold reception among those who appreciate the value of kindly relations between masters and dependents. In them they will trace the natural influence of that old system of manners which was once general throughout England; under which the young domestic was looked after, by his master and mistress, with a sort of parental solicitude—admonished kindly for petty faults, commended for good conduct, advised, and encouraged—and which held out to him

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who should spend a series of years honestly and dutifully in one household, the sure hope of being considered and treated in old age as a humble friend. Persons who breathe habitually the air of a crowded city, where the habits of life are such that the man often knows little more of his master than that master does of his next-door neighbour, will gather instruction as well as pleasure from the glimpses which John Jones's history and lucubrations afford of the interior machinery of life in a yet unsophisticated region of the country. His little complimentary stanzas on the birthdays, and such other festivals of the family—his inscriptions to their neighbour Mrs. Laurence, of Studley Park, and the like, are equally honourable to himself and his benevolent superiors; and the simple purity of his verses of love or gallantry, inspired by village beauties of his own station, may kindle a blush on the cheeks of most of those whose effusions are now warbled over fashionable piano-fortes.

The stanzas which first claimed and won the favourable consideration of the poet laureate were these 'To a Robin Red-breast:'

"Sweet social bird, with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee!
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability;

"Thy cheerful song in winter's cold,
And, when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old,
Where fear appals each other bird;

"Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Creep to the love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

"The gleanings of the sumptuous board,
Convey'd by some indulgent fair,
Are in a nook of safety stored,
And not dispensed till thou art there.

"In stately hall and rustic dome,
The gaily robed and homely poor
Will watch the hour when thou shalt come,
And bid thee welcome to the door.

'The Herdsman on the upland hill,
The Ploughman in the hamlet near,
Are prone thy little paunch to fill,
And pleased thy little psalm to hear.

"The Woodman seated on a log
His meal divides atween the three,
And now himself, and now his dog,
And now he casts a crumb to thee.

"For thee a feast the Schoolboy strews
At noontide, when the form's forsook;
A worm to thee the Delver throws,
And Angler when he baits his hook.

"At tents where tawny Gipsies dwell,
In woods where Hunters chase the hind,
And at the Hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou some crumbs of comfort find.

"Nor are thy little wants forgot
In Beggar's hut or Crispin's stall;
The Miser only feeds thee not,
Who suffers ne'er a crumb to fall.

"The Youth who strays, with dark design,
To make each well-stored nest a prey,
If dusky hues denote them thine,
Will draw his pilfering hand away.

"The Finch a spangled robe may wear,
The Nightingale delightful sing,
The Lark ascend most high in air,
The Swallow fly most swift on wing,

"The Peacock's plumes in pride may swell,
The Parrot prate eternally,
But yet no bird man loves so well,
As thou with thy simplicity."

Among many affectionate tributes to the kind family in whose service he has spent so many years, not the worst are some lines occasioned by the death of Miss Sadlier Bruere, written a few months afterwards (December 1826) at Tours.

"Thou wert miss'd in the group when the eye
look'd around,
And miss'd by the ear was thy voice in the
sound;
Thy chamber was darksome, *thy bell was unrung*,
Thy footstep unheard, and thy lyre unstrung:
A stillness prevail'd at the mournful repast;
In tears was the eye on thy vacant seat cast;
Each scene wearing gloom, and each brow bearing care,
Too plainly denoted that death had been there.
* * * * * *
To earth we consign'd thee, and made an advance,
The thought to beguile, to the vineyards of France.
But 'twould not be cheated; of all that was rare,
Fond Nature kept whispering a wish thou could'st share:
No air softly swelling, no chord struck with glee,
But awoke in the bosom remembrance of thee.
Even now, as the cold winds adown the leaves bring,
We sigh that our flow'ret was blighted in spring."

THE NECROMANCER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the New-found World
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."
MARLOWE'S *Faustus*.

An old man on his death-bed lay, an old, yet stately man;
His lip seemed moulded for command, tho' quivering now, and wan;
By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,
But his pale brow still austerely wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round the mystic room;
From where the orient palm-trees wave, bright gem and dazzling plume;
And vases with rich odour fill'd, that o'er the couch of death
Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,
Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light;

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All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,
Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb.

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,
While shadows cast from many thoughts, o'er-swept the old man's face;
He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,
To one that o'er him long had watched, in reverence and alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and shore, and sea,
Wider than Roman Eagle's wing o'er traversed proudly free;
Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,
Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering host.

"They hear me, *they* that dwell far down where the sea-serpent lies,
And they, th' unseen, on Afric's hills, that sport when tempests rise;
And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams make way,
My lightest whisper shakes their sleep—they hear me, and obey.

"They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and cup of gold,
From cities roof'd with ocean-waves, that buried them of old;
They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man shall never find,
With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart enshrined.

"But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling breath;
I have sway'd the rushing elements—but still and strong is Death!
I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits free—
Thou hast brave and high aspirings, youth!—my Sceptre is for thee!

Now listen! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall compel
The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or hell!
But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in human ear,
Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals near."

His voice in faintness died away—and a sudden flush was seen,
A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassion'd mien,
A mantling and a falling swift—a look with sadness fraught—
And that too pass'd—and boldly then rush'd forth the ardent thought.

"Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in human ear?
I have a friend—a noble friend—as life or freedom dear!
Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,
But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal mine own?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—
Oh! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above?
Must a deep gulf between the souls—now closely link'd, be set?
Keep, keep the Sceptre!—leave me free, and loved, and trustful yet!"

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—
"Well hast thou chosen!—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die;
Live, thou beloved, and trustful yet! No more on human head,
Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

A MOORE ISH MELODY.

Oh! give me not unmeaning smiles,
Though worldly clouds may fly before them;
But let me see the sweet blue isles
Of radiant eyes when tears wash o'er them.
Though small the fount where they begin,
They form—'tis thought in many a sonnet—
A flood to drown our sense of sin;
But oh! Love's ark still floats upon it.

Then give me tears—oh! hide not one;
The best affections are but flowers,
That faint beneath the fervid sun,
And languish once a day for showers.
Yet peril lurks in every gem—
For tears are worse than swords in slaughter:
And man is still subdued by them,
As humming-birds are shot with water.

Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST WORDS OF A MOTH.

I BURN—I die—I cannot fly—
Too late, and all in vain:
The glow—the light—charmed sense and sight—
Now naught is left but pain.
That wicked flame, no pencil's aim,
No pen can e'er depict on paper;
My waltz embraced that taper waist,
Till I am wasted like a taper.

Worthy the brightest hours of Greece
Was that pure fire, or so *I* felt it;
Its feeder towered in steadfast peace,
While I believed for me it melted.
No use in heighos! or alacks!
My cure is past the power of money;
Too sure that form of virgin wax
Retained the bee's sting with the honey.

Its eye was blue, its head was cold,
Its round neck white as lilied chalice;
In short, a thing of faultless mould,
Fit for a maiden empress' palace.
So round and round—I knew no better—
I fluttered, nearer to the heat;
Methought I saw an offered letter—
Now I but see my winding-sheet.

Some pearly drops fell, as for grief—
Oh, sad delusion;—ah, poor Moth!
I caused them not; 'twas but a thief
Had got within to wrong us both.
Now I am left quite in the dark,
The light's gone out that caused my pain;
Let my last gaze be on that spark—
Kind breezes, blow it in again.

Then snuff it well, when once rekindled,
Whoe'er about its brilliance lingers,
But though 'twere to one flicker kindled,
Be careful, or you'll burn your fingers.
It sought not me; and though I die,
On such bright cause I'll cast no scandal—
I fled to one who could not fly—
Then blame the Moth, but not the Candle.

Ibid.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE LAST FRIEND.

A RESPECTABLE character, after having long figured in the gay world of Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes,

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He was so indigent that he subsisted on an allowance from the parish every week; a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support; and yet, at length, he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him—he went. "Do you live alone?" said the curate. "With whom, sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched, you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject; he desired him to observe "that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog." "Ah! Sir," exclaimed the poor man weeping, "and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "Take *this*, sir," said he, "this *is* mine; this I *can* give you."

W. G. C.

ELECTIONEERING PIETY.

In the year 1768, the following printed notices were stuck upon the doors and walls of the churches in the City of London, one Sunday morning:—"The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for the restoration of liberty, depending on the election of Mr. Wilkes." J. R. S.

FAZIO.

"They have brought out *Fazio* with great and deserved success at Covent Garden: that's a good sign. I tried during the directory, to have it done at Drury Lane, but was overruled." —*Byron's Letters.*

THE DEVIL AMONG THE PRINTERS.

In the year 1561, a work was printed, entitled the *Anatomy of the Mass.* It contained one hundred and seventy pages, accompanied with errata of fifteen pages! The author, a monk, in an advertisement prefixed to the errata states, that the devil, to ruin the fruit of his work, employed two very malicious frauds, by first drenching the manuscript in the kennel, reducing it to a most pitiable state, and rendering some parts altogether illegible, and then obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never before equalled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to reperuse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers working under the influence of the devil. W. A. R.

CHARTER.

Translation of "a Charter, originally written in Saxon, and granted by William the Conqueror to the Inhabitants of London:"

"William, King, greets William, Bishop, and Godfrey Portgrave" (the same in office as Lord Mayor) "and all the Borough of London, French and English friendly. And I now make known to you, that you are worthy to enjoy all those laws and privileges which you did before the decease of King Edward. And it is my will that every child be his father's heir after his father's decease. And I will not suffer any man to do you wrong. God you keep." J. H. N.

A "SPECTATOR" NEWSPAPER.

"P.S. If you thought of a middle plan between a *Spectator* and a newspaper, why not?—only not on a *Sunday*. Not that Sunday is not an excellent day, but it is engaged already. We will call it the 'Tenda Rossa,' the name Tassoni gave an answer of his in a controversy, in allusion to the delicate hint of Timour the Lame, to his enemies, by a 'Tenda' of that colour, before he gave battle. Or we will call it 'Gli,' or 'I Carbonari,' if it so please you—or any other name full of 'pastime and prodigality,' which you may prefer. * * * Let me have an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman, 'a merry Christmas to you!'" —*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, in his Life of the Noble Poet,* vol. ii. p. 387.

JOHN KEMBLE'S ONLY PUN.

When it was understood that Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a seventy-four gun ship, completely equipped, at his own expense; a lady said to Mr. Kemble, "Dear me, sir, what a whimsical thing this seems altogether; I wonder what title they can give for supplying a ship; what can they call him, Mr. Kemble? "Why, madam," replied Mr. Kemble, "I should think he will be called Lord-*ship.*"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 476.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

LORD BYRON'S PALACE, AT VENICE.

Scores of readers who have been journeying through Mr. Moore's concluding portion of the *Life of Lord Byron*, will thank us for the annexed Illustration. It presents a view of the palace occupied by Lord Byron during his residence at Venice. When, after his unfortunate marriage, he left England, "in search of that peace of mind which was never destined to be his, Venice naturally occurred to him as a place where, for a time at least, he should find a suitable residence. He had, in his own language, "loved it from his boyhood;" and there was a poetry connected with its situation, its habits, and its history, which excited both his imagination and his curiosity. His situation at this period is thus feelingly alluded to by Mr. Moore:—"The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery;—had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated, as far as they had ever been his, the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach: but, on the contrary, the same

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sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasure which he felt in painting himself unamiably to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself. * * *

"Then came the disappointment of his youthful passion,—the lassitude and remorse of premature excess,—the lone friendlessness of his entrance into life, and the ruthless assault upon his first literary efforts,—all links in that chain of trials, errors, and sufferings, by which his great mind was gradually and painfully drawn out;—all bearing their respective shares in accomplishing that destiny which seems to have decreed that the triumphal march of his genius should be over the waste and ruins of his heart. He appeared, indeed, himself to have had an instinctive consciousness that it was out of such ordeals his strength and glory were to arise, as his whole life was passed in courting agitation and difficulties; and whenever the scenes around him were too tame to furnish such excitement, he flew to fancy or memory for 'thorns' whereon to 'lean his breast.'" At the same time, the melancholy with which his heart was filled was soothed and cherished by the associations which every object in Venice inspired. The prospects of dominion subdued, of a high spirit humbled, of splendour tarnished, of palaces sinking into ruins, was but too faithfully in accordance with the dark and mournful mind which the poet bore within him. Nor were other motives of a nature wholly different wanting to draw him to Venice.* How beautifully has the poet illustrated this preference:—

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, hearts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array

* Letter press of the superb "Landscape Annual" for the present year, whence our Engraving is transferred. The Life of the noble Poet at Venice cannot be better described than in his own Letters, for which see pages 43—82 of the present volume.

Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

Her desolation:—

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust;
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

* * * * *

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee; the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a show.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye, and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time can not benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

Again, in the notes to Childe Harold, where these spirit-breathing lines occur:

"The population of Venice, at the end of the 17th century amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand, and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired. Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two, during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose palladian palaces, have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the 'gentil uomo Veneto,' the name is still known,

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and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government—they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the scripture, 'to die daily;' and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation, expiring as it were before his eyes. So artificial a creation having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose."

Captain Medwin relates Lord Byron's detestation of Venice in unmeasured terms. He likewise tells of his Lordship performing here one of those aquatic feats in which he greatly prided himself; and the Countess Albrizzi mentions a similar incident: "He was seen, on leaving a palace situated on the grand canal, instead of entering his gondola, to throw himself, with his clothes on, into the water, and swim to his house."

The Countess, who became acquainted with his Lordship at Venice, also narrates a few particulars of the mode in which he passed his time in that city: Amongst his peculiar habits was that of never showing himself on foot. "He was never seen to walk through the streets of Venice, nor along the pleasant banks of the Brenta, where he spent some weeks of the summer; and there are some who assert that he has never seen, excepting from a window, the wonders of the Piazza di San Marco,* so powerful in him was the desire of not showing himself to be deformed in any part of his person. I, however," continues the Countess, "believe that he often gazed on those wonders, but in the late and solitary hour, when the stupendous edifices which surrounded him, illuminated by the soft and placid light of the moon, appeared a thousand times more lovely." "During an entire winter, he went out every morning alone, to row himself to the island of the Armenians (a small island, distant from Venice about half a league), to enjoy the society of those learned and hospitable monks, and to learn their difficult language." During the summer, Lord Byron enjoyed the exercise of riding in the evening. "No sunsets," said he, "are to be compared with those of Venice—they are too gorgeous for any painter, and defy any poet."

* From some passages in his Lordship's Letters, this would not appear correct.

NATURE REVIVING.

(For the Mirror.)

The rills run free, and fetterless, and strong,
Rejoicing that their icy bonds are broke,
The breeze is burthen'd with the grateful song
Of birds innumerous: who from torpor woke,
Cleave the fine air with renovated stroke.
The teeming earth flings up its budding store
Of herbs, and flow'rs, escaping from the yoke,
That Winter's spell had cast around; and o'er
The clear and sun-lit sky, dark clouds are seen no more.

In woody dells, by shallow brooks that stand,
The modest violet, and primrose pale,
(Like youth just bursting into life,) expand,
And cast their perfumes down the dewy vale,
Till laden seems each bland, yet searching gale
That fans the cheek with odours of the Spring.
All living nature rushes to inhale:
As if this universal blossoming
Too soon would fade away, or instantly take wing.

What beauty in the swelling upland green,
On which the fleecy flock in sportive play,
And mirth, and gambol innocent, are seen.
What pleasure through the scented copse to stray,
And hear the stock dove coo its am'rous lay.
Or climb the steep hill's side, beneath whose height
Dashing afar, like drifted snow, their spray;
The waves of ocean with an angry might,
Flash in the purple dawn, majestically bright.

Yet 'midst this union of benignant tones,
How fares it with the reasonable part
Of God's created glories? Man disowns.
Not to give thanks; but skilled by human art
To screen the passions of a grateful heart;
He walks encircled by philosophy, whose creed
Allows no outward semblance, to impart
One trace of joyousness that may exceed
Those coldly rigid rules on which it loves to feed.

And therefore balmy spring, with all its joys,
Its pomp of early leaves, and thrilling lays,
And ceaseless chime of song (that never cloys,
Altho' the winds be redolent of praise.)
Wakes not in man that stupor of amaze,
Bird, beast, and plant, in universal choir,
Pay to Almighty in a thousand ways,
That sterner reason's votaries would flout,
Giving *their* tardy homage in mistrust and doubt.

Not so with me. I never feel the spring
Come on in beauty, but my swelling soul
Seems ready in its gush of joy, to fling
All trammels off, that would in aught control
Its wild pulsation. O'er it feelings roll
Too mighty for expression; and each sense
Appears to be commingled in one whole;
Whose sum of ecstacy is so intense,
It finds no home to garner it, but in omnipotence.

J. H. H.

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THE POLISH PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

(For the Mirror.)

Rise fellow men! our country yet remains
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear with her to live—for her to die.
CAMPBELL.

HAVE we not proved our country's worth—the country of the free?
Have we not raised the tyrant's foot—and struck for liberty—
The giant foot that on us fell, in war's tremendous fall—
The mighty weight that bore us down and held our arms in thrall?

Have we not risked our homes, our all, at Freedom's glorious shrine,
And dared the vengeance of the Russ, whose sway is yclept divine?
And have we not appealed to arms—our last and dearest right!
And is not ours a sacred cause, a just and holy fight?

Yes, on Sarmatia's bleeding form Oppression's fetters rang,
And Liberty's last dying dirge the Northern trumpet sang:
Our hopes were buried in the grave where Kosciusko lies;
There came not friendship then from earth—nor mercy from the skies!

But Heaven has roused the Polish slave and bid him rend his chains,
And now we rank among the free—"Our country yet remains!"
Again we seek our native rights by God and Nature given—
A people's right unto their soil from us unjustly riven.

We call upon the honoured brave—the free of every land—
For succour from the powerful—for aid from every strand
We ask for every good man's prayer—we call for help on high;
Ye shades of Poland's slaughtered sons, look on propitiously.

We fight the fight of nations—bear witness field and storm
To our desert hereafter? Now we are but braggarts warm—
But by our honest cause, we swear, ere they our land retake,
Each town shall be a charnel tomb—each field a gory lake!
CYMBELINE.

The Naturalist.

ANECDOTES OF PARROTS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Who taught the Parrot human notes to try?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease"
DRYDEN.

A PARROT belonging to the sister of the Comte de Buffon (says Bingley,) would frequently speak to himself, and seem to fancy that some one addressed him. He often asked for his paw, and answered by holding it up. Though he liked to hear the voice of children, he seemed to have an antipathy to them; he pursued them, and bit them till he drew blood. He had also his objects of attachment; and though his choice was not very nice, it was constant. He was excessively fond of the cook-maid; followed her everywhere, sought for, and seldom missed finding her. If she had been some time out of his sight, the bird climbed with his bill and claws to her shoulders, and lavished on her caresses. His fondness had all the marks of close and warm friendship. The girl happened to have a very sore finger, which was tedious in healing, and so painful as to make her scream. While she uttered her moans the parrot never left her chamber. The first thing he did every day, was to pay her a visit; and this tender condolence lasted the whole time of the cure, when he again returned to his former calm and settled attachment. Yet this strong predilection for the girl seems to have been more directed to her office in the kitchen, than to her person; for, when another cook-maid succeeded her, the parrot showed the same degree of fondness * to the new comer, the very first day."

Bingley also says, "Willoughby tells us of a parrot, which when a person said to it, 'laugh, Poll, laugh,' laughed accordingly, and the instant after screamed out, 'What a fool to make me laugh.' Another which had grown old with its master, shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear scarcely anything but the words, 'I am sick;' when a person asked it, 'How do you do, Poll? how d'ye do?'—'I am sick,' it replied, in a doleful tone, stretching itself along, 'I am sick.'"

Goldsmith says, "That a parrot belonging to King Henry VIII. having been kept in a room next the Thames, in his palace at Westminster, had learned to repeat many sentences from the boatmen and passengers. One day sporting on its perch, it unluckily fell into the water. The bird had no sooner discovered its situation, than it called out aloud, 'A boat, twenty pounds for a boat.' A waterman happening to be near the place where the parrot was floating, immediately took it up, and restored it to the king; demanding, as the bird was a favourite, that he should be paid the reward that it had called out. This was refused; but it was agreed, that as the parrot had offered a reward, the man should

* Pot or kitchen love.

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again refer to its determination for the sum he was to receive. 'Give the knave a groat,' the bird screamed aloud, the instant the reference was made."

Mr. Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," has related an anecdote concerning parrots, of which (says Bingley) however incredible it may appear to some, he seems to have had so much evidence, as at least to have believed it himself. It is taken from a writer of some celebrity; the author of Memoirs of what passed in Christendom from 1672 to 1679. The story is this:—

"During the government of Prince Maurice, in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering like a rational creature, many of the common questions that were put to it. It was at a great distance; but so much had been said about it, that his curiosity was roused, and he directed it to be sent for. When it was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, it immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language, 'What a company of white men are here.' They asked it 'Who is that man?' (pointing to the prince) the parrot answered, 'Some general or other.' When the attendants carried it up to him, he asked it through the medium of an interpreter, (for he was ignorant of its language) 'From whence do you come?' the parrot answered, 'From Marignan.' The prince asked, 'To whom do you belong?' it answered, 'To a Portuguese.' He asked again, 'What do you do there?' it answered, 'I look after the chickens.' The prince, laughingly, exclaimed, 'You look after the chickens?' the parrot in answer, said, 'Yes, I; and I know well enough how to do it,' clucking at the time, in imitation of the noise made by the hen to call together her young.

"This account came directly from the prince to the above author; he said that though the parrot spoke in a language he did not understand, yet he could not be deceived, for he had in the room both a Dutchman who spoke Brazilian, and a Brazilian who spoke Dutch; that he asked them separately and privately, and both agreed very exactly in giving him the parrot's discourse. If the story is devoid of foundation, the prince must have been deceived, for there is not the least doubt that he believed it."

Parrots not only discourse, but also mimic gestures and actions. Scaliger saw one that performed the dance of the Savoyards, at the same time that it repeated their song.

P. T. W.

Retrospective Gleanings.

DITTY BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(For the Mirror.)

"I FIND, (says Puttenham,) none example in English metre so well mayntayning this figure (*Exargasia*, or the Gorgeous) as that dittie of her Majestie Queen Elizabeth's own making, passing sweete and harmonical; which figure being, as his very original name purporteth, the most beautiful and gorgeous of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last compliment, and disciphered by the arte of a ladies penne (herself being the most beautifull or rather beautie of Queens.) And this was the occasion: Our Sovereign lady perceiving how the Queen of Scots residence within this realme as to great libertie and ease (as were scarce meete for so great and dangerous a prisoner,) bred secret factions amongst her people, and made many of the nobility incline to favour her partie (some of them desirous of innovation in the state, others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life;) the Queene our Sovereigne Lady, to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practices (though she had long, with great wisdom and patience, dissembled it,) writeth that dittie, most sweet and sententious; not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie, which afterwards fell out most truly by the exemplary chastisements of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Queen of Scots, declining from her Majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realm by many evill and undutifull practyses."

The ditty is as followeth:—

The dowbt of future foes exiles my present joy
And Wit me warns to shun snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falshood now doth flowe, and subject faith doth ebbe,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd, or wisdom weav'd the webbe.
But clouds of tois untried do choake aspiring mindes,
Which turn'd to rain of late repent by course of changed windes.
The toppe of hope suppos'd, the root of ruth will be
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see.
Then dazzled eyes, with pride which great ambition blindes,
Shall be unveil'd by worthy wights, whose foresight falshood finds.

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The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sowe,
Shall reape no gaine, where former rule hath taught still peace to growe.
No forreine banish'd wight shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rust shall first his edge employ,
To polle their toppes that seeke such change, and gape for joy. J. G. B.

Notes of a Reader.

QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. 87.

Character of Mr. Canning.

THERE have been some who equalled him in acquirements—many who have possessed sounder judgment and sounder principles; but never was there in any legislative assembly, a person whose talents were more peculiarly and perfectly adapted to the effect which he intended to produce. With all the advantages of voice and person—with all the graces of delivery—with all the charms which affability and good-nature impart to genius, he had wit at will, as well as eloquence at command. Being frank and sincere in all his political opinions, he had all that strength in his oratory which arises from sincerity, although in his political conduct the love of intrigue was one of his besetting sins. By an unhappy perversion of mind it seemed as if he would always rather have obtained his end by a crooked path than by a straight one; but his speeches had nothing of this tortuosity; there was nothing covert in them, nothing insidious—no double-dealing, no disguise. His argument went always directly to the point, and with so well-judged an aim that he was never (like Burke) above his mark—rarely, if ever, below it, or beside it. When, in the exultant consciousness of personal superiority, as well as the strength of his cause, he trampled upon his opponents, there was nothing coarse, nothing virulent, nothing contumelious, nothing ungenerous in his triumph. Whether he addressed the Liverpool electors, or the House of Commons, it was with the same ease, the same adaptation to his auditory, the same unrivalled dexterity, the same command of his subject and his hearers, and the same success. His only faults as a speaker were committed when, under the inebriating influence of popular applause, he was led away by the heat and passion of the moment. A warm friend, a placable adversary, a scholar, a man of letters, kind in his nature, affable in his manners, easy of access, playful in conversation, delightful in society—rarely have the brilliant promises of boyhood been so richly fulfilled as in Mr. Canning.

Political Economists

Are the most daring of all legislators, just (it has been well said) as "cockney equestrians are the most fearless of all riders." But the confidence with which they propose their theories is less surprising than the facility with which their propositions have been entertained, and their extravagant pretensions admitted. We need not marvel at the success of quackery in medicine and theology, when we look at the career of the St. John Longs in political life. From the time in which the bullion question came out of Pandora's Scotch mull, parliament has been wearied with the interminable discussions which they have raised there. Youths who were fresh from college, and men with or without education, who were "in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion," imbibe the radiant darkness of Jeremy Beatham, and forthwith set themselves up as the lights of their generation. No professors, even in the subtlest ages of scholastic philosophy, were ever more successful in muddying what they found clear, and perplexing what is in itself intelligible. What are wages?—this, we are told, is the most difficult and the most important of all the branches of political economy, and this, we are also told, has been obscured by ambiguities and fallacies. What is rent? What is value? Upon these questions, and such as these, which no man of sincere understanding ever proposed to himself or others, they discuss and dilate with as much ardour and to as little effect, as the old philosophers disputed upon the elements of the material creation; bringing to the discussion intellects of the same kind, though as far below them in degree as in the dignity of the subjects upon which their useless subtlety is expended. But it cannot be said of them, that they, when all is said,

With much discretion and great want of wit,
Leave all as wisely as it was at first;

for they mystify those readers who are not disgusted by such ineptitudes, perplex weak minds, and pervert vain ones. Of such discussions it may be said with the son of Sirach, that "when a man hath done, then he beginneth; and when he leaveth off, then he shall be doubtful."

Homer.

Seneca reckons among the idle questions, which were unworthy of wise men, the dispute whether Homer wrote both the Iliad and Odyssey, and in what com-

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tries Ulysses wandered. Notwithstanding the "Stoic's philosophic pride," these inquiries have still an interest to minds of the highest order—such is the homage which genius extorts from the remotest countries and from the latest ages. We noticed, in an article in our last Number, the curious fact of native youths in India performing parts of Shakspeare, and thus on the shores of the Ganges countless minds are deriving delight, perhaps improvement, from the careless and unlaboured verses of the light-hearted Warwickshire deer-stealer. So, in this country, and over all the continent of Europe, which, when the songs of Homer first gladdened the halls of the chieftains on the shores of the Ægean, were vast unknown deserts, unpeopled, or wandered over by a few rude hunters; which, to the Greeks, were regions of more than Cimmerian darkness, beyond the boundaries of the living world—men of the loftiest and most powerful understanding are examining, and discussing, and disputing the most minute points which may illustrate the poetry of the blind bard; scholars are elucidating, antiquaries illustrating, philosophers reasoning upon, men of genius transfusing into their native tongues, poets honouring with despairing emulation, the whole mind of educated man *feeling* the transcendant power of the poet of the Iliad and Odyssey. Surely, the boasted triumph of poetry over space and time is no daring hyperbole—surely, it is little more than the boasted reality of truth.

Power of Memory.

It is indeed not easy to calculate the height to which the memory may be cultivated. To take an ordinary case, we might refer to that of any first-rate actor, who must be prepared, at a very short warning, to "rhapsodize" night after night, parts which, when laid together, would amount to an immense number of lines. But all this is nothing to two instances of our own day. Visiting at Naples a gentleman of the highest intellectual attainments, and who held a distinguished rank among the men of letters in the last century, he informed us that the day before he had passed much time in examining a man, not highly educated, who had learned to repeat the whole Gierusalemme Liberata of Tasso; not only to recite it consecutively, but to repeat any given stanza of any given book; to repeat those stanzas in utter defiance of the sense, either forwards or backwards, or from the eighth line to the first, alternately the odd and even lines—in short, whatever the passage required, the memory, which seemed to cling to the words much more than to the sense, had it at such perfect command, that it could produce it under any form. Our informant went on to state, that this singular being was proceeding to learn the Orlando Furioso in the same manner. But even this instance is less wonderful than one as to which we may appeal to any of our readers that happened some twenty years ago to visit the town of Stirling, in Scotland. No such person can have forgotten that poor, uneducated man, *Blind Jamie*, who could actually repeat, after a few minutes' consideration, any verse required from any part of the Bible—even the obscurest and least important enumeration of mere proper names not excepted.

Origin of the Homeric Poems.

It is said that the art of writing, and the use of manageable writing materials, were entirely, or all but entirely, unknown in Greece and the islands at the supposed date of the composition of the Iliad; and that if so, this poem could not have been committed to writing during the time of such its composition; that in a question of comparative probabilities like this, it is a much grosser improbability that even the single Iliad, amounting, after all curtailments and expungings, to upwards of 15,000 lines, should have been actually conceived and perfected in the brain of one man, with no other help but his own or others' memory, than that it should, in fact, be the result of the labours of several distinct authors; that if the Odyssey be counted, the improbability is doubled; that if we add, upon the authority of Thucydides and Aristotle, the Hymns and Margites, not to say the Batrachomuiomachia, that which was improbable becomes absolutely impossible; that all that has been so often said as to the fact of as many lines, or more, having been committed to memory, is beside the point in question, which is not whether 15,000 or 30,000 lines may be learnt by art from a book or manuscript, but whether one man can *compose* a poem of that length, which, rightly or not, shall be thought to be a perfect model of symmetry or consistency of parts, without the aid of writing materials; that, admitting the superior probability of such a thing in a primitive age, we know nothing analogous to such a case; and that it so transcends the common limits of intellectual power, as, at the least, to merit, with as much justice as the opposite opinion, the character of improbability.—*H. N. Coleridge.*

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LIBERALISM AND MUSIC.

It seems that the day is come again when musical airs are ranked in political importance with proclamations, manifestoes, &c. Everybody knows the story of the Swiss hired troops, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the prohibition of this tune in France. A Polish air, the *Dombrowski Mazourka*, which the regiment of General Szembek played on entering Warsaw, has been forbidden by the Grand Duke Constantine, on pain of a penalty of 400 florins; the consequence of which is, that it has become the outward and audible sign of patriotism in every part of Poland; just as the Marseilles March and *la Parisienne* are in France and the Netherlands the signals of liberalism. During Mr. Pitt's administration an organ grinder was committed to Newgate for playing "Ah! ça ira" in the streets. This was a silly step; but the fellow excited little commiseration, for the tune was the war-whoop of a few savages who were at that time deluging France with blood. It affords another proof, however, of the power ascribed by statesmen to instrumental music, uninterpreted by words in exciting ideas and producing associations.—*Harmonicon, Feb.* 1.

TURKISH MUSICAL GUSTO.

A modern traveller informs us, that the band of an English ambassador at Constantinople once performed a concert for the entertainment of the Sultan and his court. At the conclusion it was asked, which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favourite air, began *tuning* their instruments, when his highness instantly exclaimed, "*Inshallah*, heaven be praised, that is it!" The Turkish prince may be excused, when it is known that at the commemoration of Handel in 1784, Dr. Burney thought the mere tuning of that host of instruments more gratifying than the ordinary performances to which he had been accustomed. —*Ibid*

RODE, THE VIOLINIST.

In 1814, he was resident at Berlin, where he gave a concert for the benefit of the poor, and on quitting that capital, returned to his native city, not again to quit it, except for one ill-starred visit to Paris in 1818. This visit threw a fatal colouring over all the rest of Rode's days, and probably contributed to shorten his life. For several years he had played only in a small circle of admiring friends, who persuaded him (nothing loth to believe) that his talents were still unabated. The habit of hearing no one but himself had extinguished emulation, and deprived him of all means of comparison. Rode suddenly determined to re-appear in the musical world, and on his arrival in Paris sought for opportunities of playing in private parties, with as much eagerness as though he had still been a young man with a reputation to make. His old admirers were at first delighted to greet him; but they soon saw with unfeigned regret that he was compromising a great and well-earned name. His tone, once so pure and beautiful, had become uncertain; his bow was as timid as his fingers, and he no longer dared to indulge fearlessly the suggestions of his imagination; in short it was too apparent that, in spite of his delusion, Rode's former confidence in himself was gone; and we know the importance of that feeling of self-reliance which men of talent derive from the innate consciousness of their own superiority: once destroyed, everything else vanishes with it. He was applauded; respect for the last efforts of what had once been first-rate talent secured him that meed; but he was applauded because his audience considered it a kind of duty, and without any symptoms of enthusiasm. He felt the distinction; a dreadful light broke in upon him, and for the first time he became conscious that he was no longer himself. The blow was the more severe as it was unlooked for: he left Paris overwhelmed with grief; the check he had received preyed incessantly on his mind and injured his health. A paralytic stroke toward the end of 1829 deprived him of the use of one side and affected his intellect, in which state he languished for nearly twelve months, till on the 25th of November, 1830, death relieved him from his sufferings.—*From a Memoir of Rode in the Harmonicon.*

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

It may be considered as sufficiently proved, that the sciences had not acquired any degree of improvement until the eighth century before the Christian era; notwithstanding great nations had been formed in several parts of the earth some centuries earlier. Fifteen hundred years before Christ there were already four—the Indians, the Chinese, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians.—*Cuvier.*

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Select Biography.

THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

(For the Mirror.)

We regret to record the death of this distinguished scholar and munificent patron of literature and the fine arts. For some weeks past we have been awaiting the publication of his last work, entitled, "An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man;" and after looking with this expectation in the *Times* of Friday, the 4th, we there read the information of Mr. Hope's death, on the 2nd instant, at his house in Duchess-street.

Mr. Hope was a nephew of the opulent Amsterdam merchant of the same name. We are not aware of his precise age, but should judge it must have verged on sixty. In early life he travelled much, especially in the East; and few Englishmen have acquired better knowledge of the manners and customs of that division of the world than had the subject of this memoir. His visits to the European continent are of much more recent date. In its various academies of fine art his name will long be cherished with grateful remembrance, since few men distributed their patronage with so much munificence and judgment.

Possessing an ample fortune and exquisite taste, Mr. Hope judiciously applied his knowledge of the fine arts to the internal decoration of houses: thus producing, in numberless instances, the rare combination of splendour and convenience. On this subject, Mr. Hope published, in 1805, an illustrative folio work, entitled "Household Furniture and Internal Decorations." He also published two very superb works on costume, entitled, "The Costumes of the Ancients," two vols. 8vo. 1809; and "Designs of Modern Costume," folio, 1812: in which he displayed high classical attainments and love of the picturesque.

Mr. Hope, however, subsequently appeared before the literary world in a work which at once places him in the highest list of eloquent writers and superior men—viz. *Anastasius; or, the Memoirs of a Modern Greek:* published in the year 1819. There are, indeed, few books in the English language which contain passages of greater power, feeling, and eloquence than this work, which delineate frailty and vice with more energy and acuteness, or describe historical scenes with such bold imagery and such glowing language. We remember the opinion of a writer in the Edinburgh Review, soon after the publication of *Anastasius*. With a degree of pleasantry and acumen peculiar to northern criticism, he asks, "Where has Mr. Hope hidden all his eloquence and poetry up to this hour? How is it that he has, all of a sudden, burst out into descriptions which would not disgrace the pen of Tacitus, and displayed a depth of feeling and vigour of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel? We do not shrink from one syllable of this eulogy." The subjects upon which Mr. Hope had previously written were not calculated to call forth his eloquent feeling; and, such excellence was not expected from him, who, to use the harmless satire of the Edinburgh reviewer, "meditated muffineers and planned pokers."

This was no praise of party: contemporary criticism universally allowed *Anastasius* to be a work in which great and extraordinary talent is evinced. It abounds in sublime passages—in sense—in knowledge of history, and in knowledge of human character;—and the rapid sale of three editions has proved these superior characteristics to have been amply recognised by the reading public. The work in its fourth edition still enjoys a good sale. In each reprint the nicety of the writer is traceable: the corrections and alterations in the metaphysical portions on such passages as illustrate points of character, are elaborated with exquisite skill, and fresh turns of scholarly elegance are observable throughout each volume of the work. Memory has probably in some instances enabled the author to re-touch his pictures of Eastern scenery, and rearrange his grouping of particular incidents. What a delightful labour of leisure must this have been for so ingenious a mind! One of his similes—a weeping lady's eyes compared to violets steeped in dew—has never been out of our recollection; and one of his battle scenes almost makes the reader imagine himself transfixed to the spot by a weapon of the contest.

Mr. Hope married, in 1806, the Hon. Louisa Beresford, daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, and sister of the present peer, by whom he has left three sons, the eldest of whom, Mr. Henry Hope, was groom of the bedchamber to the late king, and recently took his seat in parliament for the borough of West Looe. Of their highly-gifted and accomplished mother we know many amiable traits; and, however bright may have been her fashionable splendour in high life, it is more than

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counterbalanced by her active benevolence in the country, in visiting the homes and relieving the distresses of the poor of the neighbourhood.

Of Mr. Hope's literary acquirements and his patronage of the liberal arts we have already spoken. It is, however, grateful to be enabled to refer to special acts of such patronage. It should not, therefore, be forgotten, that to the liberality of Mr. Hope, Thorwalsden, the celebrated Danish sculptor, is chiefly indebted for a fostering introduction to the world: we have seen at the liberal patron's seat, Deepdene, a stupendous boar of spotless marble, for which the sculptor received a commission of one thousand guineas. Mr. Hope, too, was one of the earliest of the patrons of Mr. George Dawe, R.A. In a memoir of this fortunate and distinguished painter we find that "Andromache soliciting the Life of her Son," from a scene in the French play entitled "Andromache," was purchased by Mr. Hope, "who, in the most liberal manner, marked his approbation of Dawe's talents by favouring him with several commissions for family portraits, especially a half-length of Mrs. Hope, with two of her children, and two whole-lengths of the lady singly." To the useful as well as elegant arts Mr. Hope's encouragement was extended; and for the last ten years he has filled the office of one of the Vice-presidents of the Society of Arts and Sciences in the Adelphi.

Mr. Hope usually passed "the season" at his superb mansion in Duchess-street, Portland-place, where he had assembled a valuable collection of works of art, altogether unrivalled, and comprising paintings, antique statues, busts, vases, and other relics of antiquity, arranged in apartments, the furniture and decorations of which were in general designed after classic models, by the ingenious possessor himself. Among the sculpture is the exquisite Venus rising from the Bath, by Canova. The whole of these valuables were open to the public, under certain restrictions, during "the season." Mr. Hope likewise possessed one of the most delightful estates in the county of Surrey—viz. the Deepdene, near Dorking, to which he annexed Chart Park, purchased from the devisees of the late Sir Charles Talbot, Bart. On the last-mentioned estate is a spacious mausoleum, erected by Mr. Hope about thirteen years since, and capable of containing upwards of twenty bodies. Two of his sons, who died in their youth, are buried here.

In the retirement of the Deepdene, Mr. Hope passed much time in embellishing the mansion, and improving the gardens, grounds, &c. "Here," observes the author of the *Promenade round Dorking*, "I was much gratified with landscape gardening, the quiet of echoing dells, and the refreshing coolness of caverns—all which combined to render this spot a kind of fairy region. Flower-gardens laid out in parterres, with much taste, here mingle trim neatness with rude uncultivated nature, in walks winding through plantations and woods, with ruined grottoes and hermitages, well adapted, by their solitary situations, for study and reverie." Adjoining the mansion, Mr. Hope likewise constructed a classical sculpture gallery, which he enriched with several antiques from his town residence. Notwithstanding all these additions, we are bound to confess, that, compared with the beauty of the situation, they were but unsuccessful efforts of art to embellish bountiful Nature.

The conveniences of the Deepdene are upon a scale of magnificence similar to that of the mansion in Duchess-street. Their present Majesties, before their accession, were occasional visiters at the Deepdene; and upon the formation of the Queen's Household, Mrs. Hope was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber.

Few men, even in the philanthropic neighbourhood of Dorking, were more beloved than the late Mr. Hope. His patronage by money and otherwise, was never vainly sought for a good object; and with this high merit we close our humble tribute to his public and private excellence. PHILO.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

(From the "Noctes" of Blackwood.)

NORTH.—The air, you know, is my own, James. I shall sing it to-night to some beautiful words by my friend Robert Folkestone Williams, written, he tells me, expressly for the Noctes.

Oh! fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display;
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.

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For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light,
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,
The sparkling, and the strong;
He who would learn the poet craft—
He who would shine in song—
Should pledge the flowing bowl
With warm and generous wine;
'Twas wine that warm'd Anacreon's soul,
And made his songs divine.

And e'en in tragedy,
Who lives that never knew
The honey of the Attic Bee
Was gather'd from thy dew?
He of the tragic muse,
Whose praises bards rehearse:
What power but thine could e'er diffuse
Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh! would that I could raise
The magic of that tongue:
The spirit of those deathless lays,
The Swan of Teios sung!
Each song the bard has given,
Its beauty and its worth,
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven
Was echoed upon earth.

How mighty—how divine
Thy spirit seemeth when
The rich draught of the purple vine
Dwelt in these godlike men.
It made each glowing page,
Its eloquence and truth,
In the glory of their golden age,
Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy
To the desolate—oppress'd
For wine can every grief destroy
That gathers in the breast.
The sorrows, and the care,
That in our hearts abide,
'Twill chase them from their dwellings there,
To drown them in its tide.

And now the heart grows warm,
With feelings undefined,
Throwing their deep diffusive charm
O'er all the realms of mind.
The loveliness of truth
Flings out its brightest rays,
Clothed in the songs of early youth,
Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young
The beautiful, the bright;
We hear the music of her tongue,
Breathing its deep delight.
We see again each glance,
Each bright and dazzling beam,
We feel our throbbing hearts still dance,
We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from woe,
A power like lightning darts;
A glory cometh down to throw
Its shadow o'er our hearts.
And dimm'd by falling tears,
A spirit seems to rise,
That shows the friend of other years
Is mirror'd in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,
Had dimm'd his setting star;
And we think with tears of those that *were*,
To smile on those that *are*.
Yet though the grassy mound
Sits lightly on his head,
We'll pledge, in solemn silence round,
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD!

The sparkling juice now pour,
With fond and liberal hand:
Oh! raise the laughing rim once more,
Here's to our FATHER LAND!
Up, every soul that hears,
Hurra! with three times three
And shout aloud, with deafening cheers,
The "ISLAND OF THE FREE."

Then fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home—
A dwelling in our hearts.

THE SNOW-WHITE VIRGIN.

(From a Winter Rhapsody. By Christopher North. Fytte III.)

THERE is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the "old familiar faces" of nature are for awhile out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. "Pure as snow" are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance—far, far, farther still—in the world beyond the grave—the image of a virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert Thou, whose rising and whose setting—both most starlike—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without speaking, we bless the beauty of some sweet wild-flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow!

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized. Then comes a wavering glimmer of seven sweet years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath, on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried!

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious Nature! Thou

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who art but a name given by our souls, seeing and hearing through the senses, to the Being in whom all things are and have life! Ere two years old, she, whose dream is now with us, all over the small silvan world, that beheld the revelation, how evanescent! of her pure existence, was called the "Holy Child!" The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost believed, looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty, at an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy, just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children—but unlike only because sooner than they—she seemed to have had given to her—even in the communion of the cradle—an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of reason and of religion on the face of the "Holy Child."

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts;—and her own parents wondered whence they came in her simplicity, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with primroses, so shone with fair and fragrant feelings—unfolded, ere they knew, before her parents' eyes—the divine nature of her who, for a season, was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—almost without any teaching—they knew not how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of Life. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"—how wept her parents, as these the most affecting of our Saviour's words dropt silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the "Holy Child."—Many such miracles are set before us; but we recognise them not, or pass them by, with a word or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears, unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music, till like small genii they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colours, and to imitate with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul—so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the "Holy Child?"

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies, and as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy!

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all the day long, from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds. The linnet ceased not

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his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of her harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high over-head sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet-garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty; and was loath to shake one dew-drop from the sweetbriar-rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds, and rushes, and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early—ere yet but five years old—did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life! The russet garb she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle task-work self-imposed among her pastimes; and itself, the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty, that still brings with it its own delight—and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensible to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy. The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed, let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young—was passed in the worship of God; and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows—forbore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knees, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when there was nothing to hinder her from going up to the hill-side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking to her in that Book, and the hallelujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the "Holy Child" from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in heaven!

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

France. By Leitch Ritchie.

THE design of moulding the romantic annals of different countries into so many series of Tales—is one of unquestionable beauty. It originated, we believe, with the late Mr. Henry Neele, who was in every sense well qualified for so poetical an exercise of ingenuity. He commenced with "England;" but, unfortunately, did not live to complete a Second Series; neither had he the gratification of seeing his design fully appreciated by the public. The "Romantic Annals of England," on their first appearance, made but slow progress in popularity: the author trusted, and the publisher hoped, and, to use a publishing phrase, the work gradually made its way—slow but sure—if we may judge from the wished-for "new editions." How unlike is this course of favour to the blaze of fashionable annals, or novels of high life, that are born and die in a day, or with one reading circle of a subscription library. They strut and fume in the publisher's newspaper puffs; but their light is put out within a few brief hours, and they are laid to sleep on the capacious shelves of the publisher's warehouse. Not so with the Tales of

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Historical Romance: they have fancy enough to embellish sober fact.

The *second* series—*Spain*—is from a Spanish hand of some pretension, but less power than that of Mr. Neele.

The *third* series—*France*—by another hand, is now before us. In his advertisement, the author says, when he undertook the present series, "he proposed to himself to fulfil what 'the Romance of History' seemed to require, by presenting a succession of romantic pictures illustrative of the historical manners of the French Nation." We incline to his conception of the task. He further notes that "he has taken pains to go for information to the original sources of French History. These he found in reasonable abundance, in the old Collegiate Library of Caen, and in the British Museum." There are in the Series nineteen Tales, with historical summaries where requisite for their elucidation. The titles are irresistible invitations—as Bertha, or the Court of Charlemagne—Adventures of Eriland—the Man-Wolf—the Phantom Fight—the Magic Wand—the Dream Girl, &c. Their style may be called spirit-stirring, while it has much of the graceful prettiness of love-romance.—The author, too, has caught the very air of chivalric times, and his pages glitter with the points of their glories;—not unseasonably mixed with the delightful quaintnesses and descriptive minuteness of the old chroniclers.

To condense either of the stories would be neither advantageous to the author nor reader. We therefore extract a scene or two from "the Bondsman's Feast," and an exquisite portrait of "the Dream Girl:"—

The Bondsman's Feast.

Arthault's only child was a son, who owed nothing to his father but the prospect of a fair inheritance, for he was little like him in form, and not at all in mind: he was a fine, manly, generous, and high-spirited youth—such as would have been thought too early born, had his appearance been made before the hereditary servility of his family was forgotten. The knight, too, had an only child, a daughter; who, in personal appearance and moral qualities, contrasted in as remarkable a manner with her father. She was little almost to a fault, in the standard of beauty, if there be such a thing; her form was moulded with a delicacy, which gave the idea of one of those aërial shapes that dance in the beam of poesy: and there was that gentle and refined playfulness of expression in her fair countenance, which artists have loved to picture in the nymphs of some silvan goddess, whose rudest employment is to chase one another on the green bank, or sport in the transparent wave.

Guillaume loved the beautiful bourgeoise before he knew that such love was a condescension; and Amable, when, on being desired by her father to refuse her heart to Guillaume, she thought of inquiring whether she possessed such a thing at all, started with surprise to find that she had given it away to the knight's son long ago. But where was the use of repining? Guillaume was young, and handsome, and generous, and brave; and what harm could befall her heart in such keeping? Amable turned away from her father with a light laugh, and a light step, and stealing skippingly round the garden wall—for already the paternal prohibitions had gone forth—bounded towards a grove of wild shrubs at the farther end.

The trees were bathed in sunlight; the air was filled with the song of birds; the face of heaven was undimmed by a single spot of shade, and the earth was green, and sparkling, and beautiful beneath. Such was the scene around her; but in Amable's mind, a warmer and brighter sun shed its light upon her maiden dreams, and the voice of the sweet, rich singer Hope drowned the melody of the woods. "Away!" she thought; "it cannot be that this strange, unkindly mood can endure; my father loves his friend in spite of all, and the noble and generous knight could not hate if he would. They shall not be a week apart when they will both regret what has passed; and when they meet again, I will laugh them into a confession that they have done so. Then the two friends will embrace; and then Guillaume and I will sing, and dance, and read together again—and then—and then—and then—" It seemed as if her thoughts had run her out of breath; for at this point of the reverie she paused, and hung back for a moment, while a sudden blush rose to her very eyes. Soon, however, she recovered; she threw back her head gaily, and yet proudly; legends of happy love crowded upon her memory, and minstrel songs echoed in her ear; she bounded lightly into the wood, and as some one, darting from behind a tree, caught her while she passed, Amable, with the stifled scream of alarm, which maidens are wont to give when they wish it unheard by all save one, found herself in the arms of Guillaume. * * * *

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This was a proud and a happy day for Arthault. His head was in the clouds; he scarcely seemed to touch the earth with his feet; but yet, with the strong control which worldly men are wont to exercise over their feelings, he schooled his aspect into the bland and lowly expression of grateful humility. When, in the early part of the morning, the echoes of Nogent (the chateau) were awakened by a flourish of trumpets, which proclaimed the approach of the Count, instead of waiting to receive him in the arcade under the belfry, according to the common usage of lords at that period,* he walked bare-headed to the gate of the outer court, and, kneeling, held the prince's stirrup as he dismounted.

The breakfast was served in cups and porringers of silver, set on a magnificent gold tray, and consisted chiefly of milk made thick with honey, peeled barley, cherries dried in the sun, and preserved barberries. The bread was of the *mias* cakes, composed of rye-flour, cream, orange-water, and new-laid eggs;† and the whole was distributed among the guests by Guillaume; the host himself having been compelled to take his seat at table by the Count.

The morning was spent in viewing the improvements of the place, and riding about the neighbourhood; and at ten o'clock the company partook of a dinner served in the same style of tasteful magnificence. The viands included, among other things, a lamb roasted whole, the head of a wild boar covered with flowers, fried trouts, and poached eggs, which were eaten with boiled radishes, and peas in their shells.‡

A profusion of the precious metals graced the table, more especially in drinking cups; those of horn, which were formerly in general use, having about this period gone out of vogue. The luxury of forks, it is true, had not yet been invented; but when it is remembered that the hands were washed publicly, before and after meals, not as a fashionable form, but in absolute earnest, it will not be feared that any indelicacy in the feasters contrasted with the taste and splendour of the feast.§

The wines filled by Guillaume, who waited particularly on the Count, besides the fashionable vin d'Aï of the district,‖ included the vin de Beaume of Burgundy, the vin d'Orleans, so much prized by Louis le Jeune, and the powerful vin de Rebrechien (another Orleans wine) which used formerly to be carried to the field by Henry I. to animate his courage.¶

After dinner the guests partook of the amusement of the chase, which afforded Arthault an opportunity of exhibiting, in all its extent, his newly-acquired estates—and which, indeed, comprehended a great part of the family property of Sansavoir; although the Count did not observe, and therefore no one else was so ill-bred as to do so, an old blackened building mouldering near the garden-wall, which Sir Launcelot had still preserved, and where he continued to reside in a kind of dogged defiance of his enemy.

The festivities of the day were closed by a splendid supper, attended by music and minstrel songs; and when the sleeping cup had passed round, the Count Henri retired to the chamber prepared for him, which he found to be not at all inferior to his own in luxury and magnificence. Vessels of gold, filled with rose-water, were placed on his dressing-table; the curtains of the ample bed were ornamented with partridge plumes, supposed to ensure to the sleeper a long and peaceful life; and, in short, nothing was wanting that might have been deemed pleasing either to the taste or superstition of the age.

We halt for the present with this foretaste of the gratification we may calculate on receiving from nearly every page of the whole Series. By the way, "the references to authorities for manners, &c. have been introduced throughout the work, and occasionally, illustrative and literary notes," at the request of the publisher; and we must not lose this opportunity of complimenting the sense and good taste of the suggestion.

* Gerard de Rousillon, MS. cited in Tristan le Voyageur.

† The paste formed of these materials was spread upon broad cabbage leaves, which came out of the oven covered with a slight golden crust, composing the mias cakes.—Tristan le Voyageur.

‡ Tristan le Voyageur. Boiled radishes, it may be important to know, are an excellent substitute for asparagus!

§ Forks did not come into use till the time of Charles V. in the latter half of the fourteenth century. In France, these instruments, both in silver and tinned iron, are made so as to bear some resemblance to the fingers, of which they are the substitutes, and they are used exclusively in the business of conveying food to the mouth; while the knives, being narrow and sharp-pointed, can answer no purpose but that of carving.—In England the case is different. The steel forks, in common use among the people, are incapable of raising thin viands to the mouth: while the broad, round-pointed knife was obviously intended for this business.

‖ The vin d'Aï, in Champagne, according to Patin, was called "Vinum Dei," by Dominicus Bandius It was the common drink of kings and princes.—Paumier, Traité du Vin.

¶ Mabillon, Annales Benedictines.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A CLERGYMAN of the name of Mathson was minister of Patteesdale, in Westmoreland, sixty years, and died at the age of ninety. During the early part of his life, his benefice brought him in only twelve pounds a-year; it was afterwards increased (perhaps by Queen Anne's bounty) to eighteen, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children, and lived comfortably with his neighbours, educated a son at the university, and left behind him upwards of one thousand pounds. With that singular simplicity and inattention to forms which characterize a country life, thus he himself read the burial service over his mother, he married his father to a second wife, and afterwards buried him also. He published his own banns of marriage in the church, with a woman he had formerly christened, and he himself married all his four children. W. G. C.

THE POPE PUZZLED.

POPE Alexander the sixth asked the Venetian ambassador at Rome, "What right his republic had to the dominion of the Adriatic Sea?" "It will be found," replied he, "on the back of the donation of the patrimony of St. Peter to his successors." W. A. R.

CHANGING SIDES.

"I AM come from Naples to support you," said one of the old opposition one night to a member on the ministerial benches. "From Naples!" was the ready rejoinder; "much farther—you are come from the other side of the House!"

TO MOLLY.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.
Omi de armistres,
Imi na distres.
Cant u discover,
Meas alo ver.—SWIFT.

KINGS OF FRANCE.

IT is worthy of remark, that none of the Kings of France have been succeeded by their sons for nearly two centuries. Phillippe, the present King of the French, succeeded to the regal sway in consequence of the dethronement of Charles the Tenth; who succeeded his brother, Louis the Eighteenth; who succeeded his brother, Louis the Sixteenth; who succeeded his grandfather, Louis the Fifteenth; who likewise succeeded his grandfather, Louis the Fourteenth, when only five years of age.
H. B. A.

PANDORA'S BOX.

THE Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, Cardinal (then Father) Glendel, explained to him the fable of Pandora's Box. He told him that all evils which afflict the human race were shut up in that fatal box; which Pandora, tempted by Curiosity, opened, when they immediately flew out, and spread themselves over the surface of the earth.

"What, Father!" said the young prince, "were all the evils shut up in that box?"

"Yes," answered the preceptor.

"That cannot be," replied the prince, "since Curiosity tempted Pandora; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all." J. G. B.

SQUALL AT SEA.

THE other evening a surgeon in the navy stated the following curious circumstance:—

While off Madagascar, in the ship Scorpion, he with the other officers of the ship were dining with the Captain (Johnson) who had just looked at the glass; it being a very fine day no one had any apprehension of a squall. The dinner was hardly over when the captain's eye caught the glass: he suddenly rose from table and hurrying on deck, ordered "All hands to turn up, and furl all sail immediately." They had just completed the order and were descending, when the ship was laid on her beam-ends, most of the men had a ducking, but that was all the mischief that happened. Three or four East Indiamen had already been destroyed by the same accident; and if the above order had not been complied with immediately as it was, nothing could have saved the ship, it being only a quarter of an hour since the first notice of it. The captain was afterwards made commissioner of Bombay, where he died.
GEO. ST. CLAIR.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 477.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, NORMANDY.

The interest attached to this extraordinary place is of so popular a character as fully to justify its introduction to our pages. It is situate at the southern extremity of the ancient province of Normandy, a district of considerable importance in the early histories of France and England. The "Mount" is likewise one of the most stupendous of Nature's *curiosities*, it being *one mass of granite*, and referred to by geologists as a fine specimen of that primary or primitive rock; or, to speak untechnically, of that rock "which is most widely spread over the globe in the lowest relative situation," and which contains no remains of a former world.* St. Michael's therefore stands pre-eminently in the sublime philosophy of Nature. It figures also in the page of man's history: its early celebrity is recognised in the chronicles of olden France and England; and it promises note in the history of our own times; since to this monastic spot will the political balance of France, in all probability, exile the person of the ambitious Polignac, ex-minister of France. The reader will perhaps suspect the political concatenation of Lulworth Castle, the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais Royal in our last volume; and the Prison of Vincennes and Mount St. Michael in the present. Instead of catching "the manners living as they *rise*," we appear to be looking out for crowns and ministers headlong as they *fall*.

St. Michael's is in that portion of Normandy which is not often visited by English tourists. One of its recent visiters was Mrs. Charles Stothard, wife of the distinguished artist, who, in 1820, published a narrative of her journey in the autumn of 1818. Mrs. Stothard's description of the "Mount" is dated from Avranches, a coast town of some consequence, not far from Caen. Speaking of the delightfully situated town of Avranches, the fair correspondent says,

"Beyond, in the midst of the sea, arises 400 feet above the surface of the water, the majestic rock of Mount St. Michael, and near it another, but smaller rock, called the Tombalaine.

* Primary rocks are supposed by geologists to constitute the foundation on which rocks of all the other classes are laid; and if we take an enlarged view of the structure of the globe, we may admit this to be the fact.—but the admission requires certain limitations.—Bakewell.

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In the distant and blue horizon appears the long and extending land of Britanny, mingling with the surrounding atmosphere, from which it is alone distinguished by a faint and uncertain line, that, like the prospect of our future years, impresses the mind with a deeper interest from its distant and impenetrable form. Mount St. Michael is a league in circumference; in some parts of the rock is perpendicular; it is flooded entirely at high water, but when the tide is out, the rock may be approached by the sands; some danger, however, attends the passage to those who are not perfectly well acquainted with the track, as many quicksands intercept, where travellers have frequently been lost.

"There is a small town on Mount St. Michael. The castle, which stands at the top, is accessible by steps cut in the solid rock. In the year 708, St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, here first created the chapel dedicated to St. Michael; in 966, Richard the first Duke of Normandy, established a convent of monks of the order of St. Benoit, and in 1024, Richard the second Duke of Normandy, built the church, which still exists. The provisions that supply the fortress, are sent up in a basket drawn by a machine. Tradition says, that there was in this castle an obligatory, or concealed trap-door, where, in feudal times, persons were taken, whom the state directed should be secretly put out of the way. Under pretext of showing them the castle, they were conducted into a remote chamber, there they soon met their destined fate, for chancing to step upon the concealed door, they were precipitated into the abyss, many hundred feet below. They still exhibit at this fortress the sword and shield of St. Michael, and some cannon left by the English, when they made a fruitless attempt to take possession of the rock. Here it was that in former times, the Kings of France and the Dukes of Britanny made frequent pilgrimages, and performed penance at the shrine of St. Michael."

The lofty situation of the church appears to be peculiar to the churches dedicated to St. Michael. In many parts of the world they are built on very lofty eminences, in allusion, it is said, to St. Michael's having been the highest of the heavenly host. St. Michael's, in Cornwall, is another confirmation of this remark.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the original of our Engraving from an elegant Print Scrap Book, now in course of publication by Mr. H. Dawe. It consists of well executed mezzotinto prints which are worthy of the album of any fair subscriber.

NIOBE.

(For the Mirror.)

Hush'd are the groans of death, heart-piercing sound,
That mournful rose in peals on peals around:
Child after child by heav'nly darts expires,
And frequent corses feed the gloomy pyres.
Aghast she stands!—now here in wild amaze—
Now there the mother casts her madd'ning gaze:
In fixedness of grief, in dumb despair,
Her looks, her mien, her inmost soul declare:
Her looks, her mien, her deep-sunk anguish show
With all the silent eloquence of woe.

See! from her cheek the rosy lustre flies;
How dim the beams that sparkled in her eyes.
No more so softly heaves the throbbing breast
The purple currents in their channels rest;—
No more the Zephyr's balmy breath can wave
The graceful locks which laughing Hebe gave;—
And fade those lips where fresh vermilion shone,
Cold as the clay, or monumental stone;—
O'er all her limbs an icy numbness spreads,
And marble death eternal quiet sheds.

*Great sculptor hail! whom Nature's self design'd
To trace the labyrinths of the human mind—
To read the heart, and give with strong control,
To stone the silent workings of the soul:
Thine all-creative hand, thy matchless skill
Could what unbounded genius plann'd, fulfil.
Hence sprang that grief-wrung form—the languid eye—
The bloodless lip, and look of agony—
That face, where mute contending passions play—
That life of pain, of anguish, and dismay.

To sink she seems beneath the afflictive weight
Of gloomy cares portentous of her fate;—
Yet on her brow still soft Affection beams,
Tho' Desperation prompts her sombre dreams.
Parental feelings thrill her tortur'd breast,
And all the frantic mother stands confest—
A very Niobe—sad, hapless name!
In figure, features, and in all the same:
The same in all as Vengeance fierce pursued
Far to a wild and cheerless solitude.
For Salmo's bard has sung (by Heaven's decrees)
In awful pomp she mounted on the breeze—
Borne by the buoyant wind—a ghostly form—
She sail'd along the region of the storm.

So oft 'tis said in Lapland's chill domain,
Where dreary winter holds a lengthen'd reign,
What time the Runic drum and magic spell
Evoke the rapt soul from its fragile cell,
Attendant spirits, won by charms and prayer,
In gliding motion float upon the air.

Sydenham S. S.

* Praxiteles.

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THE RHINE.

(To the Editor.)

In looking over the last volume (16) of your interesting miscellany, I was much amused with a humorous legend at page 108, called the Rat's Tower, and according to your reference, having turned to page 68, of vol. xii. was equally entertained with the same laughable and well told story versified. This humorous production is extracted from a work entitled, if I mistake not, "The Rhinish Keepsake," containing many of the most wonderful and spirit-stirring legends connected with old chateaux, &c. on the banks of that majestic river, the Rhine. Amongst other pretty and choice *morceaux*, is a poem under the name of "*L'Envoy*," which may probably interest yourself and the readers of the *Mirror*. In perusing the enclosed, you will observe the infancy, manhood, and old age of "Father Rhine," as he is called, are all brought in succession before our eyes, which happy and ingenious idea is taken from a highly descriptive French publication, and perhaps having named the work, you will pardon my having extracted that portion which refers more particularly to the subject before us. The author says, "Dans son enfance le Rhin joue entre les fleurs des Alpes de la Suisse, il se berce dans le lac de Constance, il en sort avec des forces nouvelles, il devient un adolescent bouillant, fait une chute a Schaffhouse, s'avance vers l'age mur, se plait a remplir sa coupe de vin, court chercher les dangers et les affronte contre les écueils et les rochers: puis parvenu a un age plus avancée il abandonne les illusions, les sites romanesques, et cherche l'útile. Dans sa caducité il desserit et disparait enfin on ne sait trop comment!"

L'ENVOY.

Cologne! Cologne! Thy walls are won,
Farewell my bark—be hush'd my song;
My voyage is o'er—my task is done—
Too pleasant both to last me long.

Adieu, thou noble Rhine, adieu,
Thy scenes for ever rich and new,
Thy cheerful towns, thy Gothic piles,
Thy rude ravines, thy verdant isles;
Thy golden hills with garlands bound,
Thy giant crags with castles crown'd!

I have seen thee by morning's early light,
I have seen thee by evening gray;
With the crimson blush of sun-set bright,
And lit by the moon's pale ray;

Shrouded in mist and darken'd by storm,
With the countless tints of autumn warm:
In ev'ry hue that can o'er thee fall;
And lovely, lovely thou art in all.
The Rhine!—That little word will be
For aye a spell of power to me,
And conjure up, in care's despite,
A thousand visions of delight.

The Rhine! O where beneath the sun
Doth that fair river's rival run?
Where dawns the day upon a stream,
Can in such changeful beauty shine,
Outstripping Fancy's wildest dream,
Like yon green, glancing, glorious Rhine.

Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
Cradled in the Bodeu-see,*
Forth the infant river flows,
Leaping on in childish glee.
Coming to a riper age,
He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
And makes a gallant pilgrimage
To many a ruin'd tower and shrine.
Strong and swift, and wild and brave,
On he speeds with crested wave;
And spurning aught like check or stay,
Fights and foams along his way,
O'er crag and shoal, until his flood
Boils like manhood's hasty blood!

Older, broader, deeper grown,
All romantic follies flown,
Now the laden Beurtschiff sails
Slowly o'er his sober tide,
Which wanders on through fertile vales,
And looks like Peace by Plenty's side.

Joy and strife, and labour past,
In his grave he sinks at last!
Not the common river's tomb—
Not the ocean's mighty womb;
Into earth he melts away,
Like that very thing of clay,
Man, whose brief and checker'd course
He hath copied from his source.†

Farewell thou "Father Rhine," as they
Who dwell beside thee fondly say,
May thy delicious valley long
Echo the sweet and grateful song,
Which ever round the goblet rose—
And well thy minstrel's lay may close.

Y. O. S.

K 2

* The Lake of Constance.

† The Rhine loses itself in the sands of Holland before its waters can mingle with the sea.

KATERFELTO.

(To the Editor.)

In reply to the question of your correspondent—"Who was Katerfelto?" I am enabled to offer the few brief particulars which follow. With regard to his birth, parentage, and education, I am, however, not qualified to convey any information. I know not "to whom he was related, or by whom forgot." I became acquainted with him about the year 1790 or 1791, when he visited the City of Durham, accompanied by his wife and daughter. He then appeared to be about sixty years of age. His travelling equipage consisted of an old rumbling coach, a pair of sorry hacks, and two black servants. They wore green liveries with red collars, but the colours were sadly faded by long use.

Having taken suitable apartments, the black servants were sent round the town, blowing trumpets and delivering bills, announcing their master's astonishing performances, which in the day time consisted in displaying the wonders of the microscope, &c. and in the evening in exhibiting electrical experiments, in

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the course of which he introduced his two celebrated black cats, generally denominated the Doctor's Devils—for, be it understood, that our hero went under the dignified style and title of *Doctor* Katerfelto. Tricks of legerdemain concluded the evening's entertainments.

The first night of the Doctor's performance was extremely wet, and the writer of this, who was then quite a boy, composed his whole audience. The Doctor's spouse invited me behind the curtains to the fire, on one side of which sat the great conjuror himself, his person being enveloped in an old green, greasy roquelaire, and his head decorated with a black velvet cap. On the other side of the fire-place sat Mrs. Katerfelto and daughter, in a corresponding style of dress—that is to say, equally ancient and uncleanly. The family appeared, indeed, to be in distressed circumstances. The Doctor told me the following odd anecdote:—Some time before he had sent up from a town in Yorkshire a fire-balloon, for the amusement of the country people, and at which they were not a little astonished; but in a few days afterwards the Doctor was himself more astonished on being arrested for having set fire to a hay rick! The balloon, it appeared, had in its descent fallen upon a rick, which it consumed, and the owner, having ascertained by whom the combustible material had been dispatched, arrested the doctor for the damage. As the Doctor was unable to pay the amount, he was obliged to go to prison, thus proving that it is sometimes easier to raise the devil than to "raise the wind." Having been admitted behind the scenes, I had an opportunity of seeing the conjuror's apparatus, but the performance was postponed to another evening.

On the next night of the Doctor's appearance he had a tolerably respectable auditory, and the following incidents may amuse your readers, as they occasioned much laughter at the moment. Among the company was the Rev. Mr. P., a minor canon. The conjuror, in the course of his tricks, desired a card to be drawn from the pack, by one of the company, which was done, the card examined and returned into the pack, in the presence of the audience; but on the company being requested to take the card again from the pack, it could not be found. The Doctor said it must have been taken out by some one present, and civilly begged the reverend gentleman to search his pockets. Indignant at such an insinuation, the inflamed divine for some time refused to comply, but at length being persuaded, he drew forth the identical card, much to his own surprise and the amusement of the spectators. A similar trick was also played with some money, which unaccountably found its way into the reverend gentleman's pocket, a circumstance which put him out of all patience; and he proceeded most sternly to lecture the astounded Doctor for having practised his levity on a gentleman of his cloth, upon which, and threatening the poor conjuror with vengeance, he strode out of the room. Katerfelto declared that, although he was a conjuror, he did not know the gentleman was a divine.

Katerfelto left Durham soon afterwards, and I have heard died at Bristol.

Pentonville. DUNELM.

(To the Editor.)

A CORRESPONDENT having expressed a wish to obtain some knowledge of Dr. Katerfelto, of juggling memory, perhaps the following may be acceptable: Between thirty and forty years ago he travelled through the principal towns of the northern counties with a caravan filled with philosophical apparatus, giving lectures where a sufficient audience could be collected. He appeared to be about five feet ten, rather thin, and towards fifty. He was dressed in a black gown and square cap; his apparatus was in excellent order, and very well managed, he conducted every experiment with great certainty, never failing; and though much knowledge might be gained from his lecture, people seemed more inclined to laugh than to learn; perhaps from his peculiar manner, and partly from his introducing something ludicrous, as on exhibiting the powers of a magnet, by lifting a large box, he observed it was not empty, and on opening the lid, five or six black cats put up their heads, which he instantly put down, saying, "it is not your hour yet." Also when about to prove the truth of what he advanced, by experiment, he had a strange way of calling your attention by saying, "But then look *here*," raising his voice loud at the word "here." The lecture was succeeded by a display of legerdemain, in which I thought him very superior to Breslaw.

It was said then, that he had originally been a soldier in the Prussian service, and had procured his discharge.

J. G. P.

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Notes of a Reader.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

Far better would it be if, in the few cases for which death ought to be inflicted, the execution were to take place within the walls of the prison, none being present except the proper officers, the clergyman, and those persons whom the sufferer might desire to have with him at his departure. The effect might possibly be impressive to some good end, which most certainly it is not now, if there were no other announcement than that of tolling a bell, when all was over, and hoisting a black flag, where it might be seen far and wide; and if the body of a murderer were carried under a pall, with some appropriate solemnity, to the place of dissection. Executions ought never to be made a spectacle for the multitude, who, if they can bear the sight, always regard it as a pastime; nor for the curiosity of those who shudder while they gratify it. Indeed, there are few circumstances in which it is not expedient that a veil should be drawn over the crimes and sufferings of our fellow-creatures; and it is greatly to be wished, that in all cases of turpitude and atrocity, no further publicity were given to the offence than is necessary for the ends of justice. For no one who is conversant with criminal courts, or has obtained any insight into the human mind, can entertain a doubt that such examples are infectious.—*Qry. Review.*

(There is so much sterling sense and knowledge of life displayed in these "Notes" from the last published *Quarterly Review*, that we continue their selection without apology to the reader.)

BURNING ALIVE.

Little more than fifty years have elapsed since a girl, just turned fourteen, was condemned to be burnt alive, having been found guilty of treason as an accomplice with her master in coining, because, at his command, she had concealed some whitewashed counters behind her stays. The master was hanged. The fagots were placed in readiness for her execution; and it was averred, in the House of Commons, by Sir William Meredith, at the time, that "the girl would have been burnt alive, on the same day, had it not been for the humane, but casual interference of Lord Weymouth." Mere accident saved the nation from this crime and this national disgrace; but so torpid was public feeling in those days, that the law remained unaltered till the year 1790; till which time the sheriff who did not execute a sentence of this kind was liable to prosecution; though, it may well be believed, no sheriff was then inhuman enough to adhere to the letter of such a law.—*Ibid.*

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS,

As at present conducted, are said to do more harm than good. But though this should be admitted, it would still be true that they have even now their good as well as their evil; that there have been times when the good greatly preponderated; that they have contributed in no slight degree to civilization and refinement; and that in calling forth Shakspeare's genius, which, by no other means, and in no other way, could have been called forth with equal effect, they have done more good than outweighs all the evil that they ever have done, or can do. Public spectacles have been regarded in this light by the wisest legislators; nor is it only human authority which has given them its sanction; they made an essential part of the Jewish law; there is nothing opposed to them in the spirit of Christianity; and if they are at any time perverted to the gratification of evil passions, or the depravation of manners, the fault is in that public opinion which calls for and encourages such gratification, and in those governments which, neglecting their paramount duty, tolerate such perversion.—*Ibid.*

LAW AND LAWYERS.

It is related by Laud, in his Diary, that when he was standing one day, during dinner, near his unfortunate master, then Prince Charles, the prince, who was in cheerful spirits, talking of many things as occasion offered, said, that if necessity compelled him to choose any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer; "for," said he, "I can neither defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one." "*Sic in majoribus succedas, in æternum faustus!*" was the aspiration which his faithful servant and fellow victim breathed, when he recorded this trait of Christian character in private notes, which, beyond all doubt, were never intended to be seen by any eyes but his own. Even then, the practice had become so much an exercitation of subtlety, on the part of its professors, to the utter disregard of its original end and object, that, as Donne strongly expressed himself, the name of "law" had been "strumpeted."

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It has been asked, if this be the fault of the men or of the institutions—of the lawyers or of the law? and maintained that the original fault is in the law: a conclusion more charitable than satisfactory; for, by whom has the law been made what it is, but by the lawyers?

By the Roman laws, every advocate was required to swear that he would not undertake a cause which he knew to be unjust, and that he would abandon a defence which he should discover to be supported by falsehood or iniquity. This is continued in Holland at this day; and if an advocate brings forward a cause there, which appears to the court plainly iniquitous, he is condemned in the costs of the suit: the example will, of course, be very rare; more than one, however, has occurred within the memory of persons who are now living. The possible inconvenience that a cause just in itself might not be able to find a defender, because of some strong and general prejudice concerning it, is obviated in that country by an easy provision: a party who can find no advocate, and is nevertheless persuaded of the validity of his cause, may apply to the court, which has, in such cases, the discretionary power of authorizing or appointing one. —*Ibid.*

RICH AND POOR.

THE most rational, the wisest, the best portion of mankind, belong to that class who possess "neither poverty nor riches." Let the reader look around him; let him observe who are the persons that contribute most to the moral and physical melioration of mankind; who they are that practically and personally support our unnumbered institutions of benevolence; who they are that exhibit the worthiest examples of intellectual exertion; who they are to whom he would himself apply if he needed to avail himself of a manly and discriminating judgment. That they are the poor is not to be expected; we appeal to himself, whether they are the rich? —*Dymond's Principles of Morality.*

SUNDAY.

A DAY of rest it is by the laws of the land, and ought to be by the laws of God—let us be thankful when we thus find them in agreement; but a day wholly dedicated to devotion it was not intended to be by either, nor in the nature of things can it possibly be so. The greater part of it must be spent in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, or in out-of-door recreation, or in idleness. In the former and better manner it is passed by the majority of the middle classes; it is the day on which friends and relations meet, whom business keeps apart during six days of the week; and the stoppage of stage-coaches within twenty miles of London on the Sunday would take away more moral and wholesome enjoyment than any act of the legislature can produce. But supposing public worship were duly attended by all persons, as, according to what has now become a fiction of the law, it is designed to be, how are the remaining portions of the day to be disposed of by those who have no domestic circle to which they can repair—no opportunities for that refreshment both of body and mind, which the Sabbath, when wisely and properly observed, affords? Or who, if belonging to or placed in religious families, are not yet at years of such discretion as suffices to repress their natural activity and the instinctive desire of recreation? Rigorous game-laws do not more certainly encourage poaching, than the puritanical observance of the Sabbath leads to Sabbath-breaking.—*Quarterly Review.*

BURNS.

THIS extraordinary man, before he produced any of the pieces on which his fame is built, had educated himself abundantly; and when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, knew more of books, as well as of men, than fifty out of a hundred in any of the learned professions in any country of the world are ever likely to do.—*Ibid.*

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WHEN the Ettrick Shepherd was first heard of, he had indeed but just learned to write, by copying the letters of a printed ballad, as he lay watching his flock on the mountains; but thirty years or more have passed since then, and his acquirements are now such, that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronizing him, might be justly said to honour a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius. We may take the liberty of adding, in this place, what perhaps may not be known to the excellent managers of that excellent institution, that a more worthy, modest, sober, and loyal man does not exist in his majesty's dominions than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the absurd fancy of exhibiting in print as a

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sort of boozing buffoon; and who is now, instead of revelling in the license of tavern-suppers and party politics, bearing up, as he may, against severe and unmerited misfortunes, in as dreary a solitude as ever nursed the melancholy of a poetical temperament.—*Ibid.*

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

Needs no testimony either to his intellectual accomplishments or his moral worth; nor, thanks to his own virtuous diligence, does he need any patronage. He has been fortunate enough to secure a respectable establishment in the *studio* of a great artist, who is not less good than great, and would thus be sufficiently in the eye of the world, even were his literary talents less industriously exercised than they have hitherto been. His recent Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors form one of the most agreeable books in the language; and it will always remain one of the most remarkable and delightful facts in the history of letters, that such a work—one conveying so much valuable knowledge in a style so unaffectedly attractive—so imbued throughout, not only with lively sensibility, amiable feelings, honesty and candour, but mature and liberal taste, was produced by a man who, some twenty years before, earned his daily bread as a common stonemason in the wilds of Nithsdale. Examples like these will plead the cause of struggling genius, wherever it may be found, more powerfully than all the arguments in the world.—*Ibid.*

DUELLING

Is the only crime into which an upright man, wanting in moral firmness, can be impelled by the law of honour. Surely there could be no difficulty in putting an end to this absurd and abominable practice by wholesome laws. Appoint six months' imprisonment for the offence of sending a challenge, or of accepting it; two years if the parties meet; and if one falls, transport the other for life. Appoint the same punishment in all cases for the seconds; and from the day in which such a law should be enacted, not a pair of duelling pistols would ever again be manufactured in this country, even for the Dublin market.—*Ibid.*

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

The pecuniary wealth, the valuables and pictures of Mazarin, were immense. He was fond of hoarding,—a passion that seized him when he first found himself banished and destitute. His love of pictures was as strong as his love of power—stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the cardinal, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue. He brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the cardinal in night-cap and dressing gown tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look," exclaimed he, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!" His friend surprised him slumbering in his chair at another time, and murmuring, "Guenaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!" A few days before his death, he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged and painted, "so that he never looked so fresh and vermilion," in his life. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers cruelly rallied, and paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hand being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the visit of the Papal Nuncio, who came to give the cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the sacred college are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March, 1661.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. xv.

"GOD SAVE THE KING" IN ITALY.

On the 26th of December last, the King and Queen of Sardinia went in state to the *Carlo Felice* Theatre at Genoa, and presented to the public, says an Italian correspondent, his niece, the betrothed bride of the heir-apparent of the house of Austria. At seven the court arrived, the curtain rose, and displayed the whole *corps dramatique*, who sang *Dio Salve il Re*; or an Italian version of the words and music of our "God save the King," in which Madame Caradori took the principal part. Thus our national anthem is getting naturalized in Italy, the parent of song, and once the manufacturer of it for all Europe. It is already adopted in Russia, I am told, and is well known in France, though not likely to supplant the fine national air, "*Vive Henri Quatre.*"—*Harmonicon, Feb.* 1.

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Illustrations of Shakspeare.

FLINT CASTLE.

THIS Castle is, or rather was, situated on an insulated rock, in a marsh on the river Dee, which still, at high tides, washes its walls. It is a site of considerable historical interest, being the place where the unhappy King Richard II. was delivered into the hands of his rival, Bolingbroke. The unfortunate monarch, it appears, finding himself deserted, had withdrawn to North Wales, with a design to escape to France. He was, however, decoyed to agree to a conference with Bolingbroke, and on the road was seized by an armed force, conveyed to Flint Castle, and thence led by his successful rival to the metropolis.

Shakspeare has perpetuated Flint Castle by its frequent mention in his "Life and Death of King Richard the Second." He has indeed invested it with high poetical interest. Thus, in Scene 2 of Act iii. where occurs that touching lament of unkingship—

> ——— Of comfort, no man speak:
> Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, &c.

Again, where the moody monarch says—

> ———What comfort have we now?
> By heaven! I'll hate him everlastingly,
> That bids me be of comfort any more.
> Go, to *Flint Castle*; there I'll pine away;
> A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

Then, the investiture of the Castle—"Scene 3.—*Wales. Before Flint Castle;*" "*Enter, with drums and colours,* BOLINGBROKE *and Forces.*" "*A parle sounded, and answered.—Flourish.—Enter on the walls* KING RICHARD, &c." Shakspeare makes the capture *in the castle*. Thus, Northumberland (from Bolingbroke before the castle) parleys with the King—

> My lord, in the base court he doth attend
> To speak with you, may't please you to come down?
>
> KING RICHARD.
>
> Down, down I come; like glistering Phaeton,
> Wanting the management of unruly jades.
> (*North. retires to Boling.*)
> In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
> To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
> In the base court? Come Down? Down Court, Down King!
> For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. (*Exeunt from above.*)

Richard has been described as a prince of surpassing beauty; but his mental powers did not correspond with his personal form, and his character was both weak and treacherous. He, however, had some redeeming points. His ordering some trees to be cut down at Sheen, because they too forcibly reminded him of his deceased wife Anne, in whose company he used to walk under them, affords a favourable testimony of his susceptibility of the social affections. Of this sensitiveness, there is also an interesting trait recorded by Froissart. From Flint Castle, Richard was conveyed to London, and immured within the Tower cells. While he was here one day conversing with Bolingbroke, his favourite greyhound, Math, having been loosed by his keeper, instead of running to the King, as usual, fawned

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upon the Duke. The latter inquiring the cause of this unusual circumstance, was answered—"This greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed."

To return to Flint Castle. After the civil wars under Charles I. it was ordered to be dismantled; but, among other rights, it was restored to Sir Roger Mostyn, after the Restoration, in whose family it is still vested, though the mayor of the borough acts as its constable.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

WEBER AND DER FREISCHUTZ.

In 1821, the newly-erected Royal Opera at Berlin was opened with "Der Freyschütz." The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which we shall never cease to regard as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and everywhere with the same success.—Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, "The Three Pintos," never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab's alterations never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

"Dance and Provençal song, and vintage mirth"

breathe in his melodies; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first representation in Vienna (10th Oct. 1823) sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his Euryanthe, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "Freyschütz." His tour resembled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would to God," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards—"Would to God that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow minings of the hectic fire" within began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the North of Germany (where his Freyschütz was played in 1823) to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of Oberon, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic, but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planché's manuscript in December, 1824, and forthwith began his labours, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planché's ephemeral verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering-place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his Euryanthe there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the Freyschütz, the wild and characteristic music of which, came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at Oberon.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realize something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had, indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering

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near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him.

On the 2nd of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers; and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as everything would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London:

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage, drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning, through this inexpressibly beautiful country: meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes (among others, the largest ship of the line, of 148 guns), the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where everything that could add to his comfort, or soothe his illness, had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visiters who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five—then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly; and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon), I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one; for eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the 3rd (of March) a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come. But be it as God will.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here!—and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschütz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet.—Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely; Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors; and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the

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choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he, "in another of his confidential letters to his wife, (29th March, 1826) "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. * * * * So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

The battle was, indeed, nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

"12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline! Through God's grace and assistance, I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted with huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encoring the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. * * * So much for this night, dear life. From your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good-night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited.—His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes which we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

"17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point, in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience,—patience,—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it. * * * * *

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin.' I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

"30th May.

"Dearest Lina, excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already too impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—. all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblentz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms.

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"If God will, we shall leave this on 12th June, if heaven will vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavours to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to be present at the Freyschütz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the second of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavours to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all and keep you well! O were I only among you; I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday the 3rd of June, he felt so ill, that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschütz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock in good spirits, and at seven next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.—*From an interesting paper in No. XIII. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

DIRGE.

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!—
An orphan you were,
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

PREPARATIONS OF MILK, PARTICULARLY OF MARES' MILK, USED BY THE KALMUCK TARTARS.

THE ordinary drink of the Kalmucks, and which forms an essential part of their food, consists of various preparations of the milk supplied by their cattle. The mares yield milk as well as the cows; and, for several reasons, they prefer the former. When fresh, this milk has a taste of onions, which is very repulsive; but, in proportion as it sours, if the operation is performed with cleanliness, it becomes more liquid than the other, acquires an agreeable vinous taste, and neither forms cream nor coagulates. In this state, it furnishes a wholesome and refreshing drink, and which, when in sufficient quantity, froths in a remarkable degree. The cow's milk, on the contrary, both on account of the cheesy matter which it contains and its disagreeable taste, becomes unpleasant to drink when it sours; and, in persons not accustomed to it, induces colics and diarrhœas, although the Kalmucks them-

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selves experience no inconvenience from it, unless they have neglected to boil it. This they do, in the first place, and never use it until it has undergone this operation, without which they would be exposed to the inconveniences with which sour milk affects Europeans. In like manner, the Kalmucks do not relish water that has not been boiled. Poor persons, to prevent their being reduced to the necessity of drinking it pure, mix it with their milk, in the proportion of a third part or half, in order to make the most of the latter as a drink.

The milk is therefore heated as soon as it is withdrawn from the animal; and, when warm, it is poured into a large skin bottle, with which the poorest hut is furnished, and in which there is always a remnant of sour milk sufficient to sour the new milk, after it has been stirred with a stick kept for the purpose. Those bottles are never washed or cleaned: they are therefore always incrusted with cheese and dirt, and the smell admitted by them is sufficient to show what they contain. But it is precisely in this that the secret for making the milk undergo the vinous fermentation consists. If it be intended to sour milk in empty or new bottles, all that is necessary is to put into them the least drop of the milk-brandy to be presently described, or a little of the curdled milk that is found in the stomach of young lambs.

All the preparations of milk are comprehended under the name of Tchigan. The drinks prepared from pure mare's milk (the Koumys of the Tartars), are named Gunna Tchigan, or Horse Tchigan; those into which mares' milk and cow's milk enter are called Besrek;—sour cows' milk is named Airek; and all kinds of fresh milk, Ussoun.

In summer, and in general whenever their flocks yield them much milk, the Kalmucks do not fail to inebriate themselves with the strong drink which they derive from it. Mares' milk affords most spirit, and the milk of the cow affords much less, especially in winter, when the fodder is dry. Sheep's milk is never employed, as it does not contain spirit.

The milk intended for distillation is only allowed to remain twenty-four hours, in summer, in the skin-bottles to sour; but in winter, and in cold weather, it may be left two or three days to be rendered fit for distillation. The cream is not taken off; on the contrary, the milk is agitated very strongly, from time to time, with the stick, and the butter which forms of itself on the milk, or even on the common Tchigan, is removed and employed for other uses.

Notwithstanding the numerous testimonies on the subject, and the daily experience, not of the nomadic tribes alone, but also of all the Russians, many people in Europe cannot conceive how a spirituous and inebriating liquor could be obtained from milk. But it cannot be supposed that those travellers who have repeatedly seen these tribes distil their brandy from milk, without adding the least vegetable matter to the original liquid, and then, in their unbridled passion for debauch, drink until they stagger and fall, have said so merely to impose upon the public. Nor can it be objected that the weakness of their head renders them liable to be easily inebriated by the vapours of the milk, for the Kalmucks can take very large quantities of grain brandy without losing the use of their legs; and there are Russians, who, although professedly great drinkers, are sooner inebriated than the Kalmucks by milk-brandy, and often even by the sour milk of mares, and yet are extremely fond of this kind of drink. I am aware that strangers have in vain tried to make milk-brandy. I shall even confess that I had a trial made under my own eyes, at Selenginsk, by Kalmucks, and was so unsuccessful, that I only obtained a watery fluid which had the smell of sour milk; but the reason of this was, that two clean vessels had been used. On the contrary, whenever I allowed these people to use their own vessels, abundant alcoholic vapours were procured. It is, therefore, an important point to determine, by means of vessels impregnated by long use with a strong smell, and the remains of sour milk, that sudden souring which develops a spirituous principle. This fermentation of a rare species, and entirely *sui generis*, can only be brought to the desired perfection by frequent repetition of the process, just as, according to Russel,* the thick milk *(leban)*, which the Arabs habitually use for making cheese, can only be obtained by producing the coagulation of the fresh milk by means of a milk previously curdled, or, in other words, by the cohobation many times repeated of curdled milk.

After describing the process of distillation, Pallas remarks, if the brandy is made from cows' milk, what is obtained is equal to the thirtieth, or at most to the twenty-fifth part of the mass; but when from mares' milk, it equals the fifteenth part. The new fluid is pale and watery, and does not inflame;

* Russel's Aleppo p. 54.

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but it keeps without spoiling, in glass bottles, like weak corn-brandy. The rich Kalmucks render it stronger by several distillations, and they have names for the products of each rectification. The *arki* is named *dang* after its first rectification; *arza*, after the second; *khortsa*, after the third. They seldom go farther, although the rectifications are sometimes pushed to six. The names given to the two last are *chingsta* and *dingsta*. The Kalmucks are generally, however, content with the products of the first distillation.

The receiver has scarcely been filled, when they pour the brandy warm from it into a large wooden vessel with a spout, from which they fill leather bottles, or gourds.

It is customary for the host, with whom the company is then, to pour brandy into a vessel, and afterwards to throw part of it into the fire, and part towards the hole by which the smoke issues to render the spirits of the air or his tutelary angel propitious. Lastly, the warm brandy circulates among the company, composed of kinsfolk and friends, in large cups, which often do not hold less than a bottle. If a little is left, it is heated again before it is drunk. This milk-brandy, on account of the aqueous parts which it contains, does not inebriate so easily when a small quantity is taken, as brandy made from grain; but it is found, by the example of the Russians and all the tribes of the Steppes, that the drunkenness which it causes continues longer, and entirely destroys the appetite. On the other hand, it does not produce violent headaches, like corn-brandy.

The rich Kalmucks and Mongols are in the habit, when they pass the winter near towns, of distilling with or without milk brandy from leavened bread. The product, it is said, is stronger, and has a keener taste than milk-brandy. The residuum of the distillation of milk-brandy, which is sharp, and has a smell like wine lees, is applied to various uses. Sometimes it is mixed with fresh milk, and immediately eaten; sometimes it is applied for preparing sheep and lamb skins; sometimes the women boil it, either by itself, or, if it is too sharp, with a mixture of sweet milk, until it thickens, and then pour the cheesy substance into bags, which, when thoroughly dried, they throw into heaps. They also, like the Tartar tribes, frequently form it into round cakes, which they dry in the sun, and keep principally for journeys and for winter use. The residuum of distillation is called *bosson*, and by the Mongols *tsakha*.—The cheese formed in heaps is named *chourmyk*, that in cakes, *thorossoun*.

They make another kind of cheese also, chiefly of sheep's and goats' milk. The fresh milk is put into a kettle with a like sour milk *(edereeksen ussun)*, or some remnant of brandy *(bossah)*. They are well mixed, and then left for some time to sour. Fire is then put under the kettle, and the mixture is stirred while it boils briskly, that the cheesy parts may be converted into a kind of froth (*koosoun*). When all the aqueous parts of the milk are expelled by boiling, a little butter is added. The whole is again stirred, and left upon the fire until the froth begins to dry and turn brown. It is then ready, and if properly prepared, has an agreeable taste.

The Kalmucks make their butter in the following manner: A sufficent quantity of cows' or sheep's milk is put into a kettle, and boiled for some time, after which there is added a little sour milk cream *(areyn)*. It is then withdrawn, and allowed to stand until it sours, which does not require a whole day. This milk is then beaten with a kind of butter-stick, and poured into an earthen pot or other vessel, when the decomposed butter comes to the surface, and is placed in vessels, skins, or dried stomachs, in which it is kept. If the milk still seems to contain fat, it is again treated in the same manner. This milk is called *tousoun* by the Kalmucks, and *œrœmæ* by the Tartars.—*Jameson's Journal.*

SOMERSET.

In Congresbury parish, and the contiguous one of Puxton, were two large pieces of common land, called East and West Dale Moors, (from the Saxon *Dob*, share or portion) which were occupied till within these few years in the following remarkable manner:—The land was divided into single acres, each bearing a peculiar mark cut in the turf, such as a horn, an ox, a horse, a cross, an oven, &c. On the Saturday before Old Midsummer Day, the several proprietors of contiguous estates or their tenants, assembled on these commons, with a number of apples marked with similar figures, which were distributed by a boy to each of the commoners from a bag; at the close of the distribution, each person repaired to allotment with the figure corresponding with the one upon his apple, and took possession of that piece of land for the ensuing year. Four acres were reserved to pay the expenses of an entertain-

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ment at the house of the Overseer of the Dale Moors, when the evening was spent in festivity.

Rutter's Division of Somerset.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

From a Sermon by Swift.

(It may be somewhat derogatory to the genius of so great a writer as SWIFT, to allow this extract to occupy its present place in our arrangement—usually allotted to minor pieces. Our "Notes" are, for the most part, from new books, and a similar object is explained in our "Selector." We could hardly place "Sleeping in Church" under "Manners and Customs," and sleep altogether is rather prospective, (in dreaming,) than "Retrospective." — Yet reader, here it is—a still subject—but fresh, vigorous, and written for all time.)

There is one moral disadvantage to which all preaching is subject; that those who, by the wickedness of their lives, stand in greatest need, have usually the smallest share; for either they are absent upon the account of idleness, or spleen, or hatred to religion, or in order to doze away the intemperance of the week; or, if they do come, they are sure to employ their minds rather any other way, than regarding or attending to the business of the place.

There is no excuse so trivial, that will not pass upon some men's consciences to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some are so unfortunate as to be always indisposed on the Lord's day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church. Others have their affairs so oddly contrived, as to be always unluckily prevented by business. With some it is a great mark of wit, and deep understanding, to stay at home on *Sundays*. Others again discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them, particularly on that day, and confine them to their beds. Others are absent out of mere contempt of religion. And, lastly, there are not a few who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their castle, to keep the Sabbath by eating, drinking, and sleeping, after the toil and labour of the week. Now in all this the worst circumstance is, that these persons are such whose companies are most required, and who stand most in need of a physician.

But of all misbehaviour, none is comparable to that of those who come here to sleep; opium is not so stupifying to many persons as an afternoon sermon. Perpetual custom hath so brought it about, that the words, of whatever preacher, become only a sort of uniform sound at a distance, than which nothing is more effectual to lull the senses. For, that it is the very sound of the sermon which bindeth up their faculties, is manifest from hence, because they all awake so very regularly as soon as it ceaseth, and with much devotion receive the blessing, dozed and besotted with indecencies I am ashamed to repeat.

One cause of this neglect is, a heart set upon worldly things. Men whose minds are much enslaved to earthly affairs all the week, cannot disengage or break the chain of their thoughts so suddenly, as to apply to a discourse that is wholly foreign to what they have most at heart. Tell an usurer of charity, and mercy, and restitution, you talk to the deaf; his heart and soul, with all his senses, are got among his bags, or he is gravely asleep, and dreaming of a mortgage. Tell a man of business, that the cares of the world choke the good seed; that we must not encumber ourselves with much serving; that the salvation of his soul is the one thing necessary. You see, indeed, the shape of a man before you, but his faculties are all gone off among clients and papers, thinking how to defend a bad cause, or find flaws in a good one; or, he weareth out the time in drowsy nods.

There are many who place abundance of merit in going to church, although it be with no other prospect but that of being well entertained, wherein if they happen to fail, they return wholly disappointed. Hence it is become an impertinent vein among people of all sorts to hunt after what they call a good sermon, as if it were a matter of pastime and diversion.

This indecent sloth is very much owing to that luxury and excess men usually practise upon this day, by which half the service thereof is turned to sin; men dividing the time between God and their bellies, when, after a gluttonous meal, their senses dozed and stupified, they retire to God's house to sleep out the afternoon. Surely, brethren, these things ought not so to be.

A CONVINCING PROOF.

Miss D. had the misfortune to become what the language of our neighbours delicately expresses by the compound

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word *fille-mère*, and wished to bestow, or rather to force, the honours of paternity on the prince. The subject of dispute having been brought into his presence, he glanced at the child's raven hair, and coolly observed, "to convince me that this girl is mine, you must prove that black is white."—*Cabinet Library—Life and Reign of George IV.*

ASTRONOMY.

A FACETIOUS fellow, after reading the Report of the Astronomical Society for the past year, (which is very favourable) observed, "Well! Astronomy is looking up."

THE PENNANT.

THE following shows the derivation of pennant at the head of the mainmast of a man of war:—

When Van Trump was sweeping the seas with his men of war, by way of a boast he put a *broom* at the head of his mast, for which, when Elizabeth had notice, she desired all her men of war to mount a *long strip of linen* at the head of their masts, as much as to say she would *flog* them soundly if they dared to molest her. GEO. ST. CLAIR.

CHESTNUTS

ARE sold at the corners of every street in Florence, in seven different forms: raw, cooked, and hot, both roasted and boiled; dried by heat, (the skins being taken off,) in which state they have a much sweeter and superior flavour; and made into bread, a sort of stiff pudding, and into thin cakes like pancakes.* This valuable fruit constitutes a considerable portion of the food of the lower classes, who must daily consume in Florence some tons.

LORD HUDSON, in Queen Elizabeth's time, said, "To have courage to observe an affront, is to be even with an adversary. To have the patience to forgive it, is to be above him."

C. B.

DEATH AMONGST LIONS.

IT is remarkable that in 1438, all the lions in the Tower of London died.

T. GILL.

ANTIQUITY OF PORTERS.

SACCARII, among the Romans were a company or fraternity of porters, who had the sole privilege to carry all goods from the harbour to the warehouses, none being allowed to employ their own slaves, and much less those of others, for that purpose.

The modern *Saccarii*, alias tackle porters and ticket porters, are well known to Londoners, and have been thus poetized by Gay:

"If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the *sworn porter* point thee through the town."

These *portly gentry* have been compared to kings. Howel says, "It is with *kings* sometimes as with *porters*, whose packs may jostle one against the other, yet remain good friends still."

N. B. This is a *knotty* subject.

P. T. W.

STANZAS ON MADAME VESTRIS HAVING ESTABLISHED A THEATRE OF HER OWN.

Written by Sir Lumley Skeffington.

Now Vestris, the tenth of the Muses,
To Mirth rears a fanciful dome,
We mark, while delight she infuses,
The Graces find beauty at home.
In her eye such vivacity glitters,
To her voice such perfections belong,
That care and the life it embitters,
Find balm in the sweets of her song.

When monarchs o'er valleys are ranging,
A court is transferr'd to the green;
And flowers, transplanted, are changing
Not fragrance, but merely the scene.
'Tis circumstance dignifies places;
A desert is charming with spring!
And pleasure finds twenty new graces,
Wherever the Vestris may sing!

Times.

LORD ANSON.

(To the Editor.)

BEING in Sussex a short time since, I observed at a public-house adjoining the Duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, the figure head of the Centurion, the ship in which Lord Anson sailed round the world. On the pedestal that supported it against the house, are the following lines:—

Stay traveller awhile and view
One who has travelled more than you,
Quite round the world, through each degree,
Anson and I have ploughed the sea,
Torrid and frigid zones have past,
And safe at home arrived at last.

There follow two other lines, which are almost unintelligible.

O. P. Q.

* In the confectioner's shops at Paris, they are sold peeled, baked, and iced with sugar. We can answer for their being very delicious.

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The Mirror

OF

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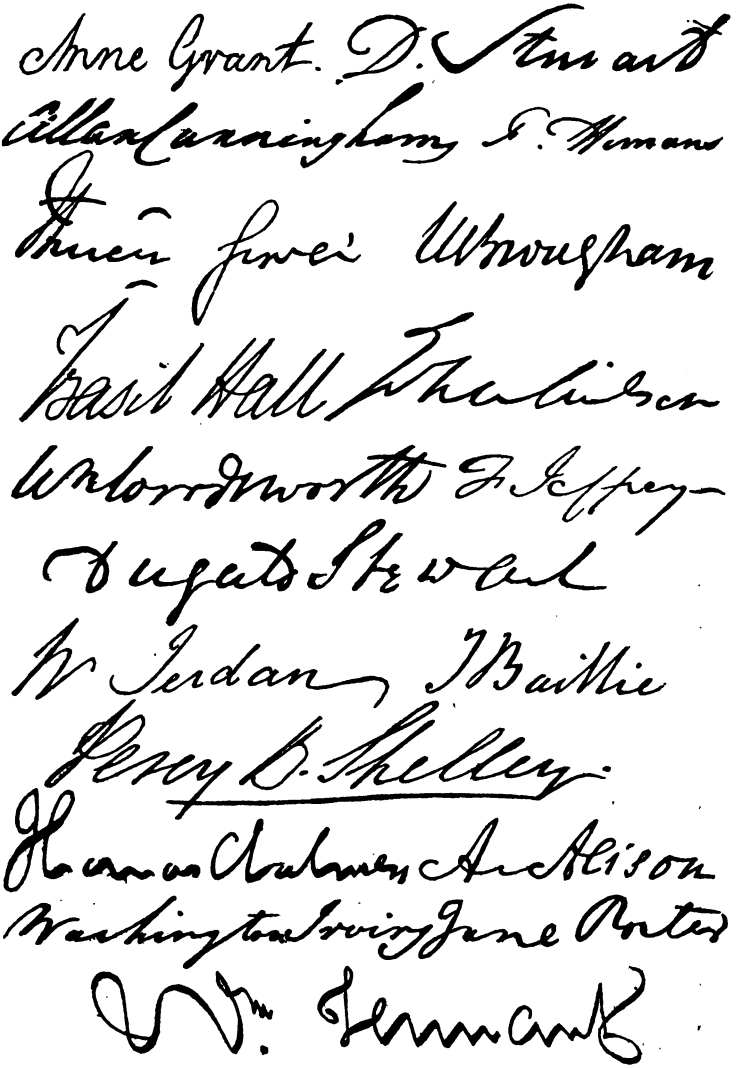
AUTOGRAPHS OF EMINENT PERSONS.



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AUTOGRAPHS.

It is long since our pages were illustrated with such characteristic lineaments as those on the opposite page. The reader will, however, perceive that we have not entirely forgotten the quaint motto from Shenstone, in our earlier volumes—

"I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper."

Still the annexed Autographs have not been drawn from our own portfolio: they come "frae North," being selected from an engraved Plate of forty-three signatures, published with No. 28 of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and prefixed to a pleasing chapter on "the connexion between character and handwriting"—from which we select only a few anecdotical traits.

Anne Grant: "We have given Mrs. Grant of Laggan's *present* hand, in which may be discovered a little of the instability of advancing life; but there is a well-rounded breadth and distinctness in the formation of the letters, which seems to carry along with it evidence of the clear and judicious mind of the talented authoress of "Letters from the Mountains."

D. Stewart:—"General Stewart of Garth, a free, bold, military hand; his signature is taken from a letter complimenting in high terms Mr. Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745."

Allan Cunningham:—an easy flow of tasteful handwriting. "Allan Cunningham," observes the reviewer, "has raised himself like Hogg; but, instead of the plough, he has handled the chisel; and there is in his constitution an inherent love of the fine arts, which brings his thoughts into more grateful channels. We are well aware that there is a warmth and breadth of character about Cunningham which mark 'the large-soul'd Scot;' but looking forward to his forthcoming Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, we do not conceive this to be in the least inconsistent with the easy flow of his tasteful handwriting."

F. Hemans: "the very hand—fair, small, and beautifully feminine—in which should be embodied her gentle breathings of household love, her songs of the domestic affections, and all her lays of silvery sweetness and soft-breathing tenderness."

F. Leveson Gower, the distinguished translator of Goëthe's Faust.

H. Brougham: "a good deal like his own style of oratory—impressive and energetic, but not very polished." We question the last; but, be this as it may, polish is only desirable so long as it does not impair truth and utility. Plain-speaking has been the best rule of conduct for public men in all ages.

Basil Hall: the observant traveller and very ingenious writer.

John Wilson (the reputed editor of *Blackwood's Magazine)*; and beneath, F. Jeffrey (late editor of the *Edinburgh Review)*, who took his seat in Parliament not many days since.—"These are two names which stand at the head of the periodical literature of Scotland. The periodical writer must have a ready command of his pen and a versatile genius; he must be able to pass quickly from one subject to another; and instead of devoting himself to one continuous train of thought, he must have a mind whose quick perception and comprehensive grasp enable him to grapple with a thousand. See how this applies to the handwriting of Jeffrey and of Wilson. The style of both signatures implies a quick and careless motion of the hand, as if the writer was working against time, and was much more anxious to get his ideas sent to the printer, than to cover his paper with elegant penmanship. There is an evident similarity in the fashion of the two hands—only Mr. Jeffrey, being much inferior to the Professor in point of physical size and strength, naturally enough delights in a pen with a finer point, and writes therefore a lighter and more scratchy hand than the author of 'Lights and Shadows.' It will add to the interest of Mr. Jeffrey's autograph to know that, as his hand is not at all altered, we have preferred, as a matter of curiosity, to engrave a signature of his which is twenty-three years old, being taken from a letter bearing date 1806."

W. Wordsworth: "a good hand, more worthy of the author of the best parts of 'The Excursion,' than of the puerilities of many of the Lyrical Ballads."

Dugald Stewart: "a hand worthy of a moral philosopher—large, distinct, and dignified."

W. Jerdan: Editor of the *Literary Gazette*; free and facile as his vein of criticism, and one of the finest signatures in the page.

J. Baillie: "it will be perceived that it has less of the delicate feebleness of a lady's writing than any of the others. It would have been sadly against our theory had the most powerful dramatic authoress which this country has produced, written like a boarding-school girl recently in her teens. This is de-

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cidedly not the case. There is something masculine and nervous in Miss Baillie's signature; it is quite a hand in which 'De Montfort' might be written."

PERCY B. SHELLEY: free as its author's wild and beautiful poetry; but it is not the hand of a very clear or accurate thinker.

THOMAS CHALMERS: "We know of few more striking examples of character infusing itself into hand writing, than that presented by the autograph of Dr. Chalmers. No one who has ever heard him preach, can fail to observe, that the heavy and impressive manner in which he forms his letters is precisely similar to the straining and energetic style in which he fires off his words. There is something painfully earnest and laborious in his delivery, and a similar sensation of laborious earnestness is produced by looking at his hard pressed, though manly and distinct, signature. It is in a small space, an epitome of one of his sermons."

A. ALISON; the author of "Essays on Taste," and other works of sound discrimination.

WASHINGTON IRVING; the graceful author of the "Sketch Book," free as a crayon drawing, with all its exquisite light and shade.

JANE PORTER: "a fully more masculine though less tasteful hand than Washington Irving, with whom she happens to be in juxtaposition; and the fair authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "the Scottish Chiefs" certainly appears to have as masculine a mind as the elegant but perhaps somewhat effeminate writer of "the Sketch Book."

W. TENNANT: full of originality, and in this resembles his own 'Anster Fair.' The notion may be a fanciful one, but there seems to be a sort of quiet humour in the writing, which makes its resemblance to 'Anster Fair' still more complete. The principle upon which the letters are formed is that of making all the hair strokes heavy, and all the heavy strokes light."

HALCYON DAYS.

(To the Editor.)

THE following account of the origin and antiquity of Halcyon Days will, I feel convinced, prove a valuable addition to that given by your intelligent correspondent P. T. W., in No. 471 of *The Mirror*:—

Halcyon Days, in antiquity, implied seven days before, and as many after, the winter solstice—because the halcyon laid her eggs at this time of the year, and the weather during her incubation being, as your correspondent observes, usually calm. The phrase was afterwards employed to express any season of transient prosperity, or of brief tranquillity—the *septem placidæ dies* of human life:

The winter solstice just elapsed; and now
Silent the season, sad alcyone
Builds near the sleeping wave her tranquil nest.
Eudosia.

When great Augustus made war's tempest cease,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace.
Dryden.

The halcyon built her nest on the rocks adjacent to the brink of the ocean, or, as some maintain, on the surface of the sea itself:

Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her wat'ry nest,
A wintry queen; her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind.
Ovid, by Dryden.

It is also said, that during the period of her incubation, she herself had absolute sway over the seas and the winds:

May halcyons smooth the waves, and calm the seas,
And the rough south-east sink into a breeze;
Halcyons of all the birds that haunt the main,
Most lov'd and honour'd by the Nereid train.
Theocritus, by Fawkes.

Alcyone, or Halcyone, we are informed, was the daughter of Æolus (king of storms and winds), and married to Ceyx, who was drowned in going to consult an oracle. The gods, it is said, apprized Alcyone, in a dream, of her husband's fate; and when she discovered, on the morrow, his body washed on shore, she precipitated herself into the watery element, and was, with her husband, metamorphosed into birds of a similar name, who, as before observed, keep the waters serene, while they build and sit on their nests.

Romford. H. B. A.

RANSOMS.

(To the Editor.)

IN a late number, you gave among the "County Collections," with which a correspondent had furnished you, the old Cornish proverb—

"Hinckston Down well wrought,
Is worth London dearly bought."

Possibly your correspondent was not aware that the true reading of this proverb is the following:—

"Hinckston Down well wrought,
Is worth a monarch's ransom dearly bought."

The lines are thus quoted by Mr. Barrington, in his elaborate work on the middle ages, and refer to the prevailing belief, that Hinckston Down is a mass of copper, and in value, therefore,

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an equivalent for the price set on the head of a captive sovereign. Perhaps, as some elucidation of so intricate a subject as that of the ransoming prisoners during the middle ages, the following remarks may not be deemed altogether unworthy of insertion in your pages.

Originally, the supposed right of condemning captives to death rendered the reducing of them to perpetual slavery an act of mercy on the part of the conqueror, which practice was not entirely exploded even in the fourteenth century, when Louis Hutin in a letter to Edward II. his vassal and ally, desired him to arrest his enemies, the Flemings, and make them slaves and serfs. *(Mettre par deveres vous, si comme forfain à vous Sers et Esclaves à tous jours.) Rymer.* Booty, however, being equally with vengeance the cause of war, men were not unwilling to accept of advantages more convenient and useful than the services of a prisoner; whose maintenance might be perhaps a burden to them, and to whose death they were indifferent. For this reason even the most sanguinary nations condescended at last to accept of ransom for their captives; and during the period between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries, fixed and general rules appear to have been established for the regulating such transactions. The principal of these seem to have been, the right of the captor to the persons of his prisoners, though in some cases the king claimed the prerogative of either restoring them to liberty, or of retaining them himself, at a price much inferior to what their original possessor had expected. On a similar principle, Henry IV. forbade the Percies to ransom their prisoners taken at Holmdown. In this case the captives consisted of the chief Scottish nobility, and the king in retaining them, had probably views of policy, which looked to objects far beyond the mere advantage of their ranson. It is mentioned by a French antiquary that the King of France had the privilege of purchasing any prisoner from his conqueror, on the payment of 10,000 livres; and as a confirmation of this, the money paid to Denis de Morbec for his captive John, King of France, by Edward III. amounted to this exact sum. The English monarch afterwards extorted the enormous ransom of three millions of gold crowns, amounting, as it has been calculated, to £1,500,000. of our present money, from his royal captive. The French author censures Edward somewhat unjustly for his share in this transaction; here as in the case of the Percies, state reasons interfered with private advantages. John yielded up to his conquerors not only the abovementioned sum, but whole towns and provinces became the property of the English nation; to these De Morbec could have no right. It was, however, notwithstanding the frequent mention in history of ransoms, still in the power of the persons in possession of a prisoner to refuse any advantage, however great, which his liberty might offer them, if dictated by motives of policy, dependant principally on his personal importance. Entius, King of Sardinia, son of Frederic II. was esteemed of such consequence to his father's affairs, that the Bolognese, to whom he became a prisoner in 1248, would accept of no price for his manumission; and he died in captivity, after a confinement of twenty-four years. Such was the conduct of Charles V. of France towards the Captal de Buche, for whose liberty he refused all the offers made to him by Edward III.

On this principle the Duke of Orleans and Comte d'Eu, were ordered by the dying injunctions of Henry V. to be retained in prison until his son should be capable of governing; nor was it until after a lapse of seventeen years, that permission was given to these noblemen to purchase their freedom.

If no state reason interfered the conqueror made what profit he could of his prisoners. Froissart, in speaking of Poictiers, adds, that the English became very rich in consequence of that battle, as well by ransoms as by plunder, and M. St. Palaye, in his "Mem. sur la Chevalrie," mentions that the ransom of prisoners was the principal means by which the knights of olden time supported the magnificence for which they were so remarkable. In the next century, the articles of war drawn up by Henry V. previous to his invasion of France, contain the condition, "that be it at the battle or other deeds of arms, where the prisoners are taken, he that may first have his *Faye* shall have him for a prisoner, and need not abide by him;" by Faye, probably the promise given by the vanquished to his captor to remain his prisoner, is understood; as the expression *donner sa foi*, occurs in various French historians. The value of a ransom is sometimes estimated at one year's income of a man's estate, and this opinion is supported by the custom of allowing a year's liberty to captives to procure the sum agreed upon. By the feudal law, every tenant or vassal was bound to assist his lord in captivity, by

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a contribution proportionate to the land he held. As, however, the amount received for prisoners is very various, personal importance had no doubt great weight in the determination of a captive's value. Bertrand du Guescelin who had no property, valued his own ransom at 100,000 livres; and Froissart, at the same period mentions the ransom of a King of Majorca, of the house of Arragon, as being exactly that sum.

(To be continued.)

THE FATHERLAND.*

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.)

(For the Mirror.)

What is the German's Fatherland?
On Prussia's coast, on Suabia's strand?
Where blooms the vine on Rhenish shores?
Where through the Belt the Baltic pours?
Oh no, oh no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Bavaria's or Westphalia's strand?
Where o'er his sand the Oder glides?
Where Danube rolls his foaming tides
Oh no, oh no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Tell me at length that mighty land.
The Switzer's hills, or Tyrolese?
Well do that land and people please,
Oh no, oh no:
His Fatherland's not bounded so.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Tell me at length the mighty land.
In noble Austria's realm it lies,
With honours rich and victories?
Oh no, oh no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Tell me at length that mighty land,
Is it what Gallic fraud of yore,
From Kasier† and the empire tore?
Oh no, oh no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Tell me at length that mighty land,
'Tis there where German accents raise,
To God in heaven their songs of praise.
That shall it be
That German is the home for thee.

This is the German's Fatherland,
Where vows are sworn by press of hand,
Where truth in every forehead shines,
Where charity the heart inclines.
This shall it be,
This German is the home for thee.

This is the German's Fatherland,
Which Gallic vices dares withstand,
As enemies the wicked names,
Admits the good to friendship's claims.
This shall it be,
This German is the home for thee.

God! this for Fatherland we own,
Look down on us from heaven's high throne,
And give us ancient German spirit,
Its truth and valour to inherit.
This shall it be,
The whole united Germany.

H.

* We suspect this to be the burthen of a beautiful Quintett which we heard sung *thrice* the other evening at Covent Garden Theatre, in Mr. Planché's pleasing "Romance of a Day."—ED.

† Emperor of Austria.

Of the author of this song some account was given in a preceding number of the *Mirror*. It was written on the same occasion as the *Patriot's Call*, when Napoleon invaded Germany, and was intended to tranquillize all petty feelings of jealousy between the separate German states. The translator believes that Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz published this song in an English dress some few years since; he has, however, never seen a copy of that work.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PLUNDER OF A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

(From the "Quarterly" Review, of "A Year in Spain." Unpublished.)

THE author takes his seat about two in the morning in the cabriolet or front part of a diligence from Tarragona, and gives many amusing particulars concerning his fellow travellers, who, one after another, all surrender themselves to slumber. Thus powerfully invited by the examples of those near him, the lieutenant catches the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into his corner, soon loses entirely the realities of existence "in that mysterious state which Providence has provided as a cure for every ill." In short, he is indulged with a dream, which transports him into the midst of his own family circle beyond the Atlantic; but from this comfortable and sentimental nap he is soon aroused by the sudden stopping of the diligence, and a loud clamour all about him.

There were voices without, speaking in accents of violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I roused myself, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows. By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive-trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their pro-

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gress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right-hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore-wheel of the diligence stood a man, dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta: his red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was in front drawn closely over his forehead; and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side the scene was somewhat different. Pepe (the postilion) being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road-side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken, and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers: if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La bolsa!* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed: he raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, *Toma usted, caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!* "Take it, cavalier; but do not take away my life!" The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap, collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad*. He might as well have asked pity of that stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgin del Pilar*, and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and the most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain: the murderer redoubled his blows, until, growing furious in the task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows at first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks; then declined into low and inarticulate moans; until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath, and an occasional convulsion, alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans, that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have ensured him compassion; but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta; and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians, who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel, as an additional security against escape, opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps. I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a short time at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it contained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

Meanwhile the second robber, after consulting with his companion, returned to the spot where the zagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him, he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, placed one of his naked legs on either

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side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows in every part of the body. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back shuddering into his corner, and hid his face within his trembling fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance, but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity, than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him; but it had chanced hitherto, that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visiters, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and slipped it into my boot; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road a-head of us, and having placed his head to the ground, as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral, and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern, which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathings and the chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; whilst our mangled guides, by groans and writhings, gave evidence of returning animation.

Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if anything could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust, and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood, that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk, were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took the lead in the Samaritan office of binding, with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men.

The wounded men were at length placed in a cart, and sent back slowly to Amposta, the mayoral showing some signs of returning sensibility, but the unfortunate Pepe evidently in his last agony. The diligence proceeded on its route, and stopped to breakfast at Vinaroz.

The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the Diligence Company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit, and

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was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that were frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all the while. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, every thing was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

We may as well add here the catastrophe of this tragical tale. From information received by the Lieutenant, after his arrival in Madrid, it appears that poor Pepe breathed his last about eight hours after the attack, and long before his widowed mother could arrive to close the eyes of her child. The mayoral lingered for about a week, and then shared the fate of Pepe. The three robbers were detected and taken into custody; two of them were townsmen, and all three acquaintances of Pepe, whom they had doubtless murdered to prevent discovery. We ourselves passed over the scene of the robbery between two and three years after the event: there were two crosses to mark the bloody spot. The mayoral and the zagal of our diligence, the successors of those who had been murdered, pointed to the crosses with the *sang froid* with which Spaniards, from long habitude, contemplate mementos of the kind. The mayoral showed the very place where his predecessor had been beaten to death. On our expressing horror at the detail he readily concurred, though he appeared more indignant at the manner in which the crime had been committed than at the crime itself. "It is the ugliest thing (*lo mas feo*) that has been done in this neighbourhood for a long time past. Look you, sir, to shoot a man with a blunderbuss, or to stab him with a knife, is quite another kind of business; but to beat his brains out with a stone is to treat him, not like a Christian, but a dog!" It was evident that a frequent occurrence of such scenes had rendered the mayoral a critic in the art of murder.

WIT.

WIT is the mind's chief judge, which doth control,
Of Fancy's court the judgments false and vain,
Will holds the royal sceptre in the soul,
And on the passions of the heart doth reign.
DAVIS.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

Gower,
Again receive me!—Let me greet
Thy "breezy hills, and soft retiring dales"—
Thy hoary ruins, monuments of old—
Thy headlands dark, and rocks stupendous,
That battle with the elements, and fiercely,
Bound old Ocean's empire.

History of the District of Gower, &c.

THE peninsula which forms the western extremity of the county of Glamorgan is called Gower, derived from the Welsh *Gwyr*. The circumference of the district is about fifty miles: a slight reference to the map will explain its peculiar form better than any description we could give. The northern boundary extended east from the river Nedd, or Neath (of course including Swansea) to the Loughor, which runs into the large estuary, called the Burry River, and forms its western boundary, dividing the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen.

The history of Gower is interesting. It may not be out of place, however, to preface it with an outline of the history of Glamorgan. This county was conquered by the Romans, who had numerous stations in different parts, and also in the district of Gower, the traces of which still exist. Glamorgan is originally supposed to have extended from the river Tawy to Gloucester Bridge, including, besides the present county, the whole of Monmouthshire, and portions of the counties of Brecon, Hereford, and Gloucester. The Welsh princes of Glamorgan commenced paying tribute to the English in the reign of Edgar;—which was the cause of endless aggressions and disputes between them and the independent princes of North Wales, who claimed this right. The county was made a conquest about the end of the eleventh century, by Sir Robert Fitzhamon (a relation of Henry I.) whose aid had been first called in by one of the petty princes of Glamorgan, in some of the intestine feuds which agitated South Wales. Fitzhamon, after entirely defeating the Welsh, kept Cardiff Castle and the surrounding district in his own possession, and divided the rest of the county amongst twelve Norman knights, his principal followers—between whom and the inhabitants of the hills there long existed a sort of Guerilla warfare. The Normans were almost obliged to confine themselves to their castles in consequence; and the Welsh joined Owen Glendower, when he invaded Glamorgan, for which they afterwards suf-

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fered heavily. It was not till the reign of Henry VIII. that Wales became tranquillized.

The population of the county of Glamorgan, in 1821, comprised 101,727 persons.

To return to Gower. The first English or Norman conqueror of this lordship was Henry de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, who, in the reign of Henry I. (1099), progressively defeated and drove out the sons of Caradoc ap Jestyn, the Welsh possessors of Gower; and to secure his conquest, built the castles of Swansea, Loughor, Llanridian, Penrice, &c. He is represented, like most of the feudal barons, as ruling with an iron hand. A few years after this conquest (1108), the peninsula was settled by a colony of Flemings, who had been obliged to emigrate, in consequence of a disastrous encroachment of the sea in the Low Countries. They first landed on the southern coast of England; but, on account of their lawless conduct, Henry I. drove them into South Wales; and they principally fixed themselves in Gower, where they became peaceable subjects; though a great number settled in the peninsula of Castle Martin, in Pembrokeshire, which bears a striking similarity in its natural features to Gower. Afterwards they mixed with the English, preserving their native manners and industry, and involved in disputes with the Welsh resembling the ancient Border warfare in the North. To this day the inhabitants of Gower are distinct from the Welsh, and all speak the English language. We were informed, and it is a remarkable fact, that in the south-western portion of Gower, some of the descendants of the original colonists exist, who do not understand the Welsh language, rarely intermarry with them, and are otherwise distinguished by their dress and peculiar dialect. These people, who have thus successively, for more than seven centuries, preserved almost unmingled the manners of their progenitors, manufacture lace of the same fabric as that of Flanders. In the reign of Henry II. Thomas de Newburgh, son of Henry Earl of Warwick, the conqueror of Gower, parted with the lordship to the crown. King John, in the fourth year of his reign, granted the "whole land of Gower" to one of his favourites, William de Braose, created Lord of Gower, "to be held by the service of one knight's fee;" and it continued in his family till the reign of Edward II. It afterwards passed, by marriage, to Sir Charles Somerset, an ancestor of the Duke of Beaufort, who now is hereditary lord paramount of the liberty of seignory of Gower, and possesses considerable property therein. Gower had distinct privileges, and was separate from Glamorgan till the reign of Henry VIII., when, by act of parliament, it was annexed to that county.

Gower is rich in memorials of the olden times, as will appear by the sequel to the present paper—those strongholds of ancient despotism, which, by their very ruin, tell of the nothingness of man's power and ambition. We append the following observations of Mr. Britton, who has done more to make the study of antiquities popular, it has been truly observed, than all other antiquaries, past and present, put together. They do honour to his head and heart. After stating that "the subject is replete with amusement on all occasions, and intense interest on many," the author goes on: "I will venture to entreat my countrymen, whenever and wherever they have power, to protect the remaining antiquities from further demolition or defacement. Every castle, abbey, cathedral, fine church, and old mansion, is a monument and memento of a former age, and of former persons;—they are so many indexes to memorable events, to heroes, statesmen, patriots, and philosophers. Architectural antiquities are objects and evidences of incalculable value and interest; whilst standing—however mutilated—they are indications of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of civilized society;—they show man in his domestic economy, and in his historical relations. The person, therefore, who protects one fine work of antiquity, is entitled to the applause of his contemporaries, and of posterity;—he who destroys, or heedlessly neglects it, deserves the reprobation of the civilized world. As Dr. Stukely indignantly hung, in graphic effigy, the man who wantonly broke up the vast and wondrous Celtic Temple of Abury, so every other similar delinquent should be condemned to the literary gibbet. The miserable fanatic who fired York Cathedral is properly incarcerated for life, and thus prevented from doing further public mischief; but there are other fanatics still roaming at large, and permitted to commit devastations on cathedrals and other churches—on castles, old mansions, &c. "Such men should not be trusted."

VYVYAN.

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Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ST. NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THIS is a local custom, very faithfully kept in many parts of the two northern counties. Early in the morning of the first of January, the *Fax-populi* assemble together, carrying *stangs* and baskets. Any inhabitant, stranger, or whoever joins not this ruffian tribe in sacrificing to their favourite Saint Day, if unfortunate enough to be met by any of the band, is immediately mounted across the stang (if a woman, she is basketed), and carried, shoulder high, to the nearest public-house, where the payment of sixpence immediately liberates the prisoner. No respect is paid to any person; the cobbler on that day thinks himself equal to the parson, who generally gets mounted like the rest of his flock; whilst one of his porters *boasts and prides himself* in having but just before got the *'Squire* across the pole. None, though ever so industriously inclined, are permitted to follow their respective avocations on that day.

J. G. B.

MARRIAGE FEES.

AT Northwich, in the county of Cheshire, a whimsical privilege is ascribed, by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the Grammar-school: namely—that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk; or, in lieu thereof, the bride's garters.

J. G. B.

ORIGIN OF THE FINE CALLED WHITE-HART SILVER.

BLACKMOOR FOREST, at the spring of the Froome, was once called the Forest of White Hart, and at that time the seat of royalty, and greatly preferred by our kings, on account of the deer with which it abounded. King Henry III., with a mighty train of hunters, having one day entered on the chase in this neighbourhood, roused a milk-white hart. The creature afforded his Majesty so much sport, that at the pulling down, it was the royal pleasure to save the beast, and place round his neck a collar of brass, on which was engraved,

"I am a royal hart, let no one harm me."

But the king and his retinue having run over and spoiled the lands of a gentleman of the county, named *Thomas de la Linde*, and refusing, upon remonstrance, to make good the injury, *De la Linde* imprudently resolved to spite King Henry; when, joining with others, he hunted the white hart, and having run it down, foolishly took the life of the king's favourite; and making merry over its haunches, was heard in his cups to utter many disrespectful speeches towards his sovereign, which were conveyed to Henry, who presently convinced *De la Linde* of his presumption, and so highly resented the indignity, that he made every one concerned in the death of the noble animal pay into his exchequer an annual fine, called "White Hart Silver," which was not remitted during the reign of that monarch. This is also the origin of the White Hart for a sign at the different inns and houses of entertainment throughout England.

J. G. B.

WHITSUNTIDE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ONE of the most strange customs which time has handed down to us, prevails at St. Briavel's, in Gloucestershire. On Whit Sunday, several baskets full of bread and cheese, cut into small squares of about an inch each, are brought into the church; and immediately after divine service is ended, the churchwardens, or some other persons, take them into the galleries, from whence their contents are thrown amongst the congregation, who have a grand scramble for it in the body of the church, which occasions as great a tumult and uproar as the amusement of a village wake, the inhabitants being always extremely anxious in their attendance at worship on this day.

This custom is held for the purpose of preserving to the poor of St. Briavel's and Hewelfield, the right of cutting and carrying away wood from three thousand acres of coppice land, in Hudknolls and the Meends; and for which every housekeeper is assessed twopence, to buy the bread and cheese given away.

J. G. B.

DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN GERMANY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS is performed with great ceremony and mystery, on Christmas Eve, by the elders of the family, without the knowledge of the younger members. They deck a large evergreen with presents of various kinds: to toys, bonbons, and such trifles, are added things of more value and use—working materials for the girls, knives, &c. for the boys, and books of amusement and instruction for both. Little tapers are attached to the

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anches of the shrub; and at break of y the children are roused from their amber, and when all are ready (for no ne is allowed to enter singly) they are mitted into the room, where the illuminated tree greets their eyes. Great the anxiety of the young party to see ho has been provided for, since the idea ey are taught to entertain is, that ese tempting objects are bestowed by n invisible agent, as a reward for good ildren, and that the naughty and ill-onducted will find no share allotted to em.

Hêbel, in one of his pretty, simple oems, describes a mother sitting by her eeping child, as she prepares its morn-ng surprise. She enumerates the va-ious gifts she hangs on the tree, ausing in her pleasing task as a moral eflection is suggested by any of the bjects she has collected, and concluding y a prayer for the future welfare of her arling. Would not the Christmas-tree e a pleasant addition to our juvenile musements? The Twelfth-night King nd Queen might plant such a one in heir royal domain, and graciously con-lude their merry reign by distributing mongst those who have served them as iege subjects for the evening, the motley *fruits* that grace it. Each should be previously marked to correspond with he character to be drawn, which would ecure a token of their majesties' favour for each individual of the sportive train.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ST. JOHN LONG

Has distanced the majesty of British justice in the persons of the coroner, the bailiffs, and the Bow-street magistrates, after all. We knew that he would do so; but in this we take no possible credit to ourselves, for every one knew that he would do so. Public opinion is, we must confess, still divided as to the place of his retreat, some pronouncing it America, where his purpose is, to set up a bank with Rowland Stephenson; others, New South Wales, by a natural and pleasant anticipation; and others, Paris, which of late years has superseded Philadelphia, and even New York, as the general receptacle of "the unfortunate brave," the asylum of those men of genius, who have too much talent to live in England, the favoured spot of regeneration for those brilliant speculators whose conceptions equally outrun their credit and their age. However, the majority are clearly for Paris; and the objects of the visit are said to be political, and not personal. The friends of the ex-ministers, it is understood, have succeeded in engaging him; and he is about to put in operation a very extensive system of *counter-irritation* among the *canaille* of the French capital. Should his exertions be attended with success, he will, on his return, be retained by the Home-office, and despatched into the disturbed districts to *counter-irritate* the erring disciples of "Swing."

On the whole, we are convinced that St. John Long will be seriously missed at the West-end. His house was a pleasant lounge; his chocolate was unimpeachable, whatever his honesty might be; no one could ever question the strength of his coffee, whatever might be surmised of his science; and the sandwiches which promenaded the rooms regularly every half-hour, were a triumphant answer to all the aspersions that his patients lived upon air. We have no doubt that it was a much pleasanter place than the bazaars, to which such hosts of old peeresses order their carriages every day at one, with such matchless punctuality, to buy sixpence-worth of ribbon, and kill three hours. To this, St. John Long's promenade was a paradise. The comfortable manner in which all the comforts of the old ladies were provided for; the pleasantries arising from the nature of the scene between the various *rubbed*: the files of young women, with their mouths fixed to gas-pipes, and imbibing all sorts of vapours; and, never to be forgotten in the catalogue of attractions, the men of all ages who came to learn the art of being cured of all calamities, that of the purse inclusive. Then, too, St. John's own judicious generosity; the presents of invaluable snuff, of first-growth Champagne, of Mocha coffee to one, and of gunpowder tea to another, showed a knowledge of women and human nature, that must, but for the malice of justice, inevitably have led to fortune. What will now become of the countess, who led her daughters to this palace of Hygeia as regularly as the day came; and with a spirit worthy of the great cause, declared that, if she had twenty daughters, she would take every one of them every day to the same place, for the same rubbing? What will become of the heavy hours of him who declared St. John's gas a qualification for the Cabinet, and that a sick minister applying to this dispenser of all virtue, would be on his legs in the House, and making a victorious speech

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within the twenty-four hours? What will become of the battalion of beauties who, at every puff of the gas-pipe, ran to their mirrors, and received the congratulations of the surrounding dandies, or the revived carnation of their cheeks? "Othello's occupation's o'er." But a St. John Long, of some kind or other, is so essential to the West-end world, that a successor must be rapidly erected in his room. Every age has its St. John Long, formed by the mere necessities of the opulent and idle. A new Perkins, with a packet of metallic tractors on a new scale would be extremely acceptable in any handsome street in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square. Animal magnetism would thrive prodigiously between this and the dust-months, when London is left to the guardsmen and the cab-drivers; and when, as Lady Jersey says, nobody who is anybody is to be seen in the streets from morning till night, that is, from three till six. But the true man of success would be Dr. Graham, of famous memory; the heir of his talents would make a fortune in any season of the year; and now that St. John Long has vacated the throne, nothing could be more favourable for his ambition, than to take advantage of the interregnum, and make himself monarch of charlatanry without loss of time.—From "Notes of the Month," by far the most piquant portion of the *Monthly Mag.*

FLOWERS IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

"I desire, as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more!—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they *have* their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health.*

Bear them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the green wood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree;
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to Earth again!

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured Earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis *thou* that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In her fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Borne beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no Death can touch the Rose!

New Monthly Magazine.

STANZAS.

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night,

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night
Dejection chills my feeble powers,
I own thy halls of glittering light
Are festive as in former hours.
But when I last amid them moved,
I sung for friends beloved and dear,
Their smiles inspired, their lips approved,
Now all is changed—they are not here.

I gaze around—I view a throng,
The radiant slaves of pride and art,
Oh! can *they* prize my simple song,
The soft low breathings of the heart?
Take back the lute, its tuneful string
Is moisten'd by a sorrowing tear,
To-night, I may not, cannot sing
The friends that love me are not here!

Ibid.

THE LATE MADAME DE GENLIS.

The following smart account of the late Madame de Genlis, is translated from that very piquant French paper the Figaro of the 4th January:—

She nearly died the day she came into the world; a mere chance saved her; and the noble lady lived eighty-five years. What a misfortune, not only for the Ducrest and the Genlis, if the clumsy Bailiff who sat down in the arm-chair where the infant prodigy had been left by the careless nurse, had crushed under the ample and heavy developement of his various femoral muscles, the hope of French literature! The concussion would have despoiled us of a hundred volumes, and Heaven can witness what volumes! History in romances; morality in proverbs; and religion in comedies. This is what the world of letters would have lost,—society would have lost a very different thing.

Such a nose as never was possessed before; a nose modelled by Love himself, and celebrated by ten court poets, and which the censer of praise was as

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unable to improve as a certain tumble which its owner had in infancy. Hands the most beautiful that could be, and which Madame de Genlis put up for exhibition during twenty years, upon the strings of a harp, now passed into a proverb. A form without fault, and which made the delight of the Palais Royal parties in the open air. A foot, alike triumphant at the Court and at the *Porcherons*. Eyes capable of making an impression upon the running footman of M. de Brancas, and of an innumerable crowd of dukes, lawyers, officers, and men of letters. A genius!—oh! for her genius, if she had not been encumbered with so much modesty, Madame de Genlis would have shone by it alone in the *first* rank; through feminine modesty she remained in the second.

Philosophy may breathe again. The author of "The Evenings at the Castle" was the Attila of philosophers;—she crushed Voltaire, considering him as a *mauvais sujet;* pursued Diderot and d'Alembert; breasted Rousseau; refuted the Encyclopædia; and was always of the party in favour of the Altar and the Throne, excepting only the day when the revolution of 1789 commenced.

Foul-mouthed people allege Madame de Genlis to have been a great coquette, which is a calumny. She was virtue itself. No doubt she was the object of rude assaults; public declarations, scenes of despair, disguises, eulogies in verse, madrigals in prose—all were employed to seduce her affections; but she resisted always. To revenge her cruelty, they attacked her morals, and epigrams rained on her. She replied by her Memoirs—rather diffuse confessions, which Lavocat (the publisher) contrived to dilute further—but edifying, and which have demonstrated that if Mad. de Genlis was not canonized in her life-time, it was because there is no longer any religion to speak of, or that she neglected to cultivate interest with the Pope.

One poet had the audacity to put up Madame de Genlis' honour at the Exchange for a dollar; the ladies of the Directory exclaimed against this; the Countess herself said nothing: she despised the exaggeration which nobody could credit. In truth, Madame de Genlis was quite as good as the particular Queen, whose modesty was only to fall before the millions of a Cardinal-Duke.

Mirabeau boasted, in one of his letters, that he had communicated his own tenderness to the charming tigress; but Mirabeau was a vain, good-for-nothing coxcomb, and the boudoir on four wheels which he presented as the theatre of his triumph, was a horrible invention. The proof is, that Madame de Genlis says nothing whatever about it in her Memoirs. Posterity should be just towards the illustrious Countess, and accept, as sincere, her revelations. Let us, then, consider her as the most virtuous of women; as the least arrogant; the most sensible; the most learned; for all, in fine, that she desired to appear; for Madame de Genlis never said what was untrue; she solemnly declares so.

Madame de Genlis had a talent that was very dear to her, but the title of a good housewife was that she coveted above all the rest. I can never forget the following circumstance, exemplifying the *naïf* vanity of the pretension to be without pretension, which the noble lady sometimes assumed. I was anxious to see this celebrated person, and wrote to ask the favour of a brief interview. She appointed the following day. At twelve o'clock I presented myself;—Madame de Genlis was writing; she laid down her pen, and obligingly offered me a seat, then said—"Allow me, sir, to finish my *pot au feu;* above being a woman of letters, I value myself as a good housewife." And the Countess scraped the carrots and the leeks, tied them up, put them into the soup-kettle, skimmed the meat, and neither forgot cloves nor fried onions. Then taking off her kitchen apron, came with very good grace to offer herself to my curiosity We talked upon art and literature; and I must say that she did not speak of her harp more than twice, of her talent for acting more than once, or of her facility of writing—very much more than six times.

Madame de Genlis died almost suddenly, and was employing herself as usual, when death struck her. She leaves two works, which will, no doubt, be published as soon as a bookseller is found to put them together, and idlers seem disposed to read them. The King offered her rooms in the Tuileries, and she had replied to his gracious proposal the evening before she died.

Louis Philip never forgot his preceptor—Madame de Genlis is said to have had some desire to be forgotten by her pupil.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS attractive Exhibition opened for the season on Monday, the 31st ult., and contains five hundred and fifty-two works of art. The display of pictures is certainly very splendid; and, as no portraits are admitted, the respective artists have employed their talents in representing pleasing and interesting subjects, some of which contain high poetical feeling—while others possess the power of raising our risibility by their novelty and genuine humour—a valuable quality in painting, to attain which, the artist treads an extremely difficult path. We must now select a few of the most sparkling gems of the collection.

No. 1. Lavinia, from Thomson's Seasons, painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, is a chaste production. Lavinia is portrayed as a perfect rustic beauty.

3. A subject from "The Lost Pleiad" of Miss L. E. L. is beautifully embodied by Henry Howard, R. A.

12. Part of the Corn-market at Caen, formerly the Church of St. Sauveur; painted by Roberts, in his peculiar and fascinating style.

36. The Auld Friends—

"Then here's a fig for snarling time,
Wi' features long and grim,
Come prime the cup, my gude auld friend,
And pledge me brim to brim."

Painted carefully by J. P. Knight, son of the late comedian.

59. Titania, Puck, and Bottom; by Mr. Partridge. This is a commanding work, and extremely rich in the colouring. The Queen of the Fairies is represented reposing on a grassy bed, and near her is seated the formidable Bottom, in his ludicrous metamorphosis: he is placed in such a situation, that her majesty must see him before any other object when she *awakes*. At a little distance Puck is displayed laughing at the trick he has played on the queen, and seems to anticipate with delight the amusement that is to ensue.

95. Falstaff's Assignation with Mrs. Ford—from the Merry Wives of Windsor—is remarkably delicate in the execution, possesses good colouring, and is altogether creditable to the painter, Mr. Clint.

153. Interior of the Painted Hall, Greenwich Hospital; by John S. Davis. This is an admirable specimen of rising genius, as it contains much knowledge of perspective, and great correctness in the distribution of light and shade.—Some portraits, and a statue of Nelson, are judiciously introduced.

229. Teniers Painting the Temptation of St. Anthony; executed by Mr. Fraser, in a masterly manner.

447. Mount St. Michael; a magnificent production by Stanfield. The water is inimitable, possessing that beautiful greenish transparency so peculiar to the sea.

462. The Interior of Mr. Pinney's Gallery, Pall Mall; by Mr. Novice.—This is doubtless an arduous undertaking; the artist has evinced much skill in the arrangement of the various objects of the piece, and the effect is forcible and good. There is another representation of a picture-gallery in the exhibition No. 345, but we think it wants effect.

We are sorry that we can *only allude* to the names of several other excellent artists. They must not infer, however, that we fail to appreciate their merits; on the contrary, we would most gladly appropriate our time to the extension of this notice, were we permitted sufficient space, for to do ample justice would occupy several pages. Madame Comolera, Miss E. Drummond, and Miss Hague, deserve attention; as do Messrs. Clater, Fradelle, Hart, Edmondstone, Chisholme, Deane, Wilson, Brough, Stanley, Reinagle, and Webster.

Feb. 1, 1831. G. W. N.

Notes of a Reader.

ROYAL EQUIVOQUE.

(From the Life and Reign of George IV.)

A WELL-KNOWN individual, some time deceased, who was admitted to the prince's familiarity upon his first entrance into life, and for several years after, described or rather dramatized with much humour a scene which he professed to have had from the prince himself. So much depends upon tone and manner, that the spirit of these pleasantries evaporates on paper. The story was in substance as follows:—A new suit, destined for a ball that night at Cumberland-house, was brought home to the prince, but ordered back by him for the purpose of undergoing immediate alterations. He gave directions that the tailor's return with it should be instantly made known to him. The prince happened to pass the early part of the evening with the king and queen at Buckingham-house. Whilst he was seated in the royal group, a German

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page entered, and pronounced in a tone meant for his particular ear, but loud enough to be heard by every one present, "Please your royal highness, *she* is come." There was a moment's awful pause. "Who is come?" said his royal highness, in a tone between surprise, embarrassment, and anger. "Sir, *she* is come," repeated the page, with his bad English and German phlegm. "Eh! what, what! who is come?" exclaimed the king. "*She*, your majesty, reiterated the unmoved German. "She is come!" cried the queen, bursting with wrath, and supposing that the visiter was one of the house of Luttrell, who already sought an undue influence over the prince. All was for a moment inexplicable confusion. The queen summoned another page, and asked him with fury in her looks, "*Who* is *she* that dares inquire for the Prince of Wales?" "Please your majesty," said the second oracle, "it is *Shea*, his royal highness's tailor."—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library*, vol. ii.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MRS. FITZHERBERT.

He had now formed an attachment of no common kind to a lady, whose name at this period came frequently before the public associated with his. A veil of ambiguity or mystery covered, and still covers, the relations of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert. She received all the respect and exercised all the influence which could belong to rank, character, accomplishments, and manners, in the highest class of society in this country during her intimacy with the prince, and after their separation; and she is still living, surrounded, in her advanced years, with all the consideration which could do honour to the decline of a life the most estimable. Mrs. Fitzherbert was first married at sixteen, and had still all the graces of beauty and youth on the death of Colonel Fitzherbert. She was brought up abroad, with every advantage of a costly and consummate education. Her beauty had that soft and touching character, the result of fair complexion and blue eyes which distinguishes Englishwomen abroad, and obtained her the appellation of the angelic English *blonde*. The cousin of Lord Sefton, and related to other distinguished families, she lived in a sphere of society in London which necessarily made her acquainted with the Prince of Wales. He became enamoured, declared his passion, and was the cause of her retiring to the continent to avoid his importunities. Having remained abroad about three years, she returned to England in 1784. The prince on her return declared the continuance and repeated the sincerity of his attachment, with, it would appear, more success. Their intimacy for some time was known only to the initiated in high life; they moved and met in the same society, apparently on terms rather of formal than familiar acquaintance. The secret was divulged shortly before the prince's quarrel with the king, and base advantage was taken of it to wound the private feelings of the prince where manly feelings are the most vulnerable. She was of a Catholic family, herself a Catholic; and this was easily turned against the Prince of Wales, at a period of religious bigotry, and political alarm, especially in the mind of George III.—*Ibid.*

A GREAT SLEEPER.

The Stadtholder, who had recently fled from Holland, was also the prince's guest, and afforded amusement by the whimsical incongruity with which he chose his occasions for going to sleep. The princess commanded a play for his entertainment: in spite of her vivacity and utmost efforts, he slept and snored in the box beside her, and was roused with some difficulty when the curtain fell. A ball having been given in compliment to him at the Castle-tavern, he fell asleep whilst eating his supper, and snored so loud as to disturb the harmony of the orchestra and the decorum of the assembly. His Dutch highness was also entertained, if the term in this instance be admissible, with a grand masquerade, and was perplexed by the difficulty of resolving in what dress or character he should attend it. The Prince of Wales said he might go as *an old woman*.—*Ibid.*

PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE III.

It was well known to be the habit of Geo. III. to write in various folios, for an hour after he rose in the morning. This practice was not obviously consistent with his want of facility and taste in any sort of composition; but his manuscripts were only registers of names, with notes annexed of the services, the offences, and the characters, as he judged them, of the respective persons. "In addition," says a publication of 1779, "*to the numerous private registers always kept by the king*, and written with his own hand, he has lately kept another, of all those Americans

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who have either left the country voluntarily rather than submit to the rebels, and also of such as have been driven out by force; with an account of their losses and services." It is somewhat cruel to lay bare "the bosomed secrets" of any man, even after the grave has closed upon his passions and weaknesses; but if these registers of George III. still exist, and should ever come to light, they will be as curious private memoirs as have ever appeared: they doubtless promoted the remembrance and compensation of losses and services; but they also produced his petty long-cherished resentments, less hurtful to their objects than injurious to his own character and torturing to his breast.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SUPPOSED POSTHUMOUS WORK OF DR. JOHNSON'S.

An Ode written April 15, 1786.

ST. PAUL'S deep bell, from stately tower,
Had sounded once and twice the hour—
Blue burnt the midnight taper;
Hags their dark spells o'er cauldrons hewed,
While Sons of Ink their work pursued,
Printing "the Morning Paper."

Say, Herald, Chronicle, or Post,
Which then beheld great Johnson's ghost,
Grim, horrible, and squalid?
Compositors their letters dropt,
Pressmen their printing engines stopt,
And devils all grew pallid.

Enough! the spectre cried, Enough!
No more of your fugacious stuff,
Trite anecdotes and stories!
Rude martyrs of Sam. Johnson's name,
You rob him of his honest fame,
And tarnish all his glories.

First in the fertile tribe is seen
Tom Tyres, in the Magazine,
That teazer of Apollo!
With goose-quill he, like desperate knife,
Slices, as Vauxhall beef, my life,
And calls the town to swallow.

The cry once up, the dogs of news,
Who hunt for paragraphs the stews,
Yelp out "*Johnsoniana!*"
Their nauseous praise but moves my bile,
Like tartar, carduus, camomile,
Or ipecacuanha.

Next Boswell comes, for 'twas my lot
To find at last *one* honest *Scot*
With constitutional veracity;
Yet garrulous he tells too much,
On fancied failings prone to touch
With sedulous loquacity.

At length, Job's patience it would try,
Brewed on my lees comes "*Thrale's Entrie,*"
Straining to draw my picture;
For *she* a common-place book kept,
"*Johnson at Streatham dined and slept,*"
And who shall contradict her?

Thrale lost midst fiddles and sopranos,
With them plays fortes and pianos,
Adagio and allegro.
I loved Thrale's widow and Thrale's wife
But now, believe—to write my life!
I'd rather trust my negro.

I gave the public works of merit,
Written with vigour, fraught with spirit,
Applause crowned all my labours;
But thy delusive pages speak
My palsied powers, exhausted, weak,
The scoff of friends and neighbours.

They speak me insolent and rude,
Light, trivial, puerile, and crude,
The child of pride and vanity.
Poor Tuscan-like improvisation
Is but of English sense castration,
And infantine inanity.

Such idle rhymes, like Sybil's leaves,
Kindly the scattering winds receive—
The gatherer proves a scorner.
But hold! I see the coming day!
The spectre said—and stalked away,
To sleep in Poet's Corner.

WORSE AND WORSE.

DOCTOR PERNE happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was not totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly, that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely. "Do so," says the Doctor, "and he will confirm you."

J. G. B.

UNPARALLELED RIDING.

IN 1603, one John Lepton, of Reprich, Esq., in the county of York, undertook to ride five several times betwixt London and York in six days, to be taken in one week, between Monday morning and Saturday night: he began his journey on Monday morning, and finished it on the Friday after, to the great admiration of all.—*Old History.* T. GILL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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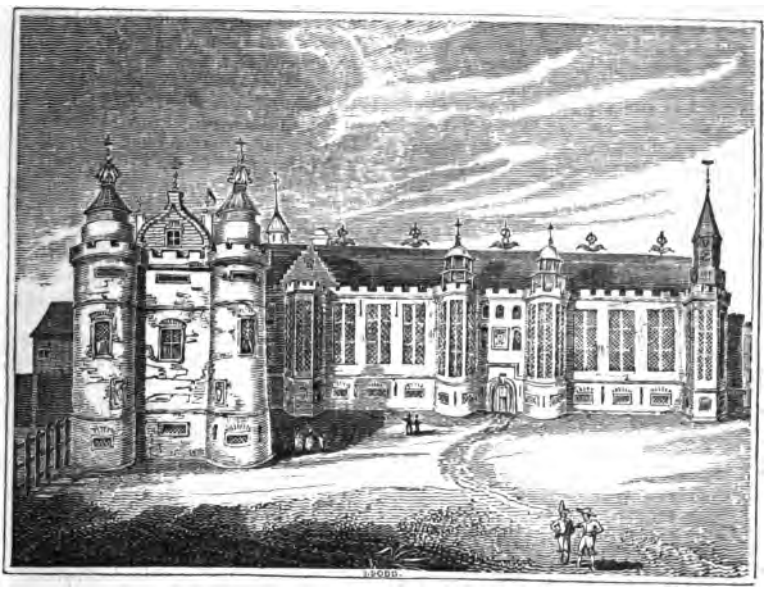

ANCIENT PALACE OF HOLYROOD, AT EDINBURGH.

Here is another of the resting-places of fallen royalty; and a happy haven has it proved to many a crowned head; a retreat where the plain reproof of flattery—

How can you say to me, —— I am a king?

would sound with melancholy sadness and truth.

The reader of "the age and body of the time' need not be told that the tenancy of Holyrood by the Ex-King of France has suggested its present introduction, although the Engraving represents the Palace about the year 1640. The structure, in connexion with the Chapel,* is thus described in Chambers's *Picture of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 61.

The Chapel and Palace of Holyrood are situated at the extremity of the suburb called the Cannongate. The ordinary phrase "the Abbey," still popularly applied to both buildings, indicates that the former is the more ancient of the two. Like so many other religious establishments, it owns David I. for its founder. Erected in the twelfth century, and magnificently endowed by that monarch, it continued for about four centuries to flourish as an abbey, and to be, at least during the latter part of that time, the residence of the sovereign. In the year 1528, James V. added a palace to the conventual buildings. During the subsequent reign of Mary, this was the principal seat of the court; and so it continued in a great measure to be, till the departure of King James VI. for England. Previously to this period, the Abbey and Palace had suffered from fire, and they have since undergone such revolutions, that, as in the celebrated case of Sir John Cutler's stockings, which, in the course of darning, changed nearly their whole substance, it is now scarcely possible to distinguish what is really ancient from the modern additions.

As they at present stand, the Palace is a handsome edifice, built in the form of a quadrangle, with a front flanked by double towers, while the Abbey is reduced from its originally extensive dimensions to the mere ruin of the chapel, one corner of which adjoins to a poste-

* A view of the Chapel, from the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, with ample descriptive details, will be found in vol. v. of *The Mirror*.

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rior angle of the Palace. Of the palatial structure, the north-west towers alone are old. The walls were certainly erected in the time of James V. They contain the apartments in which Queen Mary resided, and where her minion, Rizzio, fell a sacrifice to the revenge of her brutal husband. A certain portion of the furniture is of the time, and a still smaller portion is said to be the handiwork of that princess. The remaining parts of the structure were erected in the time of Charles II. and have at no time been occupied by any royal personages, other than the Duke of York, Prince Charles Stuart, the Duke of Cumberland, the King of France, (in 1795-9,) and King George IV. in 1822. In the northern side of the quadrangle is a gallery one hundred and fifty feet in length, filled with the portraits of nearly as many imaginary Scottish kings. The south side contains a suite of state apartments, fitted up for the use of the last-mentioned monarch. These various departments of the Palace, as well as the Chapel, are shown to strangers, for a gratuity, by the servants of the Duke of Hamilton, who is hereditary keeper of the Palace. It may be mentioned, before dismissing this subject, that the precincts of these interesting edifices were formerly a sanctuary of criminals, and can yet afford refuge to insolvent debtors.

From the time of the departure of George the Fourth from Edinburgh, in 1822, Holyrood Palace remained without any distinguished inhabitant until last year, when Charles the Tenth, and his suite, took up their abode within its walls. In the same year too, died George IV.

THE LAST SOUNDS OF BATTLE.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK! on yonder blood-trod hill,
The sound of battle lingers still,—
But faint it comes, for every blow
Is feebled with the touch of woe:
Their limbs are weary, and forget
They stand upon the battle plain,—
But still their spirit flashes yet,
And dimly lights their souls again!
Like revellers, flush'd with dead'ning wine,
Measuring the dance with sluggish tread,
Their spirits for an instant shine,
Ashamed to show their pow'r hath fled.
But hark! o'er that faint sound hath died,
And sad and solemn up the vale
The silence steals, and far and wide
It tells of death the dreadful tale.

J. M. W.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT TOPOGRAPHY OF HOLBORN.

(For the Mirror.)

THE name of Holborn is derived from an ancient village, built upon the bank of the rivulet, or *bourne*, of the same name.—Stowe says, "*Oldborne*, or *Hilborne*, was the water, breaking out about the place where now the Barres doe stand; and it ranne downe the whole street to *Oldborne Bridge*, and into the river of the *Wels*, or *Turne-mill Brooke*. This *Boorne* was long since stopped up at the head, and other places, where the same hath broken out; but yet till this day, the said street is there called high, *Oldborne* hill, and both sides thereof, (together with all the grounds adjoining, that lye betwixt it and the River of Thames,) remaine full of springs, so that water is there found at hand, and hard to be stopped in every house."

"Oldborne Conduit, which stood by Oldborne Crosse, was first builded 1498. Thomasin, widow to John Percival, maior, gave to the second making thereof twenty markes; Richard Shore, ten pounds; Thomas Knesworth, and others also, did give towards it.—But of late, a new conduit was there builded, in place of the old, namely, in the yeere 1577, by William Lambe, sometime a gentleman of the chappell to King Henry the Eighth, and afterwards a citizen and clothworker of London, which amounted to the sum of 1,500*l.*

"Scroops' Inne,* sometime Sergeant's Inne, was situate against the church of St. Andrew, in Oldborne, in the city of London, with two gardens.

"On the High-streete of Oldborne (says Stowe) have ye many fair houses builded, and lodgings for gentlemen, innes for travellers, and such like, up almost (for it lacketh but little) to St. Giles's in the Fields."

Gerard, the famous herbalist, lived in Holborn, and had there a large botanic garden. Holborn was then in the outskirts of the town on that side. Richard the Third asked the Bishop of Ely to send for some of the good strawberries which he heard the bishop had in his garden in Holborn.

"In 1417, Lower Holborn (says Brayley) one of the great inlets to the city, was first paved, it being then described as a highway, so deep and miry, that many perils and hazards were thereby occacioned; and the King, at his own expense, is recorded to have

* From Lord Scroops, of Bolton.

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employed two vessels, each of twenty tons burthen, for bringing stones for that purpose.

"In 1534 an act was passed for paving with stone the street between Holborn Bridge and Holborn Bars, at the west end thereof, and also the streets of Southwark; and every person was made liable to maintain the pavement before his door, under the forfeiture of six-pence to the king for every square yard."

On the south side of Holborn Hill was St. Andrew's Church, of considerable antiquity; but rebuilt in a plain, neat manner. Here was buried Thomas Wriothesley, lord chancellor in the latter part of the life of Henry the Eighth: a fiery zealot, who (says Pennant) not content with seeing the amiable Anne Askew put to the torture, for no other crime than difference of faith, flung off his gown, degraded the chancellor into the bureau, and with his own hands gave force to the rack.

"Furnival's Inn was one of the hosteries belonging to Lincoln's Inn, in old times the town abode of the Lords of Furnivals.

"Thaive's Inn was another, old as the time of Edward the Third. It took its name from John Tavye.

"Staples Inn; so called from its having been a staple in which the woolmerchants were used to assemble.

"Barnard's Inn, originally Mackworth's Inn, having been given by the executors of John Mackworth, dean of Lincoln, to the dean and chapter of Lincoln, on condition that they should find a pious priest to perform divine service in the cathedral of Lincoln—in which John Mackworth lies interred.

Hatton Garden was the town house and gardens of the Lord Hatton, founded by Sir Christopher Hatton, lord-keeper in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The place he built his house on was the orchard and garden belonging to Ely House.

"Brook House was the residence of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

"Southampton Buildings, built on the site of Southampton House, the mansion of the Wriothesleys, earls of Southampton. When Lord Russel passed by this house, on his way to execution, he felt a momentary bitterness of death, in recollecting the happy moments of the place. He looked (says Pennant) towards Southampton House, the tear started into his eye, but he instantly wiped it away.

"Gray's Inn is a place of great antiquity: it was originally the residence of the Lord Grays, from the year 1315, when John, the son of Reginold de Grey, resided here, till the latter end of the reign of Henry the Seventh, when it was sold, by Edmund Lord Grey, of Wilton, to Hugh Dennys, Esq., by the name of Portpole; and in eight years afterwards it was disposed of to the prior and convent of Shene, who again disposed of it to the students of the law; not but that they were seated here much earlier, it appearing that they had leased a residence here from the Lord Grays, as early as the reign of Edward the Third. Chancery Lane gapes on the opposite side, to receive the numberless *malheureuses* who plunge unwarily on the rocks and shelves with which it abounds."

P. T. W.

ANCIENT SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

"O Freedom! first delight of human kind."
DRYDEN.

Sharon Turner, in his interesting "History of the Anglo-Saxons," says, "It was then (during the reign of Pope Gregory I.) the practice of Europe to make use of slaves, and to buy and sell them; and this traffic was carried on, even in the western capital of the Christian Church. Passing through the market at Rome, the white skins, the flowing locks, and beautiful countenances of some youths who were standing there for sale, interested Gregory's sensibility. To his inquiries from what country they had been brought, the answer was, from Britain, whose inhabitants were all of that fair complexion. Were they Pagans or Christians? was his next question: a proof not only of his ignorance of the state of England, but also, that up to that time it had occupied no part of his attention; but thus brought as it were to a personal knowledge of it by these few representatives of its inhabitants, he exclaimed, on hearing that they were still idolators, with a deep sigh, 'What a pity that such a beauteous frontispiece should possess a mind so void of internal grace.' The name of their nation being mentioned to be Angles, his ear caught the verbal coincidence—the benevolent wish for their improvement darted into his mind, and he expressed his own feelings, and excited those of his auditors, by remarking—'It suits them well: they have angel faces, and ought to be the co-heirs of the angels in heaven.'

"The different classes of society among the Anglo-Saxons were such as belonged to birth, office, or property, and such as were occupied by a free-

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man, a freedman, or one of the servile description. It is to be lamented in the review of these different classes, that a large proportion of the Anglo-Saxon population was in a state of abject slavery: they were bought and sold with land, and were conveyed in the grants of it promiscuously with the cattle and other property upon it; and in the Anglo-Saxon wills, these wretched beings were given away precisely as we now dispose of our plate, our furniture, or our money. At length the custom of manumission, and the diffusion of Christianity, ameliorated the condition of the Anglo-Saxon slaves. Sometimes individuals, from benevolence, gave their slaves their freedom—sometimes piety procured a manumission. But the most interesting kind of emancipation appears in those writings which announce to us, that the slaves had purchased their own liberty, or that of their family. The Anglo-Saxon laws recognised the liberation of slaves, and placed them under legal protection. The liberal feelings of our ancestors to their enslaved domestics are not only evidenced in the frequent manumissions, but also in the generous gifts which they appear to have made them. The grants of lands from masters to their servants were very common; gilds, or social confederations, were established. The tradesmen of the Anglo-Saxons were, for the most part, men in a servile state; but, by degrees, the manumission of slaves increased the number of the independent part of the lower orders."

When the statute 1st. Edward VI. c. 3. was made, which ordained, that all idle vagabonds should be made *slaves*, and fed upon bread, water or small drink, and refuse of meat; should wear a ring round their necks, arms, or legs; and should be compelled, by beating, chaining, or otherwise, to perform the work assigned them, were it ever so vile;—the spirit of the nation could not brook this condition, even in the most abandoned rogues; and therefore this statute was repealed in two years afterwards, 3rd and 4th of Edward VI. c. 16.

P. T. W.

FINSBURY.

(For the Mirror.)

FITZSTEPHEN, in his Description of London, 1282, gives the following account of skating in Moor, or Finsbury Fields, which may afford amusement to the inquisitive reader:—

"When that vast lake which waters the walls of the city towards the north is hard frozen, the youths, in great numbers, go to divert themselves on the ice—some, taking a small run for an increment of velocity, place their feet at a proper distance, and are carried sideways a great way; others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hands, and draw him along, when it happens that moving swiftly on so slippery a plane, they all fall headlong; others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice—they place certain bones (the legbones of animals) under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole, shod with iron, with their hands they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow."

This tract affords the earliest description of London; and Dr. Pegge, in his preface to said Description, says, "I conceive we may challenge any nation in Europe to produce an account of its capital, or any other of its great cities, at so remote a period as the 12th century."

J. R.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

No. 65 of *Constable's Miscellany*, just published, consists of *A Journal of a Residence in Normandy*, by J. A. St. John, Esq. This volume falls in opportunely enough for the further description of Mount St. Michael, engraved in No. 477 of *The Mirror*.

Breakfasting in haste, I procured a horse and a guide, and set out for the mount, no less celebrated for its historical importance, than for the peculiarity of its position. As soon as I had emerged from the streets of Avranches, I saw before me a vast bay, now entirely deserted by the tide, and consisting partly of sand, partly of slime, intersected by the waters of several rivers, and covered, during spring tides, at high water.—Two promontories, the one bluff and rocky, the other sandy and low, project, one on either hand, into the sea; and in the open space between these two points are two small islands, from around which the sea ebbs at low water: one of them is a desert rock, called the Tombelaine, and the other the Mont St. Michel.* The space thus covered and

* Why is the *a* omitted?

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deserted alternately by the sea is about eight square leagues, and is here called the Grève.

The Mont St. Michel, which is about the same height as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and now stood, as that does, upon a vast plain of sand, which is here, however, skirted in its whole length by the sea, has a very striking and extraordinary aspect. It appeared, as the water was so close behind it, to rise out of the sea, upon the intense and dazzling blue of which its grey rocks and towers were relieved in a sharp and startling manner; and, as I descended lower and lower on the hill-side, and drew near the beach, its pinnacles seemed to increase in height, and the picturesque effect was improved.

At length I emerged from the shady road upon the naked beach, and saw the ferry-boat and the Charon that were to convey me and my charger over the first river. My Avranches guide here quitted me; but I had been told that the ferryman himself usually supplied his place in piloting strangers across the quicksands, which, owing to the shifting of the course of the rivers, are in constant change, and of the most dangerous character. Horses and their riders, venturing to select their own path over the sands, have been swallowed up together, and vessels, stranded here in a tempest, have in a short time sunk and disappeared entirely. The depth of what may perhaps be termed the unsolid soil, is hitherto unknown, though various attempts have been made to ascertain it. In one instance, a small mast, forty feet high, was fixed up in the sands, with a piece of granite of considerable weight upon the top of it; but mast, granite, and all, rapidly disappeared, leaving no trace behind. It is across several leagues of a beach of this nature that one has to approach the Mont St. Michel.

The scene which now presented itself was singular and beautiful. On the right the land, running out boldly into the sea, offered, with its rich verdure, a striking contrast to the pale yellow sands beneath. In front, the sea, blue, calm, waveless, and studded in the distance with a few white sails, glittering in the sun, ran in a straight line along the yellow plain, which was, moreover, intersected in various directions by numerous small rivers, whose shining waters looked like molten silver. To add to the effect of the landscape, silence the most absolute brooded over it, except when the scream of a seamew, wheeling about drowsily in the sunny air, broke upon the ear. The mount itself, with its ancient monastic towers, rearing their grey pinnacles towards heaven, in the midst of stillness and solitude, appeared to be formed by nature to be the abode of peace, and a soft and religious melancholy.

For some time I rode on musing, gazing delightedly at the scene, and recalling to mind the historical events which had taken place on those shores, and rendered them famous. The cannon of England had thundered on every side, and her banners had waved triumphantly from the towers before me. My reflections, however, were soon called off from these towering topics, being interrupted by the loud laugh of a party of soldiers and wagoners, who were regaling themselves with fresh air at the gate of the fortress.

Dismounting here, I entered the small town which clusters round the foot of the mount within the wall; and whatever romance might have taken lodging in my imagination, was quickly put to flight by the stink, and filth, and misery, which forced themselves upon my attention. I never beheld a more odious den. Leaving my horse and guide at a cabaret, I ascended the only street in the place, which winding about the foot of the mountain, leads directly to the castle. Toiling up this abominable street, and several long and very steep flights of steps, I at length reached the door, where, having rung, and waited for some time, I was admitted by a saucy gendarme, who demanded my business and my passport in the most insolent tone imaginable. I delivered up my passport; and while the rascal went to show it to the man in office—governor, subgovernor, or some creature of that sort—I had to stand in the dismal passage, among a score or two of soldiers. In general, however, French soldiers are remarkably polite, and these, with the exception of the above individual, were so also. Even he, when he returned, had changed his tone; for, having learned from his superior that I was an Englishman, he came, with cap in hand, to conduct me round the building.

The first apartment, after the chapel, which is small, and by no means striking, into which I was led, was the ancient refectory, where there were some hundreds of criminals, condemned for several years to close imprisonment, or the galleys, weaving calico. I never in my life saw so many demoniacal faces together.

The apartment in which these miscreants were assembled, was a hall about one hundred feet long, by thirty-five or

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forty in breadth, and was adorned with two rows of massy, antique pillars, resembling those which we find in Gothic churches. From hence we proceeded to the subterranean chapel, where are seen those prodigious columns upon which the weight of the whole building reposes. The scanty light, which glimmers among these enormous shafts, is just sufficient to discover their magnitude to the eye, and to enable one to find his way among them. Having crossed this chapel, we entered the quadrangular court, around which the cloisters, supported by small, graceful pillars, of the most delicate workmanship, extend. Here the monks used to walk in bad weather, contriving the next day's dinner, or imagining excuses for detaining some of the many pretty female pilgrims who resorted, under various pretences, to this celebrated monastery. At present, it affords shelter to the veterans and gendarmes who keep guard over the prisoners below.

From various portions of the monastery, we obtain admirable views of sea and shore; but the most superb coup-d'œil is from a tall slender tower, which shoots up above almost every other portion of the building. Hence are seen the hills and coasts of Brittany, the sea, the sandy plain stretching inland, with the rivers meandering through it, and the long sweep of shore which encompasses the Grève, with Avranches, and its groves and gardens, in the back ground. Close at hand, and almost beneath one's feet, as it were, is the barren rock called the Tombelaine, which, though somewhat larger than the Mont St. Michel, is not inhabited. Even this rock, however, was formerly fortified by the English; and several remains of the old towers are still found among the thorns and briers with which it is at present overrun. Several fanciful derivations of the word Tombelaine are given by antiquaries, some imagining it to have been formed of the words *Tumba Beleni*, or *Tumba Helenæ;* and in support of the latter etymology, the following legend is told:—Helen, daughter of Hoël, King of Brittany, was taken away, by fraud or violence, from her father's court, by a certain Spaniard, who, having conducted her to this island, and compelled her to submit to his desires, seems to have deserted her there. The princess, overwhelmed with misfortune, pined away and died, and was buried by her nurse, who had accompanied her from Brittany.

At the Mont St. Michel was preserved, until lately, the enormous wooden cage in which state prisoners were sometimes confined under the old regime.

The most unfortunate of the poor wretches who inhabited this cage was Dubourg, a Dutch editor of a newspaper. This man having, in the exercise of his duty, written something which offended the majesty of Louis XIV., or some one of his mistresses, was marked out by the magnanimous monarch for vengeance; and the means which, according to tradition, he employed to effect his purpose, was every way worthy of the royal miscreant. A villain was sent from Avranches to Holland, a neutral state, with instructions to worm himself into the friendship and confidence of Dubourg, and, in an unguarded moment, to lead him into the French territories, where a party of soldiers was kept perpetually in readiness to kidnap him and carry him off. For two years this modern Judas is said to have carried on the intrigue, at the end of which period he prevailed upon Dubourg to accompany him on a visit into France, when the soldiers seized upon their victim, and hurried him off to the Mont St. Michel.

Confinement and solitude do not always kill. The Dutchman, accustomed, perhaps, to a life of indolence, existed twenty years in his cage, never enjoying the satisfaction of beholding "the human face divine," or of hearing the human voice, except when the individual entered who was charged with the duty of bringing him his provisions and cleaning his cell. Some faint rays of light, just such as enable cats and owls to mouse, found their way into the dungeon; and, by their aid, Dubourg, whom accident or the humanity of his keeper had put in possession of an old nail, and who inherited the passion of his countrymen for flowers, contrived to sculpture roses and other flowers upon the beams of his cage. Continual inaction, however, though it could not destroy life, brought on the gout, which rendered the poor wretch incapable of moving himself about from one side of the cage to the other; and he observed to his keeper, that the greatest misery he endured was inflicted by the rats, which came in droves, and gnawed away at his gouty legs, without his being able to move out of their reach or frighten them away.

Having examined the principal objects of curiosity at the mount, and learning that the tide was rising rapidly on the Grève, I descended from the fortress, and mounting my horse, set out on my return to Avranches.

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My guide informed me that I had staid somewhat too long, and in fact, the sea, flowing and foaming furiously over the vast plain of sand, quickly surrounded the mount, and was at our heels in a twinkling. However, the guide sprang off with that long trot peculiar to fishermen, and was followed with great good will by the beast which had been so obstinate in the morning. We were joined in our retreat by a party of sportsmen, who appeared to have been shooting gulls upon the sands; but they could not keep up with the young fisherman, who stepped out like a Newmarket racer, and in a short time landed me safe at the Point of Pontorson, near the village of Courtils, where he resided.

By the way, we have just received Mr. St. John's *Anatomy of Society*, which we hope to notice in our next or subsequent number.

THE MONUMENT,

ONCE the object of general praise, from its loftiness and beauty, and till now the subject of censure, even among Protestants, from that inscription of which the Papists always complained, was the offspring of this period, and realized one of those decorations which Wren had lavished upon his air-drawn Babylon. This lofty column was ordered by the Commons, in commemoration of the extinction of the great fire and the rebuilding of the city: it stands on the site of the old church of St. Margaret, and within a hundred feet of the spot where the conflagration began. It is of the Doric order, and rises from the pavement to the height of two hundred and two feet, containing within its shaft a spiral stair of black marble of three hundred and forty-five steps. The plinth is twenty-one feet square, and ornamented with sculpture by Cibber, representing the flames subsiding on the appearance of King Charles;—beneath his horse's feet a figure, meant to personify religious malice, crawls out vomiting fire, and above is that unjustifiable legend which called forth the indignant lines of Pope—

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts his head and lies."*

The shaft, deeply fluted, measures fifteen feet diameter at the base, and diminishing according to the proportion of its order, terminates in a capital, crowned with a balcony, from the centre of which rises a circular pedestal, bearing a flaming urn of gilt bronze. The various notions of the architect concerning a suitable termination, are worth relating:—"I cannot," said he, "but commend a large statue as carrying much dignity with it, and that which would be more valuable in the eyes of foreigners and strangers. It hath been proposed to cast such a one in brass of twelve feet high for a thousand pounds. I hope we may find those who will cast a figure for that money of fifteen feet high, which will suit the greatness of the pillar, and is, as I take it, the largest at this day extant. And this would undoubtedly be the noblest finishing that can be found answerable to so goodly a work in all men's judgments." The King preferred a large ball of metal gilt. A phœnix was introduced in the wooden model of the pillar, but afterwards rejected by the architect himself, "because it would be costly, not easily understood at that height, and worse understood at a distance; and lastly, dangerous by reason of the sail the spread wings would carry in the wind." A statue of Charles, fifteen feet high, on a pedestal of two hundred, would have looked small and mean; the King resisted the compliment. This work, begun in 1671, was not completed till 1677; stone was scarce, and the restoration of London and its Cathedral swallowed up the produce of the quarries. "It was at first used," says Elmes, "by the members of the Royal Society, for astronomical experiments, but was abandoned on account of its vibrations being too great for the nicety required in their observations. This occasioned a report that it was unsafe; but its scientific construction may bid defiance to the attacks of all but earthquakes for centuries."

Life of Wren.—Family Library.

* The original inscription, ascribing to the Roman Catholics the fire which consumed the city, obliterated during the reign of James II. and restored with much pomp on the coming of King William, is now ordered, I hear, to be erased by the Common Council. Fiction is truth and truth is fiction as party prevails.

G. MORLAND.

H. MORLAND, wine merchant, brother of the painter, says, "that his brother died while his servant was holding a glass of gin (his favourite liquor) over his shoulder. And he was so prodigal at times that he had not enough to buy ultra-marine with, although a few hours before he had invited a great number of his associates to a general debauch."

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

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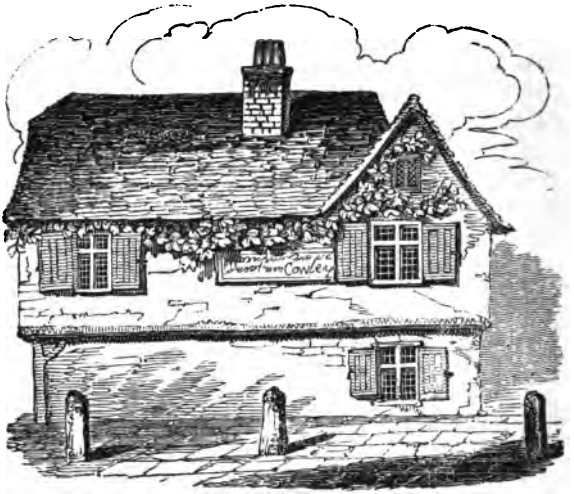

COWLEY'S HOUSE, AT CHERTSEY.

COWLEY retired to these premises, at Chertsey, in Surrey, a few years before his death, which took place here in 1667, in his 49th year. The premises are called the Porch House, and were for many years occupied by the late Richard Clark, Esq., Chamberlain of London, who died a short time since. Mr. Clark, in honour of the Poet, took much pains to preserve the premises in their original state, kept an original portrait of Cowley, and had affixed a tablet in front, containing Cowley's Latin Epitaph on himself. In the year 1793, it was supposed that the ruinous state of the house rendered it impossible to support the building, but it was found practicable to preserve the greater part of it, to which some rooms have been added. Mr. Clark also placed a tablet in front of the building where the porch stood, with the following inscription:—"The *Porch* of this House, which projected ten feet into the highway, was, in the year 1792, removed for the safety and accommodation of the public.

"Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue."

We received the substance of this information from the venerable Mr. Clark himself, in the year 1822, about which time there appeared, in the *Monthly Magazine*, a view of the original premises, from a drawing by the late Mr. Samuel Ireland. The above view was taken by a Correspondent, in the summer of 1828, and represents the original portion of the mansion. Cowley's study is here pointed out, being a closet in the back part of the house, towards the garden.

How delightfully must COWLEY have passed his latter days in the rural seclusion of Chertsey! How he must have loved that earthly paradise—his garden—who could write thus for his epitaph:

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here COWLEY lies, beneath this shed,
To ev'ry worldly interest *dead*;
With decent poverty content;
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
And, hating wealth, by all caress'd
'Tis sure he's *dead*; for, lo! how small
A spot of earth is now his all!
O! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And ev'ry care be far away!
Bring flow'rs the short-liv'd roses bring,
To *life deceased* fit offering!
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

Again:

Sweet shades, adieu! here let my dust remain,
Cover'd with flowers, and free from noise and pain;
Let evergreens the turfy tomb adorn,
And roseate dews (the glory of the morn)
My carpet deck; there let my soul possess
The happier scenes of an eternal bliss.

Then, too, the delightful chapter *Of Gardens* which he addressed to the virtuous John Evelyn.

We quote these few illustrations of Cowley's character from Mr. Felton's very interesting volume "on the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening."—By the way, at page 100, in a Note, Mr. Felton makes a flattering reference to one of our earliest works, which we are happy to learn has not escaped his observation.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ORIGIN OF PAUL "PRY."

(By the Author.)

THE idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me several years ago, by a beloved friend:—An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she, at length, acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation: she became careless in her reports—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence.

"Betty, what *are* you thinking about? don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?"

"The first-floor lodger, Ma'am."

"Betty! Betty!—I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54!"

"Why, Lord! Ma'am, it is only the baker, with pies."

"*Pies*, Betty! what *can* they want with pies at 54?—they had pies yesterday!"

Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as *the representative of any one individual*, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jaques, he is "compounded of many *Simples*;" and I *could* mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character.—That it should have been so often, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after some particular person, is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation.

With respect to the play, generally, I may say that it is original: it is original in structure, plot, character, and dialogue—such as they are. The only imitation I am aware of is to be found in part of the business in which Mrs. Subtle is engaged: whilst writing those scenes I had strongly in my recollection *Lé Vieux Celibataire*. But even the little I have adopted is considerably altered and modified by the necessity of adapting it to the exigencies of a different plot.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

MAUREEN.

THE cottage is here as of old I remember,
The pathway is worn as it always hath been;
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember;—
But where is Maureen?

The same pleasant prospect still lieth before me,
The river—the mountain—the valley of green,
And Heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me;—
But where is Maureen?

Lost! Lost!—Like a dream that hath come and departed,
(Ah, why are the loved and the lost ever seen!)
She has fallen—hath flown, with a lover false-hearted;—
So, mourn for Maureen.

And she who so loved her is slain—(the poor mother!)
Struck dead in a day by a shadow unseen,
And the home we once loved is the home of another,
And lost is Maureen.

Sweet Shannon, a moment by thee let me ponder,
A moment look back at the things that have been,
Then, away to the world where the ruin'd ones wander,
To seek for Maureen.

Pale peasant—perhaps, 'neath the frown of high Heaven,
She roams the dark deserts of sorrow unseen,
Unpitied—unknown; but I—*I* shall know even
The *ghost* of Maureen.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

How weeps yon gallant Band
O'er him their valour could not save!
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.—WILSON.

In the shadow of the pyramid
Our brother's grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky above us
Was darkening into night,
And the Arab watching silently
Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river
Came hollow and profound,
And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,
Rock'd with a shivery sound:

While the shadow of the Pyramid
Hung o'er the grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother
Were borne to knightly tombs,
With torch-light and with anthem-note,
And many waving plumes:

But he, the last and noblest
Of that high Norman race,
With a few brief words of soldier-love
Was gather'd to his place;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his youthful form we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

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But let him, let him slumber
By the old Egyptian wave!
It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsullied to the grave!

When brightest names are breathed on,
When loftiest fall so fast,
We would not call our brother back
On dark days to be cast,

From the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the Desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SNOW-WHITE VIRGIN.

(Continued from page 125.)

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were his penitential tears—penitential, in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed, in those strange visitings, to be haunting her as the shadows of sins—soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles! Waking, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm, uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the "Holy Child;" and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music—the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before, and never more to be renewed! For each dream had its own breathing, and many-visioned did then seem to be the sinless creature's sleep!

The love that was borne for her, all over the hill-region and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven! Yet all who looked on her saw that she, like themselves, was mortal; and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from her lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the "Holy Child" was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity—and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept!

Not in vain for others—and for herself, oh! what great gain!—for these few years on earth, did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety—for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor spurned companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her—and parents had but to whisper her name—and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed—the lowering brow lighted—and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety, so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the "Holy Child," knew the errors of their ways, and returned to the right path, as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer—the brightest, so the aged said, that had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another; and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need—no fear—to tell her that she was about to die! Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep, and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done—and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love—and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared—nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small, solitary kirkyard, miles off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for awhile weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her!

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One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents, at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn, which from her lips they now never heard without unendurable tears.

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace."

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were, all as white, and, to the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold, as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake, and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss, and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its lifelike smile; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness—most dreadful both—convinced their unbelieving hearts at last—that it was death!

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none staid away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the psalm. The little grave was soon filled up, and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and, though an old grey-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting, but no one looked at them—and when the congregation rose to go, there they remained sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air—and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers!

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves?—Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoken by that bedside; during many, many long years of weal or woe, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times besides, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine, her eyes were seen to overflow! Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—after she had here ceased to be! Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to "the Holy Child,"—and idle all their kirk-goings with "the Holy Child," through the Sabbath-calm—had those intermediate seven years not left a power of bliss behind them triumphant over death and the grave!

Blackwood's Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

FAMILIAR LAW.

We cordially add our note of commendation to those already bestowed on a little Manual, entitled "Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging-house Keepers, and Lodgers; with a comprehensive Summary of the Law of Distress," &c. It is likewise pleasant to see "third edition" in its title-page. Accompanying we have "A Familiar Summary of the Laws respecting Masters and Servants," &c.

On looking into these little books we find much of the *plain sense* of law. There is no mystification by technicalities, but all the information is practical, all ready to hand, we mean mouth; so that, as Mrs. Fixture says in the farce of *A Roland for an Oliver*—"If there be such a thing as la' in the land," you may "ha' it." Joking apart, they are sensible books, and of good authority.

Suppose we throw ourselves back in our chair, and for a minute or two think of the good which the spread of common sense by such means as the

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above must produce among men: how much bile and bickering they may keep down, which in nine law-suits out of ten arise from want of "a proper understanding." The reader may say that in recommending those fire-and-water folks, landlords and tenants, and masters and servants, and those half-agreeable persons, lodging-house keepers and lodgers—to purchase such books, we advise every man to act with an attorney at his elbow. We can but reply with Swift:—

"The only fault is with mankind."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A VERY laudable work appears quarterly, entitled "The Voice of Humanity: for the communication and discussion of all subjects relative to the conduct of man towards the inferior animal creation." The number (3) before us, contains a paper on the Abolition of Slaughter-houses, and the substitution of Abattoirs, a point to which we adverted and illustrated in vol. xi. of the *Mirror*. The Amended Act to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle, follows; and among the other articles is a Table of the Prosecutions of the Society against Cruelty to Animals, from November 1830, to January 1831, drawn up by our occasional correspondent, the benevolent Mr. Lewis Gompertz.

THE MUSE IN LIVERY.

WE have been somewhat amused with the piquancy and humour of the following introduction of a Notice of a volume of Poems, "by John Jones, an old servant," which has just appeared under the editorship of Mr. Southey and the *Quarterly Review*:—

Shakspeare has said, "What's in a name?—a rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet!" But here we have a convincing proof of the necessity of attending strictly to names, as the commonest regard to the fitting attributes of a "John Jones," would have kept the victim of such an appellation quite clear of poetry. It is next to impossible that a John Jones should be a poet;—and some kind friend should have broken the truth to the butler, before he endeavoured to share unpolished glory with uneducated bards.

An inspired serving-man, in a livery of industry, turned up with morality, is a species of bard which we never expected to find in the service of the Muses, or bringing a written character from his last place, and vaunting of his readiness and ability to write epics and wait at table. The work we should have looked to meet with, emanating from the butler's pantry, was a miscellaneous volume full of religious scrapes, essays on dress, receipts for boot-tops, wise cooking cogitations, remedies for bugs, cures for ropy beer, hints for blacking, ingredients for punch, thoughts on tapping ale, early rising and killing fleas. The mischief of the wide dissemination of education is now becoming apparent, for, poor as authors confessedly are, they have generally been gentlemen, even in rags—learned men of some degree, though with exposed elbows—folk only a little lower than the angels! But never until the schoolmaster was so abundantly abroad, distributing his spelling-soup to the poor, did we ever hear of a butler writing poetry, and committing it to the press. The order of things is becoming reversed. The garret is beginning to lose its literary celebrity, and the kitchen is taking the matter up. A floor near the sky in Grub-street is no pen-spot now; but down fifty fathoms deep in Portland Place, or Portman Square, or some far-retired old country house, you shall find the author: his red cuffs turned up over his light blue jacket sleeves, the pen in his hand, and his inspired eye looking out upon the area. There doth he correct the brain-work which is to carry his name up above the earth, and keep it there, bright as cleaned plate. In the housekeeper's room, inspiration gives a double knock at his heart. An author in a pantry certainly writes under great disadvantages, for it cannot be said that he is there writing for his *bread*. In such a place, the loaf is in his eye—the larder is so near, he may almost dip his pen into it by mistake—and positive beef gleams through the veil of the safe, softened to his eye, yet still solider than beef of the imagination. In truth, a man has much to overcome in preparing food for the mind, in the very thick of food for the body;—for a good authority (no less a man than Mr. Bayes) has strenuously advised that the belly should be empty when the brain is to be unloaded. How can a gentleman's gentleman, with a *corpus* that banishes his backbone nearly four feet from the table at which he sits, betake himself to his cogitations over a tankard of October, and expect to beat your true thin garret-haunting devil, with an inside like a pea-shooter, who can scarcely be said to be one remove from the ethereal, and who writes from that best of inspirations—an empty pantry? We shall presently see whether an author from below is better

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one from above—whether it will be
› eligible that the Muses should
several more stories to descend,
› their nine ladyships are invoked
› do—and that the pen should be
n out of the scraggy hand of a gen-
an in rags, and be placed in the
ıp gripe of a gentleman in tags.
efore we proceed to give an account
ıe book before us, we must yet take
› to indulge in a few reflections on
effect of this mental explosion in the
lles of John and James and Richard,
n reviewers, publishers, and the
ld in general. This change of lodg-
in the author will turn many things
ıy-turvy, and conjure the spirit out
nuch long-established facetiousness.
ıures of poets in garrets will soon
be understood; bathos will be at a
mium! the bard will be known, not
the brownness of his beaver, but by
gold band that encircles it. The
torian shall go about in black plush
eches; and the great inspired writers
he age "have a livery more guarded
ın their fellows." Authors shall soon
indeed, even more easily known by
ir dress. How often, too, shall we
› Mr. Murray or Mr. Colburn de-
›nding "with the nine" to the hire-
g scribe, who is correcting the press
d locking up the tea-spoons, against
› coming; or they may have occa-
›nally to wait below, while their au-
›rs are *waiting* above. Longman,
›es, Orme, Brown and Green (almost
batch of he-muses in themselves),
ll get a new cookery-book, *well done*,
›m a genuine cook,* who divides his
ne between the spit and the pen; and
›e firm need not, therefore, set Mrs.
undell's temper upon the *simmer*, as
ey are said to have done in days past.
eviewers too!—will they ever dine
gether anon?—surely not. Authors
›e known to be in the malicious habit
speaking ill of their friends and judges
›hind their backs; and at dinner-time
ıey will soon have every opportunity of
› doing. How unpleasant to call for
›er from the poet you have just set in
foam; or to ask for the carving-knife
›om the man you have so lately *cut up!*
Ve reviewers shall then never be able
› shoot our severity, without the usual
›alman's memento of "take care be-
low!" One advantage, however, from the new system must be conceded, and that is, that when an author waits in a great man's hall, or stands at his door, he will be pretty sure of being paid for it; which, in the case of your dangling garreteers, has never hitherto happened. Crabbe's story of "The Patron" will become obsolete. High Life will, indeed, be below stairs!

There is a lively spirit of banter in these observations, which is extremely amusing. They are from the *Athenæum* of last week, which, by the way, has more of the intellectual gladiatorship in its columns than any of its critical contemporaries.

* There is a cookery-book, by "a Lady," and cookery-book by a Physician; but Mrs. Rundell and Dr. Kitchiner will soon be warned off be gridiron by the erudite genuine practical ook, who has a right to the *kitchen stuff* of literature. Mrs. R. must show herself to be what he professes and take "her chops out of the rying-pan;" and the "good doctor" must "put is tongue into plenty of cold water" to cool its olling, broiling ardour.

STEAM.

A Mr. Joseph Hardaker has sung the praises of this gigantic power in thirty-five stanzas, entitled "the Aeropteron; or, Steam Carriage." If his lines run not as glibly as a Liverpool prize engine, they will afford twenty minutes pleasant reading, and are an illustration of the high and low pressure precocity of the march of mechanism.

TIME'S TELESCOPE FOR 1831

Has appeared in somewhat better style than its predecessors. The paper is of better quality, the print is in better taste, and there are a few delicate copper-plate engravings. The old plan or chronological arrangement is, however, nearly worn threadbare, and to supply this defect there are in the present volume many specimens of contemporary literature. Few of them, however, are first-rate. The most original portion consists of the Astronomical Occurrences, which extend to 150 pages.

POPULAR CHEMISTRY.

Such is the title of the fifth part or portion of *Knowledge for the People, or, the Plain Why and Because*: containing Attraction or Affinity—Crystallization—Heat—Electricity—Light and Flame—Combustion—Charcoal—Gunpowder and Volcanic Fire. We quote a few articles from most of the heads:—

Why is the science of chemistry so named?

Because of its origin from the Arabic, in which language it signifies "the knowledge of the composition of bodies."

The following definitions of chemistry have been given by some of our best writers:—

"Chemistry is the study of the effects of heat and mixture, with the view of

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discovering their general and subordinate laws, and of improving the useful arts."—*Dr. Black.*

"Chemistry is that science which examines the constituent parts of bodies, with reference to their nature, proportions, and method of combination."—*Bergman.*

"Chemistry is that science which treats of those events or changes, in natural bodies, which are not accompanied by sensible motions."—*Dr. Thompson.*

"Chemistry is a science by which we become acquainted with the intimate and reciprocal action of all the bodies in nature upon each other."—*Fourcroy.*

The four preceding definitions are quoted by Mr. Parkes, in his *Chemical Catechism.*

Dr. Johnson (from Arbuthnot) defines "chymistry" as "philosophy by fire."

Mr. Brande says, "It is the object of chemistry to investigate all changes in the constitution of matter, whether effected by heat, mixture, or other means."—*Manual*, 3rd edit. 1830.

Dr. Ure says, "Chemistry may be defined the science which investigates the composition of material substances, and the permanent changes of constitution which their mutual actions produce."—*Dictionary*, edit. 1830.

Sir Humphry Davy, in his posthumous work,* says, "There is nothing more difficult than a good definition of chemistry; for it is scarcely possible to express, in a few words, the abstracted view of an infinite variety of facts. Dr. Black has defined chemistry to be that science which treats of the changes produced in bodies by motions of their ultimate particles or atoms; but this definition is hypothetical; for the ultimate particles or atoms are mere creations of the imagination. I will give you a definition which will have the merit of novelty, and which is probably general in its application. *Chemistry relates to those operations by which the intimate nature of bodies is changed, or by which they acquire new properties.* This definition will not only apply to the effects of mixture, but to the phenomena of electricity, and, in short, to all the changes which do not merely depend upon the motion or division of masses of matter."

Cuvier, in one of a series of lectures, delivered at Paris, in the spring of last year, says, "the name chemistry, itself, comes from the word *chim*, which was the ancient name of Egypt;" and he states that minerals were known to the Egyptians "not only by their external characters, but also by what we at the present day call their *chemical characters.*" He also adds, that what was afterwards called the Egyptian science, the Hermetic art, the art of transmuting metals, was a mere reverie of the middle ages, utterly unknown to antiquity. "The pretended books of Hermes are evidently supposititious, and were written by the Greeks of the lower Empire."

* Consolations in Travel; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher. 1830.

Crystallization.

Why are the crystals collected in camphor bottles in druggists' windows always most copious upon the surface exposed to the light?

Because the presence of light considerably influences the process of crystallization. Again, if we place a solution of nitre in a room which has the light admitted only through a small hole in the window-shutter, crystals will form most abundantly upon the side of the basin exposed to the aperture through which the light enters, and often the whole mass of crystals will turn towards it.—*Brande.*

Why is sugar-candy crystallized on strings, and verdigris on sticks?

Because crystallization is accelerated by introducing into the solution a nucleus, or solid body, (like the string or stick) upon which the process begins.

The ornamental alum baskets, whose manufacture was once so favourite a pursuit of lady-chemistry, were made upon this principle; the forms of the baskets being determined by wire framework, to which the crystals readily adhere.

Why is sugar-candy sometimes in large and regular crystals?

Because the concentrated syrup has been kept for several days and nights *undisturbed*, in a very high temperature; for, if perfect rest and a temperature of from 120° to 190° be not afforded, regular crystals of candy will not be obtained.

The manufacture of barley-sugar is a familiar example of crystallization. The syrup is evaporated over a slow heat, till it has acquired the proper consistence, when it is poured on metal to cool, and when nearly so, cut into lengths with shears, then twisted, and again left to harden.

Heat.

Why does hay, if stacked when damp, take fire?

Because the moisture elevates the

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temperature sufficiently to produce putrefaction, and the ensuing chemical action causes sufficient heat to continue the process; the quantity of matter being also great, the heat is proportional.

Why is the air warm in misty or rainy weather?

Because of the liberation of the latent heat from the precipitated vapour.

Why is heated air thinner or lighter than cold air?

Because it is a property of heat to expand all bodies; or rather we should say, that we call air hot or cold, according as it naturally is more or less expanded.

Why is a tremulous motion observable over chimney-pots, and slated roofs which have been heated by the sun?

Because the warm air rises, and its refracting power being less than that of the colder air, the currents are rendered visible by the distortion of objects viewed through them.

Within doors, a similar example occurs above the foot-lights of the stage of a theatre; the flame of a candle, or the smoke of a lamp.

Why are the gas chandeliers in our theatres placed under a large funnel?

Because the funnel, by passing through the roof into the outer air, operates as a very powerful ventilator, the heat and smoke passing off with a large proportion of the air of the house.

The ventilation of rooms and buildings can only be perfectly effected, by suffering the heated and foul air to pass off through apertures in the ceiling, while fresh air, of any desired temperature, is admitted from below.—*Brande.*

Why do heated sea-sand and soda form glass?

Because, by heating the mixture, the cohesion of the particles of each substance to those of its own kind is so diminished, that the mutual attractions of the two substances come into play, melt together, and unite chemically into the beautiful compound called glass.

Why is sand used in glass?

Because it serves for stone; it being said, that all white transparent stones which will not burn to lime are fit to make glass.

Electricity.

Why is an arrangement of several Leyden jars called an electrical battery?

Because by a communication existing between all their interior coatings, their exterior being also united, they may be charged and discharged as one jar.

The discharge of the battery is attended by a considerable report, and if it be passed through small animals, it instantly kills them; if through fine metallic wires, they are ignited, melted, and burned; and gunpowder, cotton sprinkled with powdered resin, and a variety of other combustibles, may be inflamed by the same means.

Why is the fireside an unsafe place in a thunder-storm?

Because the carbonaceous matter, or soot, with which the chimney is lined, acts as a conductor for the lightning.

Why is the middle of an apartment the safest place during a thunder-storm?

Because, should a flash of lightning strike a building, or enter at any of the windows, it will take its direction along the walls, without injuring the centre of the room.

Combustion.

Why does amàdou, or German tinder, readily inflame from flint and steel, or from the sudden condensation of air?

Because it consists of a vegetable substance found on old trees, boiled in water to extract its soluble parts, then dried and beat with a mallet, to loosen its texture; and lastly, impregnated with a solution of nitre.—*Ure.*

Why is a piece of paper lighted, by holding it in the air which rushes out of a common lamp-glass?

Because of the high temperature of the current of air above the flame, the condensation of which is by the chimney of the glass.

We do not quote these specimens in the precise order in which they occur in the work, or to show the consecutive or connected interest of the several articles. In many cases we select them for their brevity and point of illustration.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SHIP-BUILDING.

To give an idea of the enormous quantity of timber necessary to construct a ship of war, we may observe that 2,000 tons, or 3,000 loads, are computed to be required for a seventy-four. Now, reckoning fifty oaks to the acre, of 100 years' standing, and the quantity in each tree to be a load and a half, it would require forty acres of oak forest to build one seventy-four; and the quantity increases in a great ratio, for the largest class of line of battle ships. The average duration of these vast machines, when employed, is computed to be four-

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teen years. It is supposed, that all the full grown oaks now in Scotland would not build two ships of the line.

Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

THE SHOWER BATH.

QUOTH Dermot, (a lodger of Mrs. O'Flynn's),
"How queerly my shower bath feels!
"It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
"Or a shoal of electrical eels."
Quoth Murphy, "then mend it, and I'll tell you how,
"Its all your own fault, my good fellow;
"I used to be bothered as you are, but now
"I'm wiser—I take my umbrella."

X. Y. Z.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

SOME of the following inscriptions are to be found in the "Beauchamp Tower."

In the third recess on the left hand is

"T. C. I leve in hope, and I gave q credit to mi frinde, in time did stande me most in hande, so wolde I never doe againe, excepte I hade him suer in bande, and to al men wishe I so, unles ye sussteine the leike lose as I do.

"Unhappie is that mane whose actes doth procuer,
The miseri of this house imprison to induer.
"1576, Thomas Clark."

Just opposite the same is

"Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try and then truste,
For Hapy is he who fyndeth one that is juste. "T. Clarke."

In the same part of the room between the two last recesses is this, in old English:

"Anº Dni ... Mens. Aº.
1568 J.H.S. 23
"No hope is hard or vayne
That happ doth ous attayne."

And on the wall on the top of the Beauchamp Tower, are the following lines on a Goldfinch:—

"Where Raleigh pined within a prison's gloom,
I chearful sung, nor murmur'd at my doom,
Where heroes bold and patriots firm could dwell,
A Goldfinch in Content his note might swell;
But death more gentle than the law's decree,
Hath paid my ransom from captivity.

"Buried June 23rd, 1794, by a fellow-prisoner in the Tower of London."

LORD THURLOW.

ONE day, when Lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Great Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living then vacant, "Don't trouble me," said the chancellor, turning from him with a frowning brow; "don't you see I am busy, and can't listen to you?" The poor curate lifted up his eyes, and with dejection said, "he had no Lord to recommend him but the Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts," replied the chancellor, "The Lord of Hosts! I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from him before, and so do you hear, young man, you shall have the living;" and accordingly presented him with the same.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE East India Company was established 1600, their stock then consisting of £72,000, when they fitted out four ships, and meeting with success, they have continued ever since; in 1683, India Stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent. A new company was established in 1698; re-established, and the two united, 1700, agreed to give government £400,000. per annum, for four years, on condition they might continue unmolested, 1769. In 1773, in great confusion, and applied to parliament for assistance; judges sent from England by government, faithfully to administer the laws there to the company's servants, 1774, April 2nd.

T. GILL.

A COUNTRY paper says, "The Corporation are about to build two free schools, one of which is finished."

KISSING AND BITING.

WHEN the court of France waited upon the King, on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, all were welcomed to kiss his hand. The Marquess of Spinola, in the ardour of respect, bit his majesty's finger, on which the king started, when S. begged pardon, and said in his defence, if he had not done so, his majesty would not have noticed him.

THERE were three families living at Croydon, of the following names:—
Wildgoose.—Sage.—Onion.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic: C. C. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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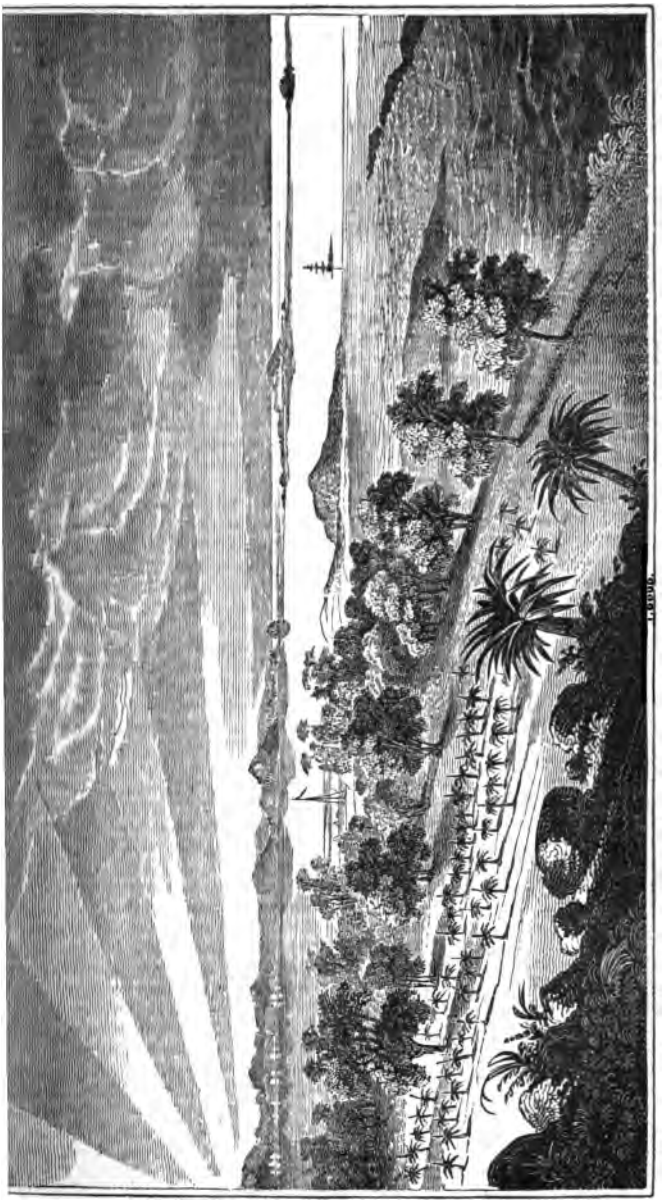
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

. 480.] SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1831. [Price 2d.



SWAN RIVER.

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SWAN RIVER.

(See the Engraving.)

"A VIEW in Western Australia, taken from a hill, the intended site of a Fort, on the left bank of the Swan River, a mile and a quarter from its mouth. The objects are, on the left, in the distance, Garden Island, that on the right of it Pulo Carnac; between the two is the only known entrance for shipping into Cockburn Sound, which lies between Garden Island and the main land; the anchorage being off the island. On the right is the mouth of the Swan River. On the left, a temporary mud work, overlooking a small bay where the troops disembarked. In the foreground is a road leading to the intended fort and cantonment on the river."

Few subjects in our recent volumes have excited more attention than the facts we have there assembled relative to the New Colony on Swan River. The most substantial and agreeable proofs of this popularity have been the frequent reprints of the Numbers containing these Notices, and the continued inquiries for them to the present moment. For the information of such persons as are casual purchasers of our work, we subjoin the numbers:

No. 368 and 369 contain the papers (abridged) from the *Quarterly Review*, with the Regulations issued from the Colonial Office; and an Engraved Chart which is more correct than that in the *Q. Rev.*

Nos. 410 and 411 contain an Engraved View on the Banks of the River, from an original drawing by one of the expedition; and a copy of Mr. Fraser's Report of the Botanical and other productions of the Colony.

No. 430 contains an important Letter from the Colony.

No. 464 contains an account (with extracts,) of the first Newspaper *written*, not printed, in the settlement.

The annexed Engraving is from a well-drawn lithograph distributed with No. 12 of the *Foreign Literary Gazette* date March, 1830; the support of which work by the public was by no means commensurate with its claims.

The letter-press with which the Engraving was circulated contains little beyond the earliest settlement. The most recently received account is that conveyed through the *Literary Gazette*, a fortnight since; and as no paper is more to be relied on for information connected with expeditions of discovery, colonial matters, &c. we extract nearly the whole of the communication:—

Perth Town, Swan River, Western Australia, Oct. 4, 1830.

My dear ———, a ship being about to sail in the course of a week for England, I must not lose the opportunity of giving you a few lines respecting our movements and the state of the colony. I am somewhat late in my communications to my friends; but as this is the second ship only that has sailed direct for England since our arrival, you must not attribute the delay to any neglect on my part. The information which I can give you may be implicitly depended on. By the late accounts from England, it appears that the most exaggerated and false reports prevail regarding the present state and probable prospects of the colony, like all other reports that are a mixture of truth and falsehood; and as it is usual to paint the latter in the brightest colours, so it usually stands foremost in the picture: they have been industriously disseminated by a set of idle, worthless vagabonds, and have been eagerly taken up by the inhabitants of Cape Town and Van Dieman's Land.—These two places are so excessively jealous of the colony of Swan River, lest the tide of emigration should turn towards us, that the former use every means in their power to induce the settlers in their way here to remain with them; and they have been, I am sorry to say, too successful, having detained nearly two hundred labourers. The grounds of complaint are, that the colony is not equal to the representations given of it, and that it has not answered their expectations. The account in the *Quarterly Review*, as far as it goes, is correct, with one exception; but the impression it is calculated to make, when in unison with the hopes of needy adventurers, is too favourable to be realized. The *Review* observes, that the land seen on the banks of the Swan is of a very superior description; and this is undoubtedly true; but the imagination and enthusiastic feelings of many have induced them to suppose that *all* the land on the banks of the Swan, and the whole country besides, is included in that description. Now, the good land is chiefly confined to the banks of the rivers, as you will see by a map which I have sent to ———; the rest is sandy, but it is covered throughout the year with luxuriant vegetation. The cause of this arises in some measure from the composition of the soil beneath, which, at an average depth of five or six feet, is principally clay, which holds the water in lagoons, that are to be met with in every hollow in every part of the coun-

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try on this side the mountains. It unfortunately happens that none of the good land is to be seen even as far up the river as Perth, the whole soil of which is sandy; hence all new-comers are at first disappointed; and, without taking any further trouble to examine the country, leave the colony in disgust altogether. But it has now been found that the land at Perth, notwithstanding its unpromising appearance, possesses capabilities which intelligent and experienced persons foresaw, and that it only requires time and patience to develope its surprising qualities: at this moment there are vegetables growing to an enormous size, scarcely credible, and which for the sake of truth I actually measured. What say you to radishes twenty inches round, and grown in nothing but sand, without any manure or preparation of the ground? Turnips, cabbages, peas, lettuces, all flourish in the worst soils here; but I fear the climate is too warm for potatoes, though well adapted for most of the tropical fruits, as yams, bananas, &c.

The soil and aspect of the country seems well suited for the vine, which, from the little experience we have had, does exceedingly well. There are no esculent productions worth mentioning indigenous, but there is some fine timber, which will no doubt become a valuable article of exportation: it is between the mahogany and the elder, and may be applied to all the purposes of the former. Its greatest recommendation is, that the white ant will not touch it, and it will consequently be a great desideratum where that insect abounds. We have likewise the red and blue gum, but in no great quantity, in the immediate vicinity of Perth. The animal productions are the same as on the other side of the island, as also the birds. The rivers swarm with fish, every one of which is good eating; but it is only lately that we have been well supplied with them. There is abundance of limestone ready at hand in most parts of the river, as well as the finest and strongest clay, plenty of which runs along the shore that bounds Perth, for a mile and a half, as you will see by the map. Of the mineral resources of the country nothing is as yet known; for every one has been too much occupied in locating himself to give that subject any attention. By the reports from England, it appears that from the misfortunes which happened to the first ships that came out, a very unfavourable opinion is formed of the safety of the port. Gage's roads afford a very good anchorage during the summer months; but, being exposed to the north-west winds, it is a very insecure station during the winter, the ground being rocky and a loose sand; but this evil, I am happy to say, is in a great measure obviated by the discovery of a good anchorage about four miles to the southward of the mouth of the river, and marked in the map as the Britannia Roads. The bottom is firm holding ground, and has been proved to be a very secure anchorage during the late gales, when all the ships in Gage's Roads went on shore, while those on the Britannia Roads rode it out, with the exception of one ship, which broke her anchor. Besides, a passage has lately been found out from Gage's Roads to Cockburn, into which ships may run, if they are too much leeward of the Britannia Roads; so that you see we may always have a refuge from the storm. I hope you will take care to give publicity to *this* circumstance, because it is one upon which the success of the colony mainly depends. The bar at the mouth of the river, and the flats in various parts of its course, are a great drawback to our communications; but these evil will no doubt be remedied in the course of time, and that without much expense. There is a clear channel all the way up the river for vessels of 500 tons, commencing about a mile and a half above Freemantle to Perth; then there are a succession of flats until you pass the islands, where the navigation continues clear for many miles up the river.

The prospects of the colony are every day improving, to the satisfaction of all classes; and the great number of respectable settlers, and their patience and perseverance in establishing themselves, are the surest grounds for the ultimate prosperity of the settlement. The only objections, as I can see, that can be urged with any degree of plausibility against the success of the colony, are, that the land at Perth and in the neighbourhood is not of that description to induce the settlers to cultivate, and that all the good land being now granted, there is no more on this side the mountains to satisfy the demands of new settlers; but these objections are, I am happy to say, about to be removed, as an ensign of the 63rd regiment (a Mr. Dale) has lately returned from a tour of discovery into the interior, and has brought intelligence, that to the eastward of the Swan River there is a large and fertile tract of beautiful country, with a river passing through it, which, from a subsequent visit by Mr. Erskine

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a lieutenant of the 63rd, is likely to prove of the greatest importance to the colony. Those of the settlers who have not taken up their grants of land mean to secure them here, and myself among the number, a grant having been allowed me, at the rate of 3,200 acres. The governor is quite delighted, and now considers the ultimate success of the colony to be certain. He intends visiting the country, and tracing the course of the river, in a few days; and it is my wish to accompany him, if possible, that I may select my own grant.

The spirit of detraction to which the writer alludes in the early part of his letter is thus noticed in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. iii. of Maritime and Inland Discovery: "The difficulties and embarrassments which the settlers at the Swan River have been obliged to endure, have been industriously exaggerated by the colonial press; the strong desire which exists in New South Wales to attract emigrants to that country being naturally allied with a disposition to disparage every other settlement."

ON VIEWING CANTERBURY

From the rural Heights of Harbledown, in the Summer of 1827.

(For the Mirror.)

I.

I am no pilgrim unto Becket's shrine,
To kneel with fervour on his knee-worn grave,
And with my tears his sainted ashes lave,
Yet feel devotion rise no less divine—
As rapt I gaze from Harbledown's decline
And view the rev'rend temple where was shed
That pamper'd prelate's blood—his marble bed
Midst pillar'd pomp, where rainbow windows shine;
Where bent the *anointed of a nation's throne
And brooked the lashes of the church's ire;
And where, as yesterday, with soul of fire,
Transcendent Byron view'd the hallow'd stone.
Sure Chaucer's pilgrims, on this crowning height,
Repress'd their mirth, and kindled at the sight.

II

Couch'd in the bosom of a bounteous vale,
The ancient city, to the enamour'd sight,
Gleams like a vision of the fairy night,
Or Be-ulah, in Bunyan's holy tale.
The silvery clouds that o'er the valley sail
Dim not the sinking sun, whose lustre fires
The old cathedral and its gorgeous spires,
The ruin'd abbey, garlanded and pale
The vesper choristers in each lone wood
Chant to the peeping moon their serenade;
Now creeps the far-off forest into shade,
And twilight comes o'er heath, and field, and flood.
Oh! had I genius now the task to try,
My picture should Italian Claude's outvie!

* * H.

* Henry the Second.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 477 of the *Mirror* you have given a spirited engraving of Mount St. Michael, with a succinct account annexed, to which the following particulars may serve as addenda:—

Its most ancient name was Belinus, when it was inhabited by Druidesses. After the abolition of the Druids, it took the name of Mons Jovis; to which was substituted that of Tumba, when a monastery was erected upon it. In 708, Bishop Auber raised upon it a church, which he dedicated to St. Michael.—Ethelred, the second, of England, had a particular veneration for Mount St. Michael. Abbot Roger had been almoner to William the Conqueror. Henry II. of England made a pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael, when he met Louis VII. King of France, with a splendid suite.

In 1203 the fortifications consisted only of wooden palisades. Being attacked by the Bretons, they set fire to them: the fire reached the church and abbey, which was completely destroyed. The monastery was restored in 1226, by Abbot Adulph de Villedieu. His successor, Richard Justin, obtained from the Pope the most distinguished privileges.

In 1418 the English made a fruitless attack upon it.

In 1423 it was attempted again, with a very considerable force and powerful artillery, two pieces of which now stand at the main gate: one has a stone ball in it of about fifteen inches diameter. Among the distinguished English officers who perished at the siege, was a Chevalier M. Burdet.

In 1577 a Protestant chief (Dutouchet) succeeded by stratagem in getting possession of it. After two day's possession, he was obliged to evacuate it.

In 1591 a similar attempt proved most destructive to the assailants.

In 1594, the spire, the bells, and the church, were considerably injured by lightning.

Mount St. Michael was visited in 1518 by Francis I. of France; in 1561, by Charles IX.; in 1576, by the Duchess de Bourbon; in 1624, by the Duke de Nevers, who made a rich present to the abbey; in 1689, by Madame de Lavigné, who designated it Le Mont fier et orgueilleux. In 1689, Philip Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV., was one of its visiters.

The most remarkable circumstance is the visit paid to it on the 10th of May, 1777, by the Ex-King of France, the Count d'Artois (twenty years old). On

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inspecting the state-prison, a wooden cage was shown to him. The prince, struck with horror at the sight of it, ordered it to be destroyed. Shortly after, the young princes of Orleans, among whom the present King Philip, accompanied by Madame de Lillery, stopped at Mount St. Michael. After having inspected the subterraneous passages and magazines, the wooden cage was shown to them. They asked for workmen and axes, and giving the first blow themselves, this infernal machine was completely destroyed.

The prior of the abbey was formerly governor of the town and castle, and the keys were brought to him every evening. It gives name to the late military order of St. Michael, founded by Louis XI., in 1479. The view from the summit is fine, embracing the coasts of Normandy and Britanny, with the town and ruins of the cathedral of Avranches, elevated on a mountain, and the intervening valley, with the open sea of the British Channel. W.G. C.

SONNET TO M * * *

(For the Mirror.)

THOUGH rough, not lengthened, is our worldly way;
Then wipe thy pearly eyes, no more to weep—
Thy feet from falling let this memory keep—
Our love hath lasted through the stormy day.
These clouds like early mist shall melt away,
And show the vale beyond the pointed steep;
For they who sow in tears, in smiles shall reap—
Then be thy spirits as the morning gay.
For thou alone art gifted with the power
To still the tempest in my stubborn soul;
Thy smile creates around the billows roll
The blissful quiet of a halcyon hour.
Then shed no tear—then heave no sorrowing sigh
Since love like thine may time and toil defy.

* * H.

LONG RIDES.

(To the Editor.)

IN 478 of your entertaining little miscellany, I observe a short account of an unparalleled feat of riding, performed by John Lepton, of Reprich, in 1603. As I know you wish to be "quite correct," the following may be acceptable: it is copied verbatim from a scarce book (in my possession) entitled, "The Abridgement of the English Chronicle," by Edmund Howes, imprinted at London, 1668 (15th James I.):—

"In this month, John *Lenton*, of *Kepwick*, in the county of Yorke, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family there, and of good reputation, his majesty's servant, and one of the grooms of his most honourable privy chamber, performed so memorable a journey as I may not omit to record the same to future ages; the rather for that I did hear sundry gentlemen, who were good horsemen, and likewise many good physicians, affirm it was impossible to be done without danger of his life.

"He undertook to ride five several times betwixt London and Yorke, in sixe dayes, to be taken in one weeke, between Monday morning and Saturday following. He began his journey upon Monday, being the 29th of May, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning, forthe of St. Martin's, neere to Aldersgate, within the city of London, and came into Yorke the same day, between the hours of 5 and 6 in the afternoon, where he rested that night. The next morning, being Tuesday, about 3 of the clock he tooke his journey forthe of Yorke, and came to lodgings in St. Martins aforesaid, betwixt the hours of 6 and 7 in the afternoon, where he rested that night. The next morning, being Wednesday, betwixt 2 and 3 of the clock, he tooke his journey forthe of the city of London, and came into Yorke about 7 of the clock the same day, where he rested that night. The next morning, being Thursday, betwixt 2 and 3 of the clock he tooke his journey forthe of Yorke, and came to London the same day betwixt 7 and 8 of the clock. The next day, being Friday, betwixt 2 and 3 of the clock he tooke his journey towards Yorke, and came thither the same day, betwixt the hours of 7 and 8 in the afternoon. So as he finished his appointed journey (*to the admiration of all men, in five days, according to his promise*). And upon Monday, the 27th of this month, he went from Yorke, and came to the court of Greenwich upon Tuesday the 28th, to his majesty, in as fresh and cheerful a manner as when he began."

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

"I'll sing you a new song to-night."

I'LL sing you a new song to-night,
I'll wake a joyous strain,
An air to kindle keen delight,
And banish silent pain;
Bright thoughts shall chase the clouds of care,
And gloom of deepest sadness,
For oh! my spirit loves to wear
The sunny ray of gladness.

I love to mix alone with those,
Whose hearts are wildly free,
For human griefs, and human woes,
Are strangers yet to me;

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I will not early learn to pine
My summer life away,
But ever bend at pleasure's shrine,
And mingle with the gay.

Should sorrow come with coming years,
And touch the strings of woe,
I'll learn to smile away its tears,
Or check their idle flow;
And still I'll sing a song as bright,
And wake as glad a measure,
Bid grief and sorrow wing their flight,
And hail the reign of pleasure.

W. H. PRIDEAUX.

Spirit of Discovery.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BLACK WRITING INK.

*By John Bostock, M.D.**

WHEN the sulphate of iron and the infusion of galls are added together, for the purpose of forming ink, we may presume that the metallic salt or oxide enters into combination with at least four proximate vegetable principles—gallic acid, tan, mucilage, and extractive matter—all of which appear to enter into the composition of the soluble parts of the gall-nut. It has been generally supposed, that two of these, gallic acid and the tan, are more especially necessary to the constitution of ink; and hence it is considered, by our best systematic writers, to be essentially a tanno-gallate of iron. It has been also supposed that the peroxide of iron alone possesses the property of forming the black compound which constitutes ink, and that the substance of ink is rather mechanically suspended in the fluid than dissolved in it.

Ink, as it is usually prepared, is disposed to undergo certain changes, which considerably impair its value. Of these the three following are the most important: its tendency to moulding, the liability of the black matter to separate from the fluid, the ink then becoming what is termed ropy, and its loss of colour, the black first changing to brown, and, at length, almost entirely disappearing.

Besides these, there are objects of minor importance to be attended to in the formation of ink. Its consistence should be such as to enable it to flow easily from the pen, without, on the one hand, its being so liquid as to blur the paper, or, on the other, so adhesive as to clog the pen, and to be long in drying. The shade of colour is also not to be disregarded: a black, approaching to blue, is more agreeable to the eye than a browner ink; and a degree of lustre, or glossiness, if compatible with the due consistence of the fluid, tends to render the characters more legible and beautiful. With respect to the chemical constitution of ink, I may remark, that although, as usually prepared, it is a combination of the metallic salt or oxide, with all the four vegetable principles mentioned above; yet I am inclined to believe that the last three of them, so far from being essential, are the principal cause of the difficulty which we meet with in the formation of a perfect and durable ink. I endeavoured to prove this point by a series of experiments, of which the following is a brief abstract:—Having prepared a cold infusion of galls, I allowed a portion of it to remain exposed to the atmosphere, in a shallow capsule, until it was covered with a thick stratum of mould; the mould was removed by filtration, and the proper proportion of sulphate of iron being added to the clear fluid, a compound was formed of a deep black colour, which showed no farther tendency to mould, and which remained for a long time without experiencing any alteration.

Another portion of the same infusion of galls had solution of isinglass added to it until it no longer produced a precipitate; by employing the sulphate of iron, a black compound was produced, which, although paler than that formed from the entire fluid, appeared to be a perfect and durable ink. Lastly, a portion of the infusion of galls was kept for some time at the boiling temperature, by means of which a part of its contents became insoluble; this was removed by filtration, when, by the addition of the sulphate of iron, a very perfect and durable ink was produced. In the above three processes I conceive that a considerable part of the mucilage, the tan, and the extract, were respectively removed from the infusion, while the greater part of the gallic acid would be left in solution.

The three causes of deterioration in ink, the moulding, the precipitation of the black matter, and the loss of colour, as they are distinct operations, so we may presume that they depend on the operation of different proximate principles. It is probable that the moulding more particularly depends on the mucilage; and the precipitation on the extract, from the property which extractive matter possesses of forming insoluble compounds with metallic oxides. As to

* Chairman of the Committee of Chemistry, in the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. This valuable article is extracted from the 47th Vol. of its Transactions.

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the operation of the tan, from its affinity for metallic salts, we may conjecture, that, in the first instance, it forms a triple compound with the gallic acid and the iron; and that, in consequence of the decomposition of the tan, this compound is afterwards destroyed. Owing to the difficulty, if not impossibility, of entirely depriving the infusion of galls of any one of its ingredients, without, in some degree, affecting the others, I was not able to obtain any results which can be regarded as decisive; but the general result of my experiments favours the above opinion, and leads me to conclude, that, in proportion as ink consists merely of the gallate of iron, it is less liable to decomposition, or to experience any kind of change.

The experiments to which I have alluded above, consisted in forming a standard infusion by macerating the powder of galls in five times its weight in water, and comparing this with other infusions, which had either been suffered to mould, from which the tan had been extracted by gelatine, or which had been kept for some time at the boiling temperature; and by adding to each of these respectively, both the recent solution of the sulphate of iron, and a solution of it, which had been exposed for some time to the atmosphere. The nature of the black compound produced was examined by putting portions of it into cylindrical jars, and observing the changes which they experienced with respect either to the formation of mould, the deposition of their contents, or any change of colour. The fluids were also compared by dropping portions of them upon white tissue paper, in which way both their colour and their consistence might be minutely ascertained. A third method was, to add together the respective infusions, and the solutions of the sulphate of iron, in a very diluted state, by which I was enabled to form a more correct comparison of the quantity, and of the state of the colouring matter, and of the degree of its solubility.

The practical conclusions that I think myself warranted in drawing from these experiments, are as follow:—In order to procure an ink which may be little disposed either to mould or to deposit its contents, and which, at the same time, may possess a deep black colour, not liable to fade, the galls should be macerated for some hours in hot water, and the fluid be filtered; it should then be exposed for about fourteen days to a warm atmosphere, when any mould which may have been produced must be removed. A solution of sulphate of iron is to be employed, which has also been exposed for some time to the atmosphere, and which, consequently, contains a certain quantity of the red oxide of iron diffused through it. I should recommend the infusion of galls to be made of considerably greater strength than is generally directed; and I believe that an ink, formed in this manner, will not necessarily require the addition of any mucilaginous substance to render it of a proper consistence.

I have only further to add, that one of the best substances for diluting ink, if it be, in the first instance, too thick for use, or afterwards become so by evaporation, is a strong decoction of coffee, which appears in no respect to promote the decomposition of the ink, while it improves its colour, and gives it an additional lustre.

The Sketch-Book.

FAIRY FAVOURS.—A VISION OF FAIRY LAND.

(For the Mirror.)

Once—whether in a dream, a waking vision, a poetical hallucination, or in sober reality, I know not—*once* was I favoured with a distinct and glorious vision of the Faries' Land! I found myself in a country more enchantingly beautiful than the warm, romantic dream of the poet has ever yet conceived:—therein bloomed trees, and plants, and flowers, in beauty and luxuriance never to fade; therein was the soft air strongly imbued with the ambrosial odour of the orient rose; but ever as a gentle breeze enfolded me, it seemed on its refreshing wings to bear the heavenly fragrance of unknown flowers. The sky was of an effulgent azure, altogether indescribable—but under the influence of stealing twilight, insensibly was it darkening, though the yet undimmed colours of sunset were inexpressibly varied and vivid. Radiant and exquisitely beautiful beings, fair miniatures of mortals, inhabited this charming region, wherein was assembled all that had power to inebriate the soul with pure and rapturous felicity, and imbue it with an intense perception of its immortality and blessedness. Now stole the faint, delicious sound of very distant bells—clear, silvery, and sweet—upon mine ear, as the tones of a well-touched harp: sad were they—luxuriously sad; and their unearthly melody infused into my bosom a repose unknown to mortality. As I listened with awe and rapture to that

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delicate minstrelsy, I seemed to become all soul; tears—far indeed from tears of sorrow—suffused my wondering eyes, and my heart, in the delirium of gratitude, raised itself in solemn thanksgivings to its Creator.

"Favoured mortal!" sighed near me a voice soft as a zephyr-breath. I turned, and beheld a constellation of the radiant inhabitants of this ethereal country clustered about a portal, whose frame-work was of shining stones, and whose firm, but slender bars, were of purest gold.—"Favoured mortal!" (the speaker was beside me)—"favoured beyond even thine own conception, know that thou art permitted to behold the Elfin Paradise—the true, the *veritable* Fairy Land. Pollute it not by the tone of mortal speech; to us are thy thoughts not unknown, and partially are we permitted to gratify thy desire for information. Thinkest thou—so indeed hath *man* taught thee—that this sweet world is but a vain illusion? Know then, that *we*, the Elfin Band, are, in the order of the universe, spirits inferior to the angels, but superior to thee. *We* are the creatures and servants of the Most High! (be His glorious name by all His infinite creation reverenced and adored!)—and *we*, in conjunction with the most exalted hierarchies of Heaven, are spirits, ministrant to *man!* Amongst us, alas! are evil and wretched Fays, whose terrible study it is to subvert our beneficent labours, to prevent our entrance into this ethereal region, and in their own desolate and accursed country to insult the veritable Fairy Land by employing their small remnant of celestial power in creating imitations of it, as paltry as absurd. Know also, O mortal! that whilst with, and for, man, we abide upon earth, we have no land, no home;—like himself, 'strangers and pilgrims' are we; nor is it until the period when our ministry is accomplished (and of the finale of that period are none of us informed) that we are wafted on the gentle breezes of heaven to this celestial planet, which, lighted by the same sun which blesseth your own, is too small to be visible to the eyes of its inquisitive philosophers. Hark! this day was a Fairy emancipated from earthly thraldom, and the bells of the Golden City are singing for joy!"

The voice died away in the breeze; yet still I listened, in the hope of hearing again those accents, as pure, distinct, and musical, as were the small, sweet harps which, seated on the greensward at no great distance from me, a group of Fays were tuning, whilst sundry light and rapid flourishes seemed to prelude an intended song. The bells of the City of the Fairies sunk one by one into silence; the scented breeze flowed languidly as dropping into slumber; a hush of nature pervaded the blessed region; and sad was my spirit to think that it could not dwell in this Elfin Eden for ever! A stream of melody now broke the holy quietness of the land, which resembled the aspirations of those who know neither sorrow nor sin. The breathing instruments sighed, rather than distinctly uttered, tones, according well with those fine and delicate voices which, as they stole in gentle words upon my entranced senses, were sweet and penetrating as the aroma of unfading flowers:—

THE ELFIN EVENING SONG.

Farewell! farewell! departing sun!
Thy disk is dim, thy course is run;
Long hast thou lit our land of flowers,—
Now, night must veil our hallow'd bowers.

Farewell bright sun! farewell sweet day!
We mourn not that ye glide away,
Since ev'ry fleeting hour doth bless
Where days and dreams are numberless.

Farewell bright sun! thou'lt wander forth
From hence, to east, and south, and north,
Till, weary of man's guilt and pain,
Thou'lt turn thee to *our* land again.

Farewell sweet day! our songs shall hail
Thine earliest dawn so pure, and pale,—
For shadowy night ere long must cease
To veil the pleasant Land of Peace.

M. L. B.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MAJOR ANDRE.

(Letter in "A Tour in North America," dated Hudson River.)

My dear B.—On my return to the Neptune all was in readiness to set sail. The wind sprang up, and we were presently wafted into a broad sheet of water, "the Sea of Tappan." The river here suddenly expands, and for the distance of ten miles will average about four miles in breadth; in many places the water is so shallow, that the helmsman, his track being already marked out, steers by the direction of posts, stationed here and there in the river, that he may keep his vessel free from sandbanks. The shore on each side of us presented a level, agreeably interrupted in places by the intervention of minor hills, apparently fertile, and in fine cultivation. The villages of Tappan and Nyack, a few framed houses and huts scattered irregularly on the western side, and about one mile from the river, claim the attention of the traveller. They are

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situated near the foot of a valley, and overlooked by some stupendous and abrupt ridges, whose frowning and murky heads throw a grand and solemn, but somewhat suitable, aspect upon the landscape of this memorable place. Old Tappan, which consists of only two or three small houses, and lies a short distance up this valley, was the place selected for the execution of the once brave, noble-hearted, patriotic, and accomplished Major André. I was anxious to make a pilgrimage to the grave of my unfortunate countryman; and, as the wind was scarcely sufficient to bear us up against a strong ebb-tide, I easily prevailed on the captain to anchor his charge, and allow the small boat to go on shore.

Major André, you may recollect, was taken prisoner by the Americans during the revolution as a British spy. The house or hut in which he was kept in confinement had only very lately gone into ruins. It was then a tavern, and its landlord, now extremely old, still resides close by, and recites the melancholy tale with much affection and feeling. He witnessed the gentlemanly manners and equanimity of this heroic soldier, while in his house, under the most trying circumstances, and from its threshold to the fatal spot. In his room the prisoner could hear the sound of the axe employed in erecting the scaffold; and on one occasion, in the presence of a friend, when these sounds, terrible to all but himself, were more than usually distinct, he is said to have observed, with great composure, "that every sound he heard from that axe was indeed an important lesson, it taught him how to live and how to die." When conducted to the place of execution, and on coming near to the scaffold, he made a sudden halt, and momentarily shrunk at the sight; because he had, to the last, entertained hopes that his life would have been taken by the musket, and not by the halter. This apparent want of resolution quickly passed away, and the disappointment he felt told more against the uncompromising spirit of the times than against himself. Rejecting assistance, he approached and ascended the platform with a steady pace and lofty demeanour, and submitted to his fate with the pious resignation of a great and good man. A large concourse of spectators, among whom were several well dressed females, had assembled on this sorrowful occasion; and it is reported that scarcely a dry cheek could be found throughout the whole multitude. André was then seen as he always had been, and moved by that which had through life presided over all his actions, resolved beyond presumption, and firm without ostentation.

The person and appearance of Major André were prepossessing; he was well proportioned, and above the common size of men; the lines of his face were regular, well marked, and beautifully symmetrical, which gave him an expression of countenance at once dignified and commanding. His address was graceful and easy; in manners he was truly exemplary, and in conversation affable and instructive. Polite to all ranks and classes of people, he was universally respected; fond of discipline, and always alive to the just claims and feelings of others, he was beloved in the army, and generally appealed to as the common arbitrator and conciliator of the contentions of those around him. In a word, he was a sincere friend, a scholar, and accomplished gentleman, a patriot, a gallant soldier, an able commander, and a Christian.

General Washington, when called upon to sign his death-warrant, which he did not do without hesitation, it is said, dropped a tear upon the paper, and spoke at the same time to the following effect:—"That were it not infringing upon the duty and responsibility of his office, and disregarding the high prerogative of those who would fill that office after him, the tear, which now lay upon that paper, should annihilate the confirmation of an act to which his name would for ever stand as a sanction. He was summoned that day to do a deed at which his heart revolted; but it was required of him by the justice of his country, the desires and expectations of the people: he owed it to the cause in which he was solemnly engaged, to the welfare of an infant confederacy, the safety of a newly organized constitution which he had pledged his honour to protect and defend, and a right given to him that was acknowledged to be just by the ruling voice of all nations."

André, after he had heard his condemnation, addressed a letter to Washington; it contained a feeling appeal to him as a man, a soldier, and a general, on the mode of death he was to die. It was his wish to be shot. This, however, could not be granted: he had been taken and condemned as a spy, and the laws of nations had established the manner of his death. But where were the humanity and feeling of the British on this occasion? Why did they not give up the dastardly Arnold in exchange for

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the brave André; as it was generously proposed by the United States?* This they refused on a paltry plea, and suffered, in consequence, the life of one of their finest officers to be ignominiously lost.

On a green eminence, over which hangs the dark and funereal shade of the willow, is the grave of this unfortunate soldier; it is a short distance south and west of the village. "No urn nor animated bust," only a few rough and unshapely stones, without a word of inscription, and carelessly laid upon a mound of rudely piled earth, are shown to the traveller as the spot where rest the remains of poor André.†

Mag. Nat. Hist.

THE LETTER-BELL.

By the late William Hazlitt.

COMPLAINTS are frequently made of the vanity and shortness of human life, when, if we examine its smallest details, they present a world by themselves. The most trifling objects, retraced with the eye of memory, assume the vividness, the delicacy, and importance of insects seen through a magnifying glass. There is no end of the brilliancy or the variety. The habitual feeling of the love of life may be compared to "one entire and perfect chrysolite," which, if analyzed, breaks into a thousand shining fragments. Ask the sum-total of the value of human life, and we are puzzled with the length of the account, and the multiplicity of items in it: take any one of them apart, and it is wonderful what matter for reflection will be found in it! As I write this, the *Letter-Bell* passes: it has a lively, pleasant sound with it, and not only fills the street with its importunate clamour, but rings clear through the length of many half-forgotten years. It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse—a hubbub of confused noises, a chaos of shifting objects—and when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud tinkling, interrupted sound (now and then,) the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the horizon, a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf-oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening breeze, and the road from —— to ——, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain, but from time and change not less visionary and mysterious, than the pictures in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I should notice, that at this time the light of the French Revolution circled my head like a glory, though dabbled with drops of crimson gore: I walked confident and cheerful by its side—

> "And by the vision splendid
> Was on my way attended."

It rose then in the east: it has again risen in the west. Two suns in one day, two triumphs of liberty in one age, is a miracle which I hope the laureate will hail in appropriate verse. Or may not Mr. Wordsworth give a different turn to the fine passage, beginning—

> "What, though the radiance which was once so bright,
> Be now for ever vanished from my sight;
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of glory in the grass, of splendour in the flower?"

For is it not brought back, "like morn risen on mid-*night*;" and may he not yet greet the yellow light shining on the evening bank with eyes of youth, of genius, and freedom, as of yore? No, never! But what would not these persons give for the unbroken integrity of their early opinions—for one unshackled, uncontaminated strain—one *Io pæan* to Liberty—one burst of indignation against tyrants and sycophants, who subject other countries to slavery by force, and prepare their own for it by servile sophistry, as we see the huge serpent lick over its trembling, helpless victim with its slime and poison, before it devours it! On every stanza so penned would be written the word RECREANT! Every taunt, every reproach, every note of exultation at restored light and freedom, would recall to them how their hearts failed

* Arnold was a General in the American service, and had distinguished himself on former occasions like a brave soldier, an experienced commander, and a sincere citizen; but, like another Judas Iscariot, he afterwards thought fit to turn traitor. He deserted to the English as soon as the news reached him of the apprehension of André (because he knew then that his name and the plans arranged previously between him and the British General would be exposed and frustrated,) with the expectation of receiving *a few pieces of silver* for betraying his country. Whatever was his recompense in this way I know not, but I am certain he was despised as long as he lived, and his memory will for ever be pointed at as contemptible and degrading by the people of both nations.

† The remains of Major André were lately, by a special request from the British government to the United States, brought to England, and placed among the worthies of Westminster Abbey.

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them in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And what shall we say to *him* —the sleep-walker, the dreamer, the sophist, the word-hunter, the craver after sympathy, but still vulnerable to truth, accessible to opinion, because not sordid or mechanical? The Bourbons being no longer tied about his neck, he may perhaps recover his original liberty of speculating; so that we may apply to him the lines about his own *Ancient Mariner*—

> "And from his neck so free
> The Albatross fell off, and sank
> Like lead into the sea."

This is the reason I can write an article on the *Letter-Bell*, and other such subjects; I have never given the lie to my own soul. If I have felt any impression once, I feel it more strongly a second time; and I have no wish to revile and discard my best thoughts. There is at length a thorough *keeping* in what I write—not a line that betrays a principle or disguises a feeling. If my wealth is small, it all goes to enrich the same heap; and trifles in this way accumulate to a tolerable sum.—Or if the Letter-Bell does not lead me a dance into the country, it fixes me in the thick of my town recollections, I know not how long ago. It was a kind of alarm to break off from my work when there happened to be company to dinner or when I was going to the play. *That* was going to the play, indeed, when I went twice a year, and had not been more than half a dozen times in my life. Even the idea that any one else in the house was going, was a sort of reflected enjoyment, and conjured up a lively anticipation of the scene. I remember a Miss D——, a maiden lady from Wales (who in her youth was to have been married to an earl,) tantalized me greatly in this way, by talking all day of going to see Mrs. Siddons' "airs and graces" at night in some favourite part; and when the Letter-Bell announced that the time was approaching, and its last receding sound lingered on the ear, or was lost in silence, how anxious and uneasy I became, lest she and her companion should not be in time to get good places —lest the curtain should draw up before they arrived—and lest I should lose one line or look in the intelligent report which I should hear the next morning! The punctuating of time at that early period—every thing that gives it an articulate voice—seems of the utmost consequence; for we do not know what scenes in the *ideal* world may run out of them: a world of interest may hang upon every instant, and we can hardly sustain the weight of future years which are contained in embryo in the most minute and inconsiderable passing events. How often have I put off writing a letter till it was too late! How often had to run after the postman with it — now missing, now recovering, the sound of his bell—breathless, angry with myself —then hearing the welcome sound come full round a corner — and seeing the scarlet costume which set all my fears and self-reproaches at rest! I do not recollect having ever repented giving a letter to the postman, or wishing to retrieve it after he had once deposited it in his bag. What I have once set my hand to, I take the consequences of, and have been always pretty much of the same humour in this respect. I am not like the person who, having sent off a letter to his mistress, who resided a hundred and twenty miles in the country, and disapproving, on second thoughts, of some expressions contained in it, took a post-chaise and four to follow and intercept it the next morning. At other times, I have sat and watched the decaying embers in a little *back* painting-room (just as the wintry day declined,) and brooded over the half-finished copy of a Rembrandt, or a landscape by Vangoyen, placing it where it might catch a dim gleam of light from the fire; while the Letter-Bell was the only sound that drew my thoughts to the world without, and reminded me that I had a task to perform in it. As to that landscape, methinks I see it now—

> "The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
> The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail."

There was a windmill, too, with a poor low clay-built cottage beside it:—how delighted I was when I had made the tremulous, undulating reflection in the water, and saw the dull canvass become a lucid mirror of the commonest features of nature! Certainly, painting gives one a strong interest in nature and humanity (it is not the *dandy-school* of morals or sentiment)—

> "While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

Perhaps there is no part of a painter's life (if we must tell "the secrets of the prison-house") in which he has more enjoyment of himself and his art, than that in which after his work is over, and with furtive sidelong glances at what he has done, he is employed in washing his brushes and cleaning his pallet for the day. Afterwards, when he gets a servant in livery to do this for him, he may have other and more ostensible sources of satisfaction—greater splen-

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dour, wealth, or fame; but he will not be so wholly in his art, nor will his art have such a hold on him as when he was too poor to transfer its meanest drudgery to others—too humble to despise aught that had to do with the object of his glory and his pride, with that on which all his projects of ambition or pleasure were founded. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." When the professor is above this mechanical part of his business, it may have become a *stalking-horse* to other worldly schemes, but is no longer his *hobby-horse* and the delight of his inmost thoughts—

"His shame in crowds, his solitary pride!"

I used sometimes to hurry through this part of my occupation, while the Letter-Bell (which was my dinner-bell) summoned me to the fraternal board, where youth and hope

"Made good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both"—

or oftener I put it off till after dinner, that I might loiter longer and with more luxurious indolence over it, and connect it with the thoughts of my next day's labours.

The dustman's-bell, with its heavy, monotonous noise, and the brisk, lively tinkle of the muffin-bell, have something in them, but not much. They will bear dilating upon with the utmost license of inventive prose. All things are not alike *conductors* to the imagination. A learned Scotch professor found fault with an ingenious friend and archcritic for cultivating a rookery on his grounds: the professor declared "he would as soon think of encouraging a *froggery*." This was barbarous as it was senseless. Strange that a country that has produced the Scotch Novels and Gertrude of Wyoming should want sentiment!

The postman's double-knock at the door the next morning is "more germain to the matter." How that knock often goes to the heart! We distinguish to a nicety the arrival of the Two-penny or the General Post. The summons of the latter is louder and heavier, as bringing news from a greater distance, and as, the longer it has been delayed, fraught with a deeper interest. We catch the sound of what is to be paid—eightpence, ninepence, a shilling—and our hopes generally rise with the postage. How we are provoked at the delay in getting change—at the servant who does not hear the door! Then if the postman passes, and we do not hear the expected knock, what a pang is there! It is like the silence of death—of hope! We think he does it on purpose, and enjoys all the misery of our suspense. I have sometimes walked out to see the Mail-Coach pass, by which I had sent a letter, or to meet it when I expected one. I never see a Mail-Coach, for this reason, but I look at it as the bearer of glad tidings—the messenger of fate. I have reason to say so.—The finest sight in the metropolis is that of the Mail-Coaches setting off from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground, and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they convey. There is a peculiar secresy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey. In fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summer's heat or winter's cold, since they are borne through the air in a winged chariot. The Mail-Carts drive up; the transfer of packages is made; and, at a signal given, they start off, bearing the irrevocable scrolls that give wings to thought, and that bind or sever hearts for ever. How we hate the Putney and Brentford stages that draw up in a line after they are gone! Some persons think the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean; but give me, for my private satisfaction, the Mail-Coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement, and devour the way before them to the Land's End!

In Cowper's time, Mail-Coaches were hardly set up; but he has beautifully described the coming in of the Post-Boy:—

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all."

And yet, notwithstanding this, and so many other passages that seem like the

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very marrow of our being, Lord Byron denies that Cowper was a poet!—The Mail-Coach is an improvement on the Post-Boy; but I fear it will hardly bear so poetical a description. The picturesque and dramatic do not keep pace with the useful and mechanical. The telegraphs that lately communicated the intelligence of the new revolution to all France within a few hours, are a wonderful contrivance; but they are less striking and appalling than the beacon fires (mentioned by Æschylus,) which, lighted from hill-top to hill-top, announced the taking of Troy and the return of Agamemnon.

Monthly Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE DREAM GIRL.

THERE is a certain valley in Languedoc, at no great distance from the palace of the Bishop of Mendes, where to this day the traveller is struck by some singular diversities of scenery. The valley itself is the most quiet and delightful that France can boast. A stream wanders through it, with just rapidity enough to keep its waters sweet and clear; and, on either side of this line of beauty, some gently swelling meadows extend—on one side to a chain of smooth green hills, and on the other, to the base of a mountain of almost inaccessible rocks. The river is bordered by willows and other shrubs, crowding to dip their branches in the transparent wave; and here and there in its neighbourhood, groves of walnut-trees stud the meadows, serving as a rendezvous of amusement for innumerable nightingales, which at the first dawn of summer assemble on the branches, and, as if in mockery of the poets, fill the evening air with their mirthful music.

The village of Rossignol (so named, probably, on account of the abundance of nightingales in the neighbourhood) was inhabited by very poor, but very happy people. It is true that, in common with other cultivators of the fickle earth, they had sometimes to mourn the overthrow of the husbandman's hopes; and that even their remote and lonely situation did not always protect them from the exactions of those whom birth, violence, or accident had made the lords of the domain. But in such cases, the villagers of Rossignol had a resource, limited, indeed, and attended by hardship, and even danger, but, to a certain extent, absolutely unfailing.

It must not be supposed, however, that, even in an Arcadia like this,

"The course of true love *always* did run smooth."

There was one young girl, called Julie, who was cruel enough to have depopulated a whole nation of lovers. She was the most beautiful creature, it is said, that ever skimmed the surface of this breathing world. Her light brown hair was illumined in the bends of the curls with gleams resembling those of auburn, and it was so long and luxuriant, that when, in the ardour of the chase, it became unbound, and floated in clouds around her, that seemed just touched on their golden summits by the sun, she looked more like a thing of air than of earth.

Nor was the illusion dissipated when, flinging away with her white arm the redundant tresses, her face flashed upon the gazer. There was nothing in it of that tinge of earth—for there is no word for the thought—which identifies the loveliest and happiest faces with mortality. There was no shade of care upon her dazzling brow—no touch of tender thought upon her lip—no flash, even of hope, in her radiant eyes. Her expression spoke neither of the past nor the future—neither of graves nor altars. She was a thing of mere physical life—a gay and glorious creature of the sun, and the wind, and the dews; who exchanged as carelessly and unconsciously as a flower, the sweet smell of her beauty for the bounties of nature, and pierced the ear of heaven with her mirthful songs, from nothing higher than the instinct of a bird.

It seemed as if what was absent in her mind had been added to her physical nature. She had the same excess of animal life which is observed in young children; but, unlike them, her muscular force was great enough to give it play. Her walk was like a bounding dance, and her common speech like a gay and sparkling song;—her laugh echoed from hill to hill, like the tone of some sweet, but wild and shrill instrument of music. She out-stripped the boldest of the youths in the chase; skimmed like some phantom shape along the edge of precipices approached even by the wild goat with fear; and looked round with careless joy, from pinnacles which interrupted the flight of the eagle through the air.

With such beauty, and such accomplishments, for the place and time, how

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many hearts might not Julie have broken! Julie did not break one. She was admired, loved, followed; and she fled, rending the air with her shrieks of musical laughter. Disconcerted, stunned, mortified, and alarmed, the wooer pursued his mistress only with his eyes, and blessed the saints that he had not gained such a phantom for a wife.

Romance of History.

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

If in exterior magnificence St. Paul's surpasses all our other buildings, the interior, however, from many causes, is not so beautiful. You enter, and the naked loftiness of the walls, and the cold and barren stateliness of every thing around, would induce one to believe that an enemy—were such a thing possible in Britain—had taken London, and plundered the cathedral of all its national and religious paintings, together with a world of such rare works of curiosity or antiquity as find a sanctuary in the great churches of other countries. A few statues, some of them of moderate worth, are scattered about the recesses; and certain coloured drawings, done by the yard by Sir James Thornhill, may be distinguished far above; but all between is empty space, save where some tattered banners, pierced with many a shot, the memorials of our naval victories, hang dusty half-pillar high. This nakedness, however, is not so much the fault of the architect as of the clergy, who aught to have adorned this noble pile more largely by the hand of the painter and the sculptor. It was the wish of Wren to beautify the inside of the cupola with rich and durable Mosaic, and he intended to have sought the help of four of the most eminent artists in Italy for that purpose; but he was frustrated by the seven commissioners, who said the thing was so much of a novelty that it would not be liked, and also so expensive that it could not be paid for. The present work, too, over the communion table was intended only to serve till something more worthy could be prepared; and, to supply its place, Wren had modelled a magnificent altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed of the finest Greek marbles, supporting a hemispherical canopy, richly decorated with sculpture. But marble, such as he liked, could not readily be procured: dissensions arose, and the work remained in the models. The interposition of the Duke of York—the malevolence of the commissioners—the Puritanic, for I will not call them Protestant, prejudices of the clergy—and, I must add, the tastelessness of the nation at large, have all conspired to diminish the interior glory of St. Paul's, and render it less imposing on the mind than many a cathedral of less mark and reputation.—George III. saw what was wanting, and would have endeavoured to supply it; but all his efforts to overcome the ecclesiastical objections were unavailing. Let us hope that some of that truly good and English king's descendents may have better success.—*Family Library*, No. xix.

DEATH OF RICHELIEU.

Richelieu in the meantime had reached his palace in the capital. Roman despot was never more courted nor more feared; but death was coming fast to close his triumphant career. A mortal malady wasted him: yet the cardinal abated nothing of his pride, nor of his vindictiveness. He exiled some of the king's personal and cherished officers; he insulted Anne of Austria, the queen: remained seated during a visit that she paid him, and threatened to separate her from her children. Even his guards no longer lowered their arms in the presence of the monarch. His demeanor to Louis XIII. was that of one potentate to another. In December of 1642 the malady of the cardinal became inveterate, and every hope of life was denied him. He summoned the king to his dying bed, recapitulated the great and successful acts of his administration, and recommended Mazarin as the person to continue its spirit, and to be his successor. Louis promised obsequiousness. Richelieu then received the last consolations of religion, and went through these pious and touching ceremonies with an apparently firm and undisturbed conscience. The man of blood knew no remorse. His acts had all been, he asserted, for his country's good; and the same unbending pride and unshaken confidence that had commanded the respect of men, seemed to accompany him into the presence of his Maker. He died like a hero of the Stoics, though clad in the trappings of a prince of the church. Most of those present were edified by his firmness; but one bishop, calling to mind the life, the arrogance, and the crimes of the minister, observed, that "the confidence of the dying Richelieu filled him with terror." The crime of having trodden out the last spark of his country's liberties, and of having converted its monarchic government into pure despotism, is that for which Richelieu is most generally con-

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mned. But the state of anarchy hich he removed was license, not li-rty. The task of reconciling private dependence with public peace, civil ghts with the existence of justice,—id this without precedent or tradition, ithout that rooted stock on which free-om, in order to grow and bear fruit, ust be grafted, — was a conception hich, however familiar to our age, as utterly unknown, and impracticable that of Richelieu. With the horrors civil war fresh in the memory of all, ie general desire was for tranquillity id peace, not liberty; to which, more-ver, had it been contemplated, the first ecessary step was that of humbling the istocracy. It was impossible that con-itutional freedom could grow out of ie chaos of privileges, and anarchy, nd organized rebellion, that the govern-ient had to contend with. In building p her social fabric France had in fact one wrong, destroyed the old founda-ons, and rebuilt on others without so-dity or system. To introduce order or dd solidity to so ill-constructed a fa-ric, was impossible; Richelieu found t necessary to raze all at once to the round, except the central donjon of espotism, which he left standing. Had lichelieu, with all his genius and saga-ity, undertaken for liberty what he chieved for royalty, his age would have ejected or misunderstood him, as it did Bacon and Galileo. He might, indeed, s a man of letters, have consigned such political dream to the volume of an Utopia, but from action or administra-ion he would have been soon discarded s a dreamer. Liberty must come of he claim of the mass; of the general nlightenment, firmness, and probity. t is no great physical secret, which a ingle brain, finding, may announce and o establish: it is a moral truth, which, ike a gem, hides its ray and its pre-iousness in obscurity, nor becomes re-ulgent till all around it is beaming with ight.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia—History of France.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FROM what town in England does all he butter come in the London market?—Cowes.

Which is the closest town in Ireland, nd is the best when drawn?—Cork.

A Dirty Member.—A member of a certain house was noticed the other night to be very dirty in his appearance, which a wit accounted for by saying he supposed the gentleman had been assisting the Chancellor of the Exchequer in taking the duty off coals!—*From "the Age."*

LUXURY

WAS once restricted by an English law, wherein the prelates and nobility were confined to two courses at every meal, and two kinds of food in every course, except on great festivals: it also prohibited all who did not enjoy a free estate of £100. per annum, from wearing furs, skins, or silk, and the use of foreign cloth was confined to the royal family alone, to all others it was prohibited, 1337. In 1340, an edict was issued by Charles VI. of France, which says, "Let no one presume to treat with more than a soup and two dishes."

T. GILL.

KNAVE

FORMERLY signified valet or servant as appears from Wickliffe's New Testament, kept in Westminster Library, and where we read—"*Paul the knave of Jesus Christ.*" Hence the introduction of the knave in the pack of cards.

STEEL THREE HUNDRED TIMES DEARER THAN GOLD.

STEEL may be made three hundred times dearer than standard gold, weight for weight; six steel wire pendulums, weight one grain, to the artists 7*s.* 6*d.* each, 2*l.* 5*s.*; one grain of gold only 2*d.*

T. GILL.

SCRAPS.

OMAI, the South Sea Islander, was once at a dinner in London, where stewed Morello cherries were offered to him. He instantly jumped up, and quitted the room. Several followed him; but he told them that he was no more accustomed to partake of human blood than they were. He continued rather sulky for some time, and it was only by the rest of the company partaking of them, that he would be convinced of his error, and induced to return to the table.

AT White Hall Mill, in Derbyshire, a sheet of paper was manufactured last year, which measured 13,800 feet in length, four feet in width, and would cover an acre and a half of ground.

AMONG the ancient Saxons at Magdeburgh, the greatest beauties were at stated times deposited in charge of the magistrates, with a sum of money as the portion of each, to be publicly

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fought for; and fell to the lot of those who were famous at tilting.

W. G. C.

AN OLD APPLE-WOMAN'S STORY ABOUT APSLEY HOUSE.

When London did not extend so far as Knightsbridge, George II. as he was one morning riding, met an old soldier who had served under him at the battle of Dettingen; the king accosted him, and found that he made his living by selling apples in a small hut. "What can I do for you?" said the king. — "Please your majesty to give me a grant of the bit of ground my hut stands on, and I shall be happy."—"Be happy," said the king, and ordered him his request. Years rolled on, the appleman died, and left a son, who from dint of industry became a respectable attorney. The then chancellor gave lease of the ground to a nobleman, as the apple-stall had fallen to the ground, where the old apple man and woman laid also. It being conceived the ground had fallen to the crown, a stately mansion was soon raised, when the young attorney put in claims; a small sum was offered as a compromise and refused; finally, the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds per annum, ground rent, was settled upon.

J. G. B.

COMETS AND WOMEN.

(For the Mirror.)

Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women. * * * *

Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher, and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women, therefore are closely analogous: but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is, to view with admiration the one, and almost to adoration love the other.

W. N. B.

Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, was married four times. The motto, or posy, on the wedding ring, at his fourth marriage was—

"If I survive
I'll make them five."

A PRINCELY GAMBLER.

Casimir the second, King of Poland, when Prince of Sandomir, won at play all the money of one of his nobility, the loser, who, incensed at his ill-fortune, struck the prince a blow on the ear. The offender instantly fled; but being pursued and taken, he was condemned to lose his head: Casimir interposed. "I am not surprised," said the prince, "that, not having it in his power to revenge himself on Fortune, he should attack her favourite." He revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he had encouraged, by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of his people.

P. T. W.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES I.

So falls that stately Cedar; while it stood
That was the onely glory of the wood;
Great Charles, thou earthly God, celestial man,
Whose life, like others, though it were a span;
Yet in that span, was comprehended more
Than earth hath waters, or the ocean shore;
Thy heavenly virtues, angels should rehearse,
It is a theam too high for humane verse:
Hee that would know thee right, then let him look
Upon thy rare-incomparable book,
And read it or'e; which if he do,
Hee'l find thee *King*, and *Priest*, and *Prophet* too;
And sadly see our losse, and though in vain,
With fruitlesse wishes, call thee back again.
Nor shall oblivion sit upon thy herse,
Though there were neither monument, nor verse.
Thy suff'rings and thy death let no man name;
It was thy Glorie, but the kingdom's shame.

(*From the Eikon Basilike, printed* A. D. 1648.)

C. C.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 481.] SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

RELICS OF ARIOSTO.

INKSTAND.

CHAIR.

We need not bespeak the reader's interest in these "trivial fond" relics—these consecrated memorials—of one of the most celebrated poets of Italy. They are preserved with reverential care at Ferrara, the poet's favourite residence, though not his birthplace. The Ferrarese, however, claim him "exclusively as their own" Lord Byron, in the Notes* to *Childe Harold*, canto 4, says, "the author of the Orlando is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy, but Ferrara. The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words:—"*Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto il giorno* 8 *di Settembre dell' anno* 1474." But the Ferra-

* For these Lord B. acknowledges his obligation to his excellent friend J. C. Hobhouse, Esq. M. P.

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rese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. *They possess his bones, they show his* ARM-CHAIR, and his INKSTAND, and his autographs. The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial, and by a recent inscription."

Ferrara, we should here mention, is a fortified town, and a day's journey, *en voiturier*, from Florence to Vienna. The Tomb, as well as the above relics, a bronze Medallion of the great Poet, and an account of his last illness and death—the two latter found in his tomb—are in the public library at Ferrara. This library also contains the original MSS. of *Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata*, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*; and in the Hospital of St. Anne, at Ferrara, travellers are shown the cell where Tasso was confined.

The INKSTAND is of bronze, and its singular device is said to refer to the Poet's amorous caution. In his Life,* we are told that "The amours of Ariosto are a difficult theme for both his eulogists and his biographers. He has alluded in his Poems to several ladies with whose charms he was captivated, but, with the exception of Alessandra and Genevra, the names under which they are mentioned are fictitious. His caution in this respect is thought to have been hinted at in the device placed on his favourite inkstand, and which consisted of *a little Cupid having his forefinger on his lip in token of secresy.* The evidence in proof of Alessandra's being his wife is little short of unanswerable.

Reverting to the early life of the Poet—he studied at Ferrara, but losing his tutor, who was called from thence, and appointed preceptor to the son of Isabella of Naples, Ariosto was left without the present means of gaining instruction in Greek. To this period Mr. Stebbing thus alludes:—

"To the regret he experienced at losing his master, was added that of hearing soon after of his decease; but scarcely had he recovered from the distress he felt at this circumstance, when the death of his father put an end for some time to all his literary thoughts and pursuits. He has pathetically described his situation at this period in his sixth Satire, which contains several allusions both to the present and previous circumstances of his life.

* In "Lives of the Italian Poets." By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, vol. ii.

My father dies; thenceforth with care oppress'd
New thoughts and feelings fill my harass'd breast;
Homer gives way to lawyers and their deeds,
And all a brother's love within me pleads:
Fit suitors found, two sisters soon are wed,
And to the altar without portions led.
With all the wants and wishes of their age
My little brothers next my thoughts engage,
And in their father's place I strive untired
To do whate'er that father's love inspired.
Thus watching how their several wills incline
In courts, in study, or in arms to shine;
No toil I shun their fair pursuits to aid,
Still of the snares that strew their path afraid.
Nor this alone—though press we quick to land,
The bark's not safe till anchor'd on the strand.

Passing over the commencement of the Orlando Furioso, which soon followed the above melancholy event—"To be the freer from interruptions, and at the same time render his moderate income equal to his support, he left Ferrara, and took up his residence on an estate belonging to his kinsman Malaguzzo, between Reggio and Rubiera. He has described this retreat, and the pleasant manner in which he spent his time during his short residence there, in his fifth Satire; but it is disputed whether the account alludes to this or an earlier period of his life:

Time was when by sweet solitude inclined
The storied page I filled with ready mind:
Those gentle scenes of Reggio's fair domain,
Our own dear nest, where peace and nature reign;
The lovely villa and the neighbouring Rhone,
Whose banks the Naiads haunt serene and lone;
The lucid pool whence smell fresh streams distil
That glad the garden round and turn the mill;
Still memory loves upon these scenes to dwell,
Still sees the vines with fruit delicious swell,
Luxurious meadows blooming spread around,
Low winding vales and hills with turrets crown'd

"The Duke Alphonso, seeing him left without a patron, and provided with so small an income, invited him to return to Ferrara, which he did, and found no reason, it is said, to regret that he had once more put himself under the protection of the house of Este. Alphonso, knowing his love of retirement and the peculiarity of his habits, promised to leave him at perfect liberty to pursue his studies and live in the way that most suited his wishes. He kept his promise, and there is reason to believe that the presents he bestowed on the poet enabled him to build the cottage in which he resided, with few interruptions, till his death. This favourite house of Ariosto's was situated near the church of S. Benedetto, and stood in the midst of a spacious garden which formed both his pride and delight. Here he continued to compose additional cantos to the "Orlando Furioso," and occasionally, to relax his mind with lighter species of poetry, sometimes writing a satire, and at others reverting to the

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comedies composed in his younger years, and which he subsequently made fit for the stage."

He again quitted Ferrara, on an appointment by Alphonso, but again soon returned :—

"On his return he established himself, with his two unmarried sisters, in the house he had built near the church of Saint Benedict, and resumed his former occupations. Of his lighter amusements, gardening was that in which he took most pleasure; and it is curious to know that he was as fond of altering the plan of both his house and grounds, as he was of remodelling the stanzas of the Orlando. His son, Virginio proposed writing an account of his illustrious father's life; but unfortunately, he never pursued his design beyond the commencement, and a few memorandums are all that have come down to us. From these, however, we learn the singular fastidiousness of Ariosto in his horticultural amusements, and some other traits of his character, which render him not the less an object of our veneration, by showing us the simplicity as well as power of his mind. 'In gardening,' says Virginio, 'he pursued the same plan as with his verses, never leaving any thing he had planted more than three months in the same place: and, if he set a fruit-tree, or sowed seed of any kind, he would go so often to examine it, and see if it were growing, that he generally ended with spoiling or breaking off the bud.'

"We learn, from the same interesting document, that he had at first no intention of building a house for constant residence in this garden, but that, having raised a mere cottage for temporary shelter, he grew so fond of the spot, that he wished never to leave it. The structure, after all, was not fully suited to his taste, and he felt as great an inclination to improve it by continual alterations as his garden. His constant lamentation was, that he could not change the arrangement of his house as he could that of his verses: and a person having asked him one day, how it happened that he who could describe castles and palaces so magnificently, had built such a cottage, he replied, that he made his verses without the aid of money.

"In his favourite garden he passed many hours of the day, deriving new inspiration from its green and refreshing solitudes. The Orlando was still in progress, and still under correction, his confidence in himself, it seems, having been little increased either by years or practice. In speaking, however, on this subject, he was accustomed to say, that poetry might be compared to a laurel, which sprung up of itself, and which might be greatly improved by cultivation, but would lose all its natural beauty if too much meddled with:—this is the case, he would continue, with stanzas, which come into the mind, we know not how, and which may be improved by the correction of a little original roughness, but are deprived of all their grace and freshness by too nice a handling."—*(Stebbing's Life.)*

The life-time of Ariosto was shortened by the intensity with which he applied himself to the production of his works. One of his last labours was a corrected and enlarged edition of his splendid Orlando Furioso. The printing was, however, so badly executed, as to cause him to say "he had been assassinated by his printer." Mr. Stebbing observes, "it is probable that this circumstance, combined with the fatigue attending his close application while preparing the edition for the press, had a serious effect on his health, which now began to exhibit signs of rapid decline."* In the spring of 1533 he was seriously attacked with indigestion. The constant application of medicine to remove this complaint brought on a consumption, and on the night of June 6, in the same year, he breathed his last, "his death, it is worthy of mention, having been preceded only a few hours by the total destruction of Alphonso's splendid theatre by fire;" which theatre, it should be added, the poet had designed for his noble patron a few years before: "so superb and convenient was the structure, when finished, that it was the admiration of all Italy."

"Ferrara, all Italy, and even Europe, lamented Ariosto as the first poet of the age, and as worthy of being enrolled in the same chart of fame with the greatest that had ever lived. His funeral was rendered remarkable by the attendance of a large body of monks, who to honour his memory, followed him, contrary to the rules of their order, to the grave. His son, Virginio, shortly after built a small chapel in his garden, and formed a mausoleum to which he intended to remove his remains, but the same monks prohibited it, and the body was left in the humble tomb in which it

* Few persons will be disposed to question this extreme sensitiveness, since instances of similar effects on men of genius are by no means rare. Whoever has read Mr. Moore's *Life of Byron* must have remarked the asperity with which he inveighs against blundering printers in the Letters to Mr. Murray, his publisher.

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was originally deposited, till the new church of S. Benedetto was built, when Agostino Mosti, a gentleman of Ferrara, raised above it a monument more worthy of the poet. In 1612 his great grandson, Ludovico, erected a still nobler one, and removed the ashes of his ancestor from the tomb of Agostino, as the latter had done from the one in which they were originally deposited. This monument of Ludovico, which still exists, is built of the most costly marble, and adorned with two statues representing Glory and Poetry, together with an effigy of the poet in alabaster."

Lord Byron illustrates a singular circumstance respecting the tomb of Ariosto. "Before the remains were removed from the Benedictine Church to the Library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away:—

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurels' mimic'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.*

The transfer of these sacred ashes on the 6th of June, 1801, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian republic, and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived, and re-formed into the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession paraded, was then for the first time called Ariosto Square.†

We must return to Mr. Stebbing's delightful *Lives of the Italian Poets*, which work has so frequently aided us in the previous columns.

FANNY.

(For the Mirror.)

"I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste thy bloom away."—MOORE.

HER place of rest is mantled o'er
With dews of early morning;
She heeds not now the winter's roar,
Nor flowery spring's adorning.

Alike to her, when summer's heat
Glows on her verdant bed,
Or when the snows of winter beat,
And a fleecy covering shed.

And rarely do they mention *her*,†
Who most her fate should mourn;
And little did they weep for her,
Who never can return.

* "Childe Harold," canto 4, st. xli.

† Notes to lines 1 and 2 of the preceding stanza.

But back to memory let me bring
Her laughing eyes of blue:
She was, on earth, as fair a thing
As fancy ever drew.

She lov'd, and was belovd again!'
And quickly flew the winged hours;
Love seem'd to wreath his fairy chains
Of blooming amaranthine flow'rs.

She deem'd not time could ever blight
That whisper'd tale she lov'd to hear;
Alas! there came a gloomy night,
That threw its shadows on her bier.

He told her time should never see
The hour he would forget her—
That future years should only be
Fresh links to bind him to her;

That distant lands his steps might trace,
And lovely forms he'd see,
But Fanny's dear, remembered face,
His polar-star should be.

"O! ever shall I be the same,
Whatever may betide me,—
Remembrance whispers Fanny's name,
And brings her form beside me.

"Believe, believe, when far away,'
Distance but closer draws the chain;
When twilight veils the 'garish day,'
Remembrance turns to thee again."

He's gone!—but Fancy in her ear
Still murmurs on his last farewell,
While Hope dries in her eye the tear,
And bids her on each promise dwell.

And long she hop'd—from day to day,—
From early morn to dusky eve
Her thoughts were wand'ring far away,
Nor deem'd that he could e'er deceive.

Fond maid!—he thinks no more on thee—
He mocks at thy enduring faith;
While the foul tongue of calumny
Accelerates thy early death.

This world to her a desert grew,
The sunny heavens no more were fair;
Fast gathering tears obscured her view,
And only night's dark clouds were there.

Faded and chang'd the glorious dream,
The vision bright that floated round her;
And death was in the ghastly gleam
That gave her eyes unearthly splendour.

She lingered not, to feel that earth
Is rife with Disappointment's thorn—
That vows of faith are little worth,
And fleeting as the hues of morn.

Farewell! farewell! pale lilies drooping
On her low bed as emblems wave;—
And see!—the angel Pity stooping
To shed her tear on Fanny's grave!

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R.

THE "HALCYON" BIRD.

(To the Editor.)

THE Halcyon is now only known by the name of the King Fisher (*ispida*, the *alcedo ispida* of Linnæus), a very beau-

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tiful bird, frequenting waters, and feeding on fish. It builds in deep holes in the banks of rivers, and lays five, or, according to some, nine eggs. It much approaches to the Picus, or Woodpecker, in many points; but wants its great character, which is, the having two toes behind. The legs of this bird are very short, and are black before and red behind; its colours, particularly its green and blue, which are its general ones, are extremely bright and beautiful. It takes its prey after the manner of the Osprey, balancing itself at a certain distance over the water for a considerable space, and then darting below the surface, brings up the prey in its feet. While it remains suspended in the air, on a bright day, the plumage exhibits a most beautiful variety of very dazzling and brilliant colours.

This bird was called Halcyon by the ancients. Aristotle has described the bird and its nest; which, according to him, resembled those concretions that are formed by the sea water, and fashioned in the shape of a long necked gourd, hollow within, but so narrow at the entrance, that if it overset the water could not enter. This nest was called Halcyoneum, and had medical virtues ascribed to it: it was also a floating one; and therefore it was necessary for the poets who have described it to place it on a tranquil sea, and to supply the bird with charms to allay the fury of a turbulent element during its incubation, for it had at that season power over the seas and winds. During the days of this bird's incubation, in the depth of winter, the mariner might sail in full security; and therefore they were called "Halcyon Days."

Lambeth. WALTER E. C.

(From another Correspondent.)

IN the agreeable communications of your correspondents, they seem in their quotations to have overlooked the following, from Dryden:—

"Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
He that was born to drown might cross the seas."
Astræa Redux.

And again, in his stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell—

"And wars have that respect for his repose
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea."

Cowley likewise, in his preface to his Miscellanies, says, talking of his mind, "It must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in."

The story of Ceyx and Alcyone is beautifully told in Ovid, Met. 11. fab. 10.

I. I. O.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the vale of Evesham, was fought the most memorable battle recorded in the annals of English history, between Simon de Mountfort, the powerful Earl of Leicester, and Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward the First; in which the earl was completely defeated, and the refractory barons, with most of their adherents taken or slain. This important battle restored Henry the Third to his throne and liberty. When he had ascended the throne, he determined to still further curtail the enormous power of the barons; and by his writs summoned together, as his advisers, representatives from numerous cities and boroughs, as well as counties; the battle of Evesham therefore may be considered, says a modern writer, "*as the origin of our present House of Commons.*"

The learned John Selden says, "All are involved in a parliament. There was a time when all men had their voice in choosing knights. About Henry the Sixth's time they found the inconvenience, so one parliament made a law, that only he that had forty shillings per annum should give his voice, they under should be excluded." "In a word (says Chamberlayne) a parliament's authority is most absolute; a parliament can do all that *Senatus populusque Romanus* could do, *centuriatis Comitis seu Tributis*; it represents the whole kingdom, so that the consent of the parliament is presumed to be the consent of every man in England." P. T. W.

THE LEGACY OF THE SWORD.

(For the Mirror.)

It is thine—it shall win thee a wreath for thy brow
When thy spirit seems more energetic than now;—
It is thine in the war-cloud of gloom and of fire,
The pride of thy kindred—the sword of thy sire!

It is thine—let the bright rose around it entwine,—
Let it glance in the sunbeam which smiles on the shrine,
And sheathe it triumphant when cravens retire,
The pride of thy household—the sword of thy sire!

It is thine—but the warrior who bore it is laid
Where the rose throws its balm, and the cypress its shade,
And churls and marauders have ceased to retire
From the star of the battle—the sword of thy sire!

It is thine—thou shalt wave it with banner and plume
When the trumpet is heard in the war-cloud of gloom:

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It is thine to defend thee when rebels conspire,
The choice of thy childhood—the sword of thy sire!

Deal. G. B. C. OR, REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MAVROVITCH, THE POLE.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

IT seems that Valodimir Mavrovitch, the fratricide, was the second son of Count Baileskow, the representative of one of the oldest and most renowned families in Poland. In his youth, Valodimir was the most elegant boy almost ever seen, and scarcely less remarkable for talent than beauty; but he had a peculiar enthusiasm about him, in which, as his tutor, Father Theophilus, often said, lay his destiny. "In all other respects, he is only," said the father, "a nobler youth than common; but in this singular endowment he has something supernatural to man. He is without fear—he knows not what it is; and, with a dexterity inconceivable, accomplishes the most abstruse and difficult purposes. In his lessons, such is his aptitute, that he learns as if he had brought knowledge with him into the world; and in field-sports, the chase, and all exercises, he possesses an ardour and courage by which he outstrips every competitor. His generosity is equally unbounded; and whatever he undertakes is pursued with an indefatigable eagerness that knows not impediment; but amidst this unexampled energy in purpose there is cause for fear. It matters not to him, when once interested, whether his object be good or bad; and in this fatal inability to discriminate the value of his aims lies his danger."

(We are compelled considerably to abridge this story to suit our limits.—The mystical portion of it, or "the story of the Demon," as the narrator, a Pole, calls it, is thus told to an English tourist:)—

"When I was on the eve of my departure from the castle of Baileskow, my paternal inheritance, and the residence of my mother, to make a tour through Germany and Italy, the carriage being at the gate, and the servants with torches around—for it was then before the dawn of day—as I crossed the court from the hall-door to embark, an old man met me. He had the air of a priest, but not exactly the garb, and his eyes, I thought—or it might be an after fancy—were luminous.

"'Valodimir Mavrovitch,' said the stranger, 'Think!'—I would have answered, but the torch-light which shone through the gateway upon him shifted, and I was surprised that he too had disappeared, like one of the shadows of the servants on the castle wall.

"I was surprised at the brief and emphatic admonition of the Demon, for it was no less; but instead of obeying his injunction, after embarking in the carriage, I fell asleep.

"In the course of the journey, I met with neither accident nor adventure; but in the evening of the afternoon that I reached Munich, I strolled out from the hotel at which I had put up, and entered, after a short walk, a coffee-house, in which several persons were smoking, with ices and liquors before them. One table only was vacant—it was near the door, and it had no light upon it. I entered and sat down at this table, and ordered a cigar; which being brought, with a candle, I began to smoke, and was thinking on the admonition of the mysterious stranger in the court of the castle. My back was towards the door, when presently feeling as it were a hand laid on my shoulder, I hastily turned round, and at my elbow beheld the stranger again. 'Beware!' said he, and withdrew.

"This incident affected me more than the former: it seemed to be couched with anxiety, as if some danger impended; but at the same moment two young officers came in, and seeing no vacant places, seated themselves opposite to me at the same table. They were about my own age, of a gallant air, and observing that I was a stranger, they addressed me in a generous, gentlemanly manner. I was much pleased with their conversation, and they professed themselves equally so with mine. Like other young men, we became, while I stayed at Munich, friends, and in their agreeable society both the 'Think!' and 'Beware!' were forgotten. On my departure for Vienna, they gave me letters to their friends in that metropolis, by whom I was received with marked distinction.

I had not, however, been many days in Vienna, when one evening, returning from a party on foot, my servant having neglected to bring my carriage, a sudden stream of light from a window fell upon a figure which I perceived walking before me. He turned round at the same moment, and I beheld my warden.—

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'Stop!' said the apparition; I did do so; but in a moment the light vanished, and he was gone.

"This third warning took some effect: it was mystical, and I pondered in a vain endeavour to ascertain to what it could allude. My conjectures were fruitless: I could only recall that in the course of the evening I had been much excited by the beauty of a young countess, for whom, on account of her marriage, the ball had been given. The count, her husband, was a noble and elegant young man, and their mutual attachment had been a theme of admiration from their childhood in their respective families.—'Stop!' I repeated to myself, as I entered my lodgings, 'what can that have to do with aught that I have undertaken?' But in the course of a few days I became myself again, the admonisher was forgotten, and I could think only of the beautiful countess. I have just told my confessor that in less than a month her husband shot himself, and she fled from my arms to a nunnery.

"This affair obliged me to quit Vienna more abruptly than I intended; but instead of going to Venice, I went to Paris, taking Frankfort in my way. Being entirely unknown at Frankfort, I hastily visited alone every thing remarkable in the city, resolving to leave it in the morning; but the day was sultry, and in the evening, partly owing to fatigue, I felt myself tired and indisposed, and remained there next day. In the afternoon I found myself better; and as a public pleasure-garden was near the hotel where I stopped, I went to amuse myself for a few minutes there. Whether custom or any festival had that evening assembled an unusual concourse of people I never inquired, but the garden was crowded with a gay multitude, and music with great hilarity enlivened the entertainment. I walked about delighted with the scene.

"In the course of my sauntering amidst the arbours, I came to an alcove a little remote from the more stirring cloud, and in it were several gentlemen playing cards: two were at chess, and by their side a little boy, seemingly one of their sons, amusing himself with throwing dice. After looking for a minute or two, I went to the child, and in sheer playfulness challenged the boy for a throw. At the same instant that I took the box in my hand, some one touched my elbow; I looked round, and the old man was there—'Pause!' said he. In that instant a rope-dancer at some distance fell, a shriek rose, my attention was roused, and I missed again the stranger; but when tranquillity was restored, my desire to play at dice returned, and I again challenged the child to whom I lost several pieces of money, which the lucky boy was as proud of gaining as the conqueror at the Battle of Prague.

"That was the first time I had ever played at dice. My education was recluse. I had no companions, and we had no dice in the castle. The idle game pleased me. When I returned to the hotel, I ordered dice, and amused myself all the evening with casting them, actuated by a persuasion that there must be a mode of doing so by which any desired number may be thrown. This notion took possession of my mind, and I stayed several days at Frankfort, employed in attempts to make the discovery; at last I did succeed. With a pair of dice I attained a sleight by which I could cast what I pleased; but with it I also made another discovery: it was only with perfect cubes I could be so successful. I tried many, but all, in any degree imperfect, could not be so commanded.

"I then went to Paris, where, being well introduced, I became a favourite. The ladies could not make enough of me, and I felt no *ennui* to lead me to the gaming-tables. But one night, on which I had an appointment with a fascinating favourite, when I went to her house I found she had been seized with the small-pox. To shun reflection on the loathsome disease, I went to a house which I knew was much frequented by some of my friends, and, as I expected, met several. They invited me to play, and as I was ignorant of cards, they consented to throw dice, because, not aware of my art with them, they supposed, seeing me out of spirits, that it would rouse me. We played for trifling stakes, and to their indescribable astonishment, I won every throw, and, doubling our stakes, at last, a large sum of money.

"Next day the lady died. My grief was such that I could not but look upon her. Her waiting gentlewoman consented, and I was shown into the apartment where she lay, at the moment when the attendants were preparing the body. Such a spectacle! I flew in anguish again to the gaming-house; I diced again, as if a furor had possessed me; I staked largely, and won every thing. All the guests and the plundered were amazed at my success, and collected in crowds around. The pressure upon me was inconvenient. I turned to request the spectators would stand back. At my elbow again stood the Demon. 'Go on,'

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were his words. I was petrified, and he was away.

"Unable to proceed with the effects of the surprise, my losing antagonist imagined that I was making some sign to a secret confidant, but not daring to express his suspicion, only requested the dice should be changed. They were so. The new ones were not cubes, and they were uneven in weight. I lost back the greatest part of my winnings; and I also lost character. It was observed that I threw the casts in a different manner from that in which I had thrown the first dice. A suspicion arose among the spectators that I did so on purpose to lose, and in a few evenings I was stripped of the greater part of my fortune, for every evening the dice were changed, and sometimes often in the course of a night. At last I quitted Paris, with the matured character of a thorough libertine and an unfair gamester.

"I took my passage at Marseilles, for Naples, and at the time appointed for embarkation, went to the mole to go on board.

"It was evening; the sun had set some time; the beacon of the port was lighted; and the dawn of the moon was brightening the eastern horizon. The populace, who were enjoying the cool air, had not however dispersed, but were standing in numerous groups around. A feeling at the moment came upon me that the Demon was near, and I resolved if it appeared again to employ my sword, although at the time persuaded that it was but a form impalpable. In the same moment I saw it before me; out flew my sword, and in the instant I felt that it pierced a mortal heart; but instead of the old visionary-man, I beheld a boatman dead and bleeding at my feet. A wild cry arose. The mob seized me, and I was carried to prison. Next day the case was investigated before the court of justice. I related the simple fact. A glib advocate doubted my asseverations; but the spectators, who were numerous, gave the fullest credit to the story, and I was spared the doom of a murderer, because the judges were of opinion that I could have no motive to commit the crime, and had perpetrated the deed under some influence of temporary lunacy.

"That was the wanton assassination with which all Europe rang at the time, and was ascribed to the extravagance of my reprobate nature.

"After my liberation, I proceeded to Naples, and mingling in all the pleasures of that luxurious city, in addition to my dexterity with the dice, I acquired equal skill at the cards. In the study of them I found my sight possessed of a faculty not before imagined. The sharpness of my sight soon enable me to discover at once all the cards of a pack distinctly from each other, and I speedily was master of every popular game. This superiority made me heedless of my disbursements; I could at any time supply my purse at the gaming-table, and as a consequence of that independence, I surrendered myself to enjoyment, and for years lived in riot and revelry, unmolested by the Demon.

"An unvaried career of licentiousness was not, however, my lot. An irascible countryman of yours, a lieutenant of the royal navy, who was introduced to me at a party, suddenly seemed to scowl at me with the visage of the demon, as we were in the heat of an argument, and I struck him in the face. A duel was the consequence, and he disabled me in the right arm. That accident destroyed my sleight-of-hand with the dice. Thus was one source of my income cut off; a slight fever soon afterwards left its dregs in my eyes, I could no longer distinguish the cards with my wonted accuracy, and thus fell into poverty.

"Disturbed at the blight which had fallen on my fortunes, I shunned the haunts of the gay and reckless, and became a cicerone to the travellers; for my reputation as a libertine had reached Poland, and I was ashamed to return home.

"One day, when I had conducted an English family to Herculaneum, I felt myself a little indisposed while showing them the theatre, and, with much charitable feeling, they insisted on my going up to the fresh air, and leave them with the common guide. Glad to avail myself of their kindness, I instantly retired, and at a short distance from the opening where we descended, I sat down on the capital of a defaced Corinthian column, to wait their return.

"While sitting on that spot, I cast my eyes accidentally towards the summit of Vesuvius, then emitting, as if panting for breath, occasional volumes of white smoke. As they rolled along the speckless expanse of the calm blue firmament, they assumed various beautiful forms, and I was watching their progress, forgetful of all but the visible poesy of their appearance, when the voice of the Demon whispered, as if its dreadful lips were at my ear—'Your Brother.'

"I started from my seat, and looked behind me in horror; but only the

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bay, with its romantic shores, was in sight.

"When I had shaken off the consternation of the moment, I resumed my seat, and began to examine myself as to the purpose suggested by the portentous words. My cogitation was not long. The count was unmarried, and was the only impediment between me and the family estates.

"You can imagine what followed: here I am, and this night I shall be with the Demon; but I should continue the remainder of my story. When the English travellers returned, they spoke to me with a friendly tenderness, and something in my appearance and manners had so interested them in my favour, that the old gentleman presented me with a purse of guineas. That money enabled me at once to return to Warsaw, where I consummated the instigation of the Demon."

Such was the tale told me by the unhappy man—wonderful certainly in its circumstances, but widely different from the terrific chaos of the popular belief, and simple in its incidents, compared to the incantations with which the apparitions of the tremendous visitant were invested by the people.

I would have questioned him more particularly, but our interview was interrupted by the arrival of the ecclesiastical procession, and I was obliged to leave the prison. After the clergy, all but one, who remained with him to the last, had left him, nobody was admitted. The crowd, however, round the scaffold continued all day to increase, and the bells to toll. At last the sun set, the guards lighted their torches, and only the black scaffold and the upturned faces of the multitude were visible from where I stood. The prison gate was soon after opened; the culprit, wrapped in a winding sheet, came forth, attended by the municipal officers, and proceeded with the funereal sound of trumpets to the dreadful spot where the two executioners, with their arms and throats bare, lifted a covering from the rack, and took their stations beside it, holding the handspikes, for turning the rending wheels, like muskets, on their shoulders. The moment that Mavrovitch mounted the scaffold, the trumpets and the tolling bells ceased; all was silent, and he walked with a firm tread towards the engine of torture. The executioners stepped forward, each took him by the arm. At the same moment a wild shriek rose; but what ensued is so well known, that I may spare myself from further recital.—*New Mon. Mag.*—(*abridged.*)

The Topographer.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

Soon round us spread the hill and dales
Where Geoffrey spun his magic tales
And call'd them history. The land
Whence Arthur sprung, and all his band
Of gallant knights.

BLOOMFIELD'S BANKS OF WYE.

THIS county, the inland parts of which consist of verdant meadow or arable land, is bounded on all sides excepting that which joins the Severn, by ranges of hills which have generally either been covered with woods or devoted to the feeding of cattle. The southern or Severn side presents to the view well cultivated lands, gently rising from the shore.

Monmouth, the capital town, is situated at the confluence of the Wye and Munnow, "in a vale," says Gray, "which is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure." It is surrounded on all sides by hills, which by affording the lowlands shelter from the bleak winds, promote vegetation, and present a beautiful prospect of hanging woods, interspersed with corn and pasture land.

The town consists principally of one long and handsome street, at the end of which is an old tower, which formerly defended the Munnow Bridge. There are a few remains of the castle in which Henry V. was born; an elegant and highly ornamented residence "the Castle House," has been built within its site, and partly of its materials. Monmouth is supposed to be the ancient Blestium. Abergavenny on the Usk is situated in a spot which partakes still more of the character of Welsh scenery: on the south west rises the Blorench mountain, in height 1,720 feet; to the north west the still higher mountain of the Sugar Loaf towers amidst the clouds. To the north east lies St. Michael's Mountain, or the Great Skyrrid, at one end of which is a remarkable chasm about 300 feet in breadth. The castle at Abergavenny formerly belonged to the Nevilles. The Welsh chroniclers have celebrated the Mountains of Carno, near this place, as having been bedewed with the blood of the Saxons.

The magnificent ruins of Ragland Castle lie half way between Monmouth and Abergavenny. Charles I. was entertained here during the first troubles of his reign, with noble hospitality by the aged Marquess of Worcester, who surrendered the castle, after a siege of almost three months, to the Parliamen-

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tary army under Sir Thomas Fairfax, in 1646:

"Majestic Ragland! Harvests wave
Where thund'ring hosts their watchword gave,
When cavaliers, with downcast eye,
Struck the last flag of loyalty."
BLOOMFIELD.

His son Edward, the second Marquess, was the author of the celebrated "Century of Inventions," in which the first hint of the steam engine appeared, which he calls "By divine providence, and heavenly inspiration, a stupendous water commanding engine, boundless for height or quantity;" and so delighted was he at the discovery of what he terms "The most stupendous work in the whole world," that he returned thanks to God for having vouchsafed him an insight into so great a secret of nature. He died in 1667, and his remains were conveyed with mournful solemnity to the cemetery of the Beaufort family in Ragland Church.

The town of Caerleon on the Usk, abounds with Roman remains, and is supposed to have been built on the site of a British town. Giraldus Cambrensis writes that "very eminent men were brought up and taught here," which countenances the supposition that its real name may have been Cathain Leigean, "the city of learning."

About two miles to the east of the mouth of the Usk rises Goldcliff, a solitary hill amidst the moors on the banks of the Severn. It derives its name from its glittering appearance when the sun beams on it. "I cannot be persuaded," says Camden, that "there is a flower here without fruit, were any man to search into the veins, and using the direction of art enter into the inmost and most secret bowels of the earth."

Caerwent, the Venta Silurum of the Romans, is now an inconsiderable village; it was once a seaport, but at present is two miles distant from the Severn; it occupies a gently inclining plain. Mr. Coxe, in his "Tour through Monmouthshire," has given a plan of the Roman town, which was defended on all sides except the southern, by a deep fosse. The walls are from twelve to twenty-four feet in height, and from nine to twelve in thickness. Many curious figures which have been discovered in the pavements, have been destroyed through the ignorance of the country people. The mounds and mouldering walls in the adjacent fields, present melancholy memorials of the former grandeur of this place.

The village of Trelech is remarkable for three Druidical stones, which give name to it. Harold here defeated the Britons, and from an inscription on a pedestal in the village, we may suppose that a large tumulus near this spot, contains the bones of the slain.

At the mansion of Courtfield, at Welsh Bicknor, the seat of the Roman Catholic family of Vaughan, Henry V. is traditionally reported to have been nursed, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury; a monumental effigy of a lady in accordance with the style of that age, is in the church.

The celebrated ruins of Tintern Abbey, on the banks of the Wye, which are kept in high preservation by the Duke of Beaufort, afford a noble specimen of Gothic architecture, and retain marks of their ancient magnificence:

"The fair wrought shaft all ivy bound
The tow'ring arch with foliage crown'd
That trembles on its brow sublime,
Triumphant o'er the spoils of Time."

These remains acquire additional beauty from their romantic situation. The roof has fallen in; but the pillars and tracery of many of the windows are perfect. The green lawn is covered with fragments of sculpture and memorials of those who once dwelt within this magnificent pile:

"But all is still. The chequer'd floor,
Shall echo to the step no more;
Nor airy roof the strain prolong
Of vesper chant or choral song."
BLOOMFIELD.

In the year 1634, Colonel Sandys attempted to make the Wye navigable by means of locks, but as this experiment was unsuccessful, they were afterwards removed. This river from the confluence of its mountain streams after heavy rains, is subject to sudden inundations, which though in many respects injurious to the farmer, greatly fertilize the meadows in its vicinity, and especially those near Monmouth, by the valuable matter it deposits. The tide of the Severn, from the peculiar projection of the rocks at the mouth of the Wye, flows up the latter river with great rapidity, to the height of more than forty feet. "The highest tide," says Mr. Coxe, "within the memory of the present generation, rose to fifty-six feet."

To the admirers of the architecture of the baronial mansions of the middle ages, the remains of the numerous castles which have been erected on the banks of the Wye to repel the incursions of the Welsh, by the Talbots and Strongbows, and other renowned families of former days, will afford the highest gratification, and give a silent

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though powerful admonition, that human grandeur endureth but for a day:

"On the Gwentian shore
The regal banner streams no more.
Nettles and vilest weeds that grow,
To mock poor grandeur's head laid low,
Creep round the turret's valour rais'd,
And flaunt where youth and beauty gazed."

W.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY.

THIS work is intended to consist of "*Manuals of Religious Edification*, more especially adapted for the LORD'S DAY; as containing the sentiments of many of the more eminent Divines of the Church of England in the *Discourses* delivered from their pulpits:" or, in plain terms, it is to comprise a Selection of Sermons from the most eminent Divines of the Church of England, chiefly within the last half century. Its editorship is entrusted to the learned and accomplished Dr. Dibdin, who enforces the publication of a *religious* Library, in these energetic words:—"Let it be specially impressed upon the minds of Christians of EVERY persuasion, that at NO moment can a work, similar to the present, have stronger claims upon their attention and support, than at *this precise period*, when the elements of civil society seem to be agitated in a variety of directions, and when a sound and sober exposition of Scriptural Truths may essentially contribute to the support of the best interests of the COUNTRY."

The two volumes before us contain the incomparable Mount Sermon by Bishop Porteus; Bishop Bloomfield on the Choice of a Religion; two Sermons by Paley; prefixed to the latter is a Memoir, concluding with these excellent observations by the Editor:—

"The Sermons of Paley were chiefly a posthumous publication. They were preached to, as they were written *for*, a country congregation; they are therefore divested of studied ornament of style, and elaboration of argument. But they bear the peculiar impress of the author's own powerful and unsophisticated mind; and for strength of conception, and clearness and sometimes vigour of expression, it may be questioned whether many in them have been ever surpassed. They are not, strictly speaking, eloquent; but there is a force, as well as a novelty of treatment, in many of them, that put them above all comparison. They are familiar without coarseness, and terse without obscurity. Their main charm may be said to consist in the simplicity and strength with which religious and moral truths are handled; the uncompromising and straightforward manner in which human frailties and sins are exposed; the kindliness of exhortation to repentance and godliness of living; the power, purity, and comfort of the Gospel-dispensation; and, above all, the perfect absence of fanaticism, of an overheated fancy, and of a persecuting spirit. But these qualities, which so eminently distinguish the *writer*, ought in some degree to possess the *reader*, of the sermons in question. For the kindly *reception* of the scriptural truths enforced by Paley, there must be nothing ascetic, nothing morose, nothing self-willed and intolerant, in the mind of him who sets himself in right earnest to the task of their perusal. In like manner, all highly wrought, impassioned, and uncontrollable emotions, which carry the infatuated understanding into a wide and wild sea of doubt and distraction, must be absent from the reader. It cannot be dissembled that, when read with a proper spirit, we rise from the perusal of Paley's Sermons not less convinced of the necessity of putting a guard upon the unruliness of our passions, than of living in peace, goodwill, and brotherly love with all mankind."

Among the remainder in the first volume (in all 16,) is Bishop Horne's *Life a Journey*, upon that touching line in Psalm cxix.—

"I am a stranger upon the earth."

How beautifully are the consolations of our blessed religion set forth in the imagery of the subsequent extract:—

"Although the traveller's first and chief delight is the recollection of his home, which lies as a cordial at his heart, and refreshes him every where and at all seasons, this does by no means prevent him from taking that pleasure in the several objects presenting themselves on the road, which they are capable of affording, and were indeed intended to afford. He surveys, in passing, the works and beauties of nature and art, meadows covered with flocks, valleys waving with corn, verdant woods, blooming gardens, and stately buildings. He surveys and enjoys them, perhaps, much more than their owners do, but leaves them without a sigh, reflecting on the far greater and sincerer joys that are waiting for him at home. Such exactly is the temper and disposition with which the Christian traveller should pass

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through the world. His religion does not require him to be gloomy and sullen, to shut his eyes, or to stop his ears; it debars him of no pleasure, of which a thinking and reasonable man would wish to partake. It directs him not to shut himself up in a cloister, alone, there to mope and moan away his life; but to walk abroad, to behold the things which are in heaven and earth, and to give glory to him who made them; reflecting, at the same time that if, in this fallen world, which is soon to be consumed by fire, there are so many objects to entertain and delight him, what must be the pleasures of that world which is to endure for ever, and to be his eternal home; Flocks feeding in green meadows, by rivers of water, remind him of the future happy condition of the righteous, when 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water.' From fading plantations he carries his thoughts to the paradise of God, where, in immortal youth and beauty, grows the tree of life, whose tree never withers, and which bears its fruit through the unnumbered ages of eternity. Earthly cities and palaces cause him to remember thee, O thou holy city, heavenly Jerusalem, whose walls are salvation, and thy gates praise, and the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple in the midst of thee! He who sees the world in this light will draw its sting, and disarm it of its power to hurt; he will so use it as not to abuse it, because the fashion of it passes away; he will so enjoy it, as to be always ready to leave it for a better; he will not think of settling at his inn, because it is pleasantly situated. He remembers that he is a traveller; he forgets not that he is a stranger in the earth."

What will the scoffers and scorners, the haters of good works, say to the sacred truths—the soft-breathing simplicity—of this extract. How painful then is it to turn to the idle speculations and feverish fancies of their philosophical unbelief.

Dr. Dibdin has supplied the sketches of the Reverend Authors and the Notes. One of the latter on a passage in the Sermon, *Scripture Difficulties Vindicated*, by the Rev. C. Benson, relates to a noble, but lamentably sceptical, poet.

We have looked through the second volume, which contains twenty-three Sermons, and notice this beautiful passage from a Sermon by Dr. Townson:

"And, to take up once more the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those, who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with hope, and peace, and joy; which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls; and give them to understand with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven."

(Note by the Editor.) The poetical spirit of this paragraph is not less remarkable, than its discriminative piety. It seems probable, that Dr. Townson had in view the fine passage of Milton:

> And of pure, now purer air,
> Meets his approach; and to the heart inspires
> Vernal delight and joy:
> now gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabean odours, from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest'd; with such delay
> Well pleas'd, they slack their course; and many a league
> Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
> So entertain'd those odorous sweets.
> *Paradise Lost*, iv. 152.

Another passage, scarcely less poetical, and, in moral beauty, far superior, affords a still more striking coincidence:

> The merchant, who towards spicy regions sails,
> Smells their perfume far off, in adverse gales;
> With blasts which thus against the faithful blow,
> Fresh odorous breathings of God's goodness flow. *Bp. Ken. Works*, i. 494.

It is an interesting proof of the fertility of Dr. Townson's mental resources, that in the original manuscript, he has left behind, on a separate leaf, an equally fine illustration; to be occasionally substituted for that which has called forth these remarks. It were injustice to withhold it from the reader:

"In this situation, the devout Christian may be compared to a traveller journeying towards some fair city, in which he has beforehand established a good correspondence. He has climbed the hill that stands next to it; and, though the distance still forbids him to take a distinct survey of it, yet the prospect of its towers and buildings rising before him, of its spires and pinnacles glittering in the air, and of peace and pleasantness in its borders, revives his heart. The consideration of his past perils and fatigues now gives him pleasure. He is thankful to a gracious Providence, that has led him almost through them, and

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brought him to a point, whence he has a downward and direct way to a place of rest and abode; in which he will meet with a cordial reception, and be delighted with new scenes of beauty, magnificence, and wonder. With such satisfaction doth faith fill the heart of the religious pilgrim and stranger, when he has nearly travelled through the changes and chances of this mortal life, and feels himself approaching to the heavenly Jerusalem, the abiding city."

The accomplished author, himself, like Milton, a traveller, here blends his own observation of foreign lands, with his recollections of our great poet:—

As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn,
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis,
With glitt'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams.
Paradise Lost, iii. 543.

The *Sunday Library*, it should be added, is printed in correspondent style with the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and each volume has a finely engraved Frontispiece Portrait.

VENETIAN HISTORY.

The *Family Library* Editor has judiciously enough filled his 20th volume with "Sketches" from the History of Venice. Another volume is promised, the present extending from the settlement of the Veneti in Italy to the year 1406. The intention is stated to be, "to present in detail some of the most striking incidents of the History of this great Republic, connecting them with each other by a brief and rapid survey of minor events;" for which purpose the Editor has freely taxed Sismondi and the late Count Daru. The result is one of the most enchanting volumes of historiettes that has ever fallen into our hands; illustrating, to be sure, numberless dark points, or "damned spots" of human history; "much of atrocious guilt, of oppression, cruelty, fraud, treachery, baseness, and ingratitude;" yet the very heinousness of these characteristics carries on and keeps up the intense interest of the volume.

We select for extract the "tragical tragedy" of Marino Faliero—not so much for its novelty to the reader, as for correcting an erroneous view into which the license of poetry may have led him:—

The name of Marino Faliero is familiar to English ears; but the reader who borrows his conception of the Doge of Venice from the modern drama in our language which purports to relate his story, will wander as far from historic truth as from nature and probability. The *Chronicle* of Sanuto, which the poet has avowed to be his basis, presents no trace of that false, overwrought, and unintelligible passion which, in the tragedy, is palmed upon us for nice sensitiveness to injured honour. We are told, indeed, that the angry old man had once so far indulged his choleric humour as to fell to the ground a somewhat tardy bishop during the celebration of a holy solemnity. We hear of a fiery temper, accustomed to command, elated by success, and in which, on the confession of Petrarch, who was personally well informed regarding it, valour predominated over prudence. These are the unsettled elements upon which the Tempter best loves to work; but the insanity and extravagance with which we must charge Faliero, if we suppose his attempt to overthrow the government of which he was chief, arose solely from an outrageous desire of revenge for a petty insult, are entirely gratuitous, and belong altogether to the poet. Madness of another kind, however, that of ambition, is clearly ascribable to him; and, if we take this as our key, much of the obscurity attendant upon a catastrophe which has been imperfectly and inadequately developed will be cleared away; we shall obtain a character little indeed awakening our sympathy, but yet not wholly at variance with our judgment; and although we may be astonished at, and recoil from the motives which prompted his crime, they will not be altogether of a class which sets our comprehension at defiance.*

At a banquet, which it was customary for the doge to celebrate in his palace, after the bull-hunt, on the Carnival Thursday, a squabble had arisen from some too pressing familiarity offered by one of the young gallants of the court to his mistress. Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate, was enamoured of a lady in attendance upon the dogaressa; and, presuming upon her favour, he was guilty of some freedom which led the doge to order his exclusion.—This command appears to have been executed with more than necessary violence; and the youth, fired by the indignity which disgraced him in the eyes

* Lord Byron's conception of Faliero's character and motives appears to us to be mistaken; but what is to be said to the countless impertinences and ingraftments upon history which M. de la Vigne has introduced into his French play on the same subject?

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of his mistress, sought revenge by assailing Faliero in that point in which he conceived him to be most vulnerable. He wrote on the doge's chair, in the council chamber, a few words reflecting upon the dogaressa: "Marino Faliero, husband of the lovely wife; he keeps, but others kiss her."* The offence was traced to its author; it was pitiful and unmanly; yet it scarcely deserved heavier punishment than that which the XL adjudged to it—namely, that Steno should be imprisoned for two months, and afterwards banished from the state for a year. But, to the morbid and excited spirit of Faliero, the petty affront of this rash youth appeared heightened to a state crime; and the lenient sentence with which his treason (for so he considered it) had been visited, was an aggravation of every former indignity offered to the chief magistrate by the oligarchy which affected to control him. Steno, he said, should have been ignominiously hanged, or at least condemned to perpetual exile.

On the day after the sentence, while the doge was yet hot in indignation, an event occurred which seems to have confirmed the chronicler whose steps we are following, in his belief in the doctrine of necessity. "Now it was fated," he tells us, "that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off. And as it is necessary, when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of that effect must happen, it therefore came to pass"—that Bertuccio Israello, Admiral of the Arsenal,† a person apparently of no less impetuous passions than the doge himself, and who is described as possessed also of egregious cunning, approached him to seek reparation for an outrage. A noble had dishonoured him by a blow; and it was vain to ask redress for this affront from any but the highest personage in the state. Faliero, brooding over his own imagined wrongs, disclaimed that title, and gladly seized occasion to descant on his personal insignificance. "What wouldst thou have me do for thee?" was his answer: "Think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me, and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of XL respect our person!" Upon this, the admiral returned—"My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all the state, and then you may punish them all." Hearing this, the duke said—"How can such a matter be brought about?" and so they discoursed thereon.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* "*Marin Faliери, dalla bella moglie, altri la gode, ed egli la mantiene.*"

† This officer was chief of the artisans of the Arsenal, and commanded the Bucentaur—for the safety of which, even if an accidental storm should arise, he was responsible with his life. He mounted guard at the Ducal Palace during an interregnum, and bore the red standard before the new doge on his inauguration; for which service his perquisites were the Ducal Mantle, and the two silver basins from which the doge scattered the regulated pittance which he was permitted to throw among the people.—*Amelot de la Houssaye*, 79.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CAMBRIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

WE noticed the preparation of this work at p. 315 of our last volume, and there gave a few anticipatory extracts. The author is Mr. W. Howells, of Tipton, whose good fortune it has been to secure a list of Subscribers to his work, of gratifying length and flattering rank. The origin of the volume is curious enough, and is thus explained in the Preface:

"My inducement for presenting to the public these tales of 'by-gone days' was the advertisement of the very Rev. Archdeacon Beynon, which appeared in the Carmarthen Journal, of *May* 21, 1830, proposing a reward of twenty guineas, with a medal value three guineas, for the *best printed* English Essay, 8vo. containing 500 pages, on the Superstitions, Ghosts, Legends, &c. of *all parts* of the principality, to be delivered *before February* 3, 1831. Now when the limited period proposed for the collection of 500 pages of matter, and the above little adjective *all* is considered, it must appear obvious that such an Herculean labour is not capable of being accomplished by *one* individual alone.—Imagining it, therefore, to be a matter of impossibility to perform what the very reverend gentleman requires, I cannot consistently with propriety offer myself as a candidate, but will say—'*Pulmum qui merusit ferat.*'

"I have had considerable trouble to collect the stories which appear in the work, being also two years from attaining my majority, and having so short a period to collect them, as the book is hastily ushered before a discerning public, I trust they will overlook any imperfections which may appear."

The production of the work is creditable to the enthusiasm of, legally

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speaking, the infant author; and we should be happy to learn that our insertion in the *Mirror* of some of the pieces in this volume has fostered its growth. We quote an interesting passage on

Fairy Rings.

In the youthful days of an aged friend of mine, the belief in fairies existed in many parts of Wales; and, when a "schoolboy, with his satchel," unwillingly trudging to school, he has often observed, in a meadow near Conwil, Carmarthenshire, three small circles of grass, which appeared to have been weaved round the edges. Wondering much for what purpose they were ordained, he once asked his mother the use of them, when she gave him a severe injunction not to *approach* on any account, much less *enter* the rings, for, said she, they belong to the Bendith eu mammau (a species of fairies), and whoever enters them can never get out, it being enchanted ground.

These rings have not only been noticed by the illiterate, but by philosophers and learned characters, who have advanced two opinions respecting them. Some, among whom are Dr. Priestly and Mr. Jessop, upon practical and scientific observations, attributed them to lightning, but their experiments did not prove altogether satisfactory. Drs. Wollaston, Withering, and others, who had *duly* examined these spots, ascribed them to the growth of fungi, which opinion seems undoubtedly the best.—The rings vary in size and shape, some having seven yards of *bare*, with a patch of *green* grass a foot broad in the middle; others, of various sizes, are encompassed with grass much greener than that in the interior. It is rather remarkable that no beasts will eat of them, although some persons suppose that *sheep* will greedily devour the *grass*. Shakspeare thus speaks in his Tempest:

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, stagnant lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi puppets that
By moonshine do the *green sour* ringlets make,
Whereof the *ewe not bites*, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ——."

The following story is well known in Carmarthenshire:—A farmer going out one morning very early to fetch his horses from pasture, heard some delicious music, far sweeter he thought (no doubt) than ever bard produced from his *telyn* (harp); and being allured by it, as we read of men being allured of old by the enchanting voices of Sirens, he proceeded to the place whence the strains seemed to issue, and in a sequestered retreat beheld the elves footing it merrily. Wishing perhaps to obtain more extensive knowledge of these "dear little creatures," he had the magnanimity to enter the ring, with the intention of joining their matachin, and soon had his desire gratified, for there they kept him, dancing away, night and day, without intermission. His relatives at home were at a loss to know what had become of him, and immediately concluded that he had terminated his existence, or had gone on a journey; but days, weeks, and months rolled on, and no farmer appeared, nor were any tidings heard respecting him, until it chanced one day that a man passing by the lonely spot, saw him knocking his legs about as if he was bereft of his reason; and going up to him, inquired what caused him to be so merry, which broke the spell; and the farmer, as if waking out of a dream, exclaimed, "O dear! where are my horses?" and stepping out of the magical circle, fell down, and mingled his dust with the earth: no wonder, for he had been dancing without nourishment or food for more than a twelvemonth. If every fair dancer joined the Tylwyth teg's dance, how many beings would be danced out of the world?

This is credited, he informs me, in some parts of North Wales, at the present day. Two men travelling together, happened to be benighted soon after entering a wood, and one of them being fatigued, sat down and slept, but when he awoke could no where discover his companion; thinking he had travelled on, he proceeded, but when he arrived at home, was astonished at the inquiries respecting his fellow, and related that he had lost him while he slept. As there seemed to be a mystery in the case, the relatives of the absent individual went to the village wizard, who informed them that he was in the power and hands of the fairies, but if they would go to the place where he was missed by his companion, just a year after that time, they would see him dancing with them, when they were to rescue him. After the year had elapsed, they went and found it as the conjuror had said;—whereupon one of them dragged the man out of the ring, who immediately asked if it was not better to proceed home, imagining it was the same night, and that he was with his companion. One of the people presented him with some victuals, which

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he began to eat, but had no sooner done so, than he mouldered away.

Wishing the juvenile author all success in his future essays, we commend his present work to the lovers of superstitious lore, and to the substantial notice of the very reverend personage already alluded to.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE REFORM BILL.
(For the Mirror.)

THE debate relating to the Reform Bill lasted *seven* nights. There are many curious circumstances attached to the number *seven*—viz. the *seven* golden candlesticks, the *seven* wise men of the east, the *seven* colours, the *seven* sounds, the *seven* stars, the *seven* wonders of the world. Ancient Rome was built upon *seven* hills, &c. The gift of prophecy and the power of *healing* is attributed to the *seventh* son of a *seventh* son. When the several members rose late, or rather early in the morning on the *seventh* night's debate on the Reform Bill, the House caught the idea of Macbeth, and exclaimed, "Another yet! a *seventh!* I'll see no more!"—and the *House of Russell dispersed the House of Commons.*
P. T. W.

EPITAPH.

THE following lines were written by my father, on the death of his first child, who died in infancy:— W. H. H.

Nipt in the bud, the father's hope here sleeps,
And o'er her first-born child the mother weeps.
Why weep! the disencumber'd soul that's flown
Now shines another cherub round the throne!
Ah! who can tell what cares, what hopes, what fears,
Had been the portion of its lengthen'd years?
A better lot proportion'd Heaven design'd,
And bade it leave this sin-fraught world behind!

PATRIOTISM.

WHEN Admiral Sir George Rooke, who took Gibraltar, in the reign of Queen Anne, came to make his will, it surprised those that were present; but Sir George exclaimed—"I do not leave much, but what I have was honestly gotten: it never cost a sailor a tear, or the nation a farthing." JAC-CO.

SILK MANUFACTURE.

IN 1734, Sir Thomas Lambe erected, in an island on the Derwent, near Derby, a curious mill for the manufacture of silk. He brought the model, the only one of the kind in the kingdom, from Italy, at the hazard of his life. This machine was deemed so important, that, at the expiration of Sir Thomas's patent, parliament voted him 14,000*l.* for the risk he had incurred, and the expense attending its completion. T. S.

INN RHYMES.

THE following was written under the sign of the White Horse, on the Old Bath Road, but which has since disappeared. I believe the origin of it was, "a poor devil of an author, who, after having had a good filling out, found that he had not wherewith to pay; at which 'mine host' was of course in a 'way' (as he had a right to be); when the author told him, that if he would get a sign painted, he would try to put some lines upon it which should ensure him custom. He did so, and the following was the result. He had a White Horse for his sign:

"My *White Horse* shall beat the *Bear*,
And make the *Angel* fly,
Shall turn the *Ship* quite bottom up,
And drink the *Three Cups* dry."

The Bear, Angel, Ship, and Three Cups, were public-houses in the neighbourhood. He succeeded, and got their custom.

On one of the windows also is—

"His liquor's good, his pot is just,
The landlord's poor, and cannot trust,
For he has trusted to his sorrow,—
So pay to day, he'll trust to-morrow."
G. ST. CLAIR.

ROYAL FAVOUR.

THE Prince of Orange was defeated by the French under Luxemburg, in 1677: in attempting to rally his dispersed troops, the prince struck one of the runaways across the face with his sword. "Rascal!" cried he, "I will set a mark on you at present, that I may hang you afterwards." JAC-CO.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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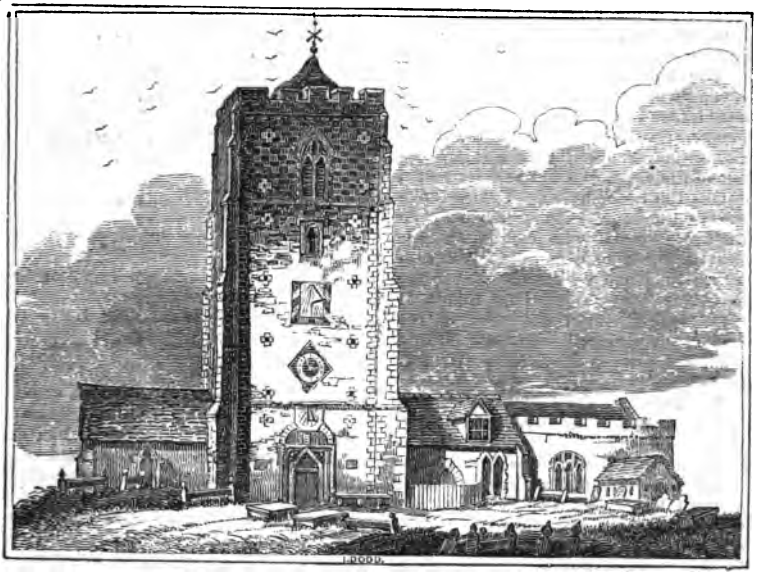

BRAY CHURCH.

Who has not heard of the *Vicar of Bray*, and his turning, turning, and turning again? Here is his church, and a goodly tower withal, which we, in our turn, have endeavoured to turn to the illustration of our pages. There is no sinister motive in the selection; but if we have hit the white, or rather the black, of such variableness, "let the galled jade wince," and pay *the Mirror* the stale compliment of *veluti in speculum*.

Bray is a small village about one mile from Maidenhead, and its name would have remained "unsaid, unsung," had it not been for its never-enough-to-be-ridiculed Vicar. Camden supposes Bray to have been occupied by the *Bibroci*, who submitted to Cæsar, and obtained his protection, and with it a secure possession of one of the most beautiful spots in this county; so that submissiveness seems to have been the very air of the place in all times. Philippa, the queen of Edward III., had rents assigned to her from this and the adjoining manor of Cookham. It is now considered as part of the royal domain, being attached to the liberties of Windsor Castle, and retaining some peculiar privileges, among which is an exemption from tolls in the adjacent market-towns. In default of male heirs, lands are not divided here among females of the same degree of kindred, but descend solely to the eldest. The church is "a *spacious* structure," says the *Windsor Guide*, and "composed of various materials, and exhibiting a mixture of almost every style of architecture," says the "*Beauties of England and Wales*;" but we leave the reader to his own conclusion from our Engraving, sketched in the summer of last year. We take for granted the church does not change in appearance every year, if its Vicar once did in creed.

The story of the *Vicar of Bray* is told with some variations, but the fact is not questioned. In the Beauties of England and Wales we read that his name was Simon Symonds, that he possessed the benefice in the reign of Henry VIII. and the three succeeding monarchs, and that he died in the forty-first year of Elizabeth. "This man was twice a Protestant and twice a Papist; and when reproached for the unsteadiness of his principles, which could thus suffer him to veer with every change of admi-

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nistration, replied, 'that he had always governed himself by what he thought a very laudable principle, which was, never on any terms, if he could avoid it, to part with his vicarage.'" This creed has been amplified into a song, which we shall quote presently, more for its being a good conceite than for its scarceness.

The author just quoted from the *Beauties* observes, in a note—"Several late writers, particularly Ireland and Ferrar, who have mentioned the above circumstances, describe them as happening in the reign of Charles the Second, James the Second, &c. This mistake throws the imputation of apostacy on the worthy person who held the vicarage towards the conclusion of the 17th century. It should be remarked, that the story was first published by Fuller, in his Church History; and as the author died in the year 1661, it is evident that it must have been circulated previous to that event."

We have not the *Church History* at hand, but Fuller, in his *Worthies*, says, "Bray is a village well known in Berkshire, the vivacious Vicar whereof, living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. This Vicar being tax'd by one for being a turncoat, not so (said he) for I always kept my principles, which is this, to live and die Vicar of Bray."

Lastly, here is the song:—

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-churchman I was,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd:
Kings are by God appointed;
And those are damn'd that do resist,
And touch the Lord's anointed:
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution,
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
And pish for non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication,
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And then became a Whig, sir:
And so preferment I procured
By our new faith's defender,
And always every day abjured
The Pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession:
For by my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be
Until the time shall alter.
And this is law, &c.

ANOTHER OLD SONG.

ORIGIN OF THE SONG "FOUR AND TWENTY FIDDLERS ALL ON A ROW."

THE fiddle was not allowed to be a concert instrument till the reign of Charles the Second, who, in imitation of Louis the Fourteenth, established a band of twenty-four violins, alias fiddles, which gave birth to Tom Durfey's song of "*Four and Twenty Fiddlers all on a Row*," &c.: a humorous production, in which there is a mockery of every instrument, and almost every trade, and which used to be performed between the acts, or between the play and farce, by some man of humour at benefits.

The author of the Guardian, in No. 67, gives an account of Tom Durfey, with a view to recommend him to the public notice for a benefit play, and says, that he remembered King Charles the Second leaning on Tom Durfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him.

Roi des Violons, or King of the Fiddlers, was anciently a title in France. It became defunct, in 1685, owing to anarchy—thus *harmony and discord cannot agree*.

P. T. W.

ROSEDALE ABBEY.

(For the Mirror.)

"A churchyard!—'tis a homely word, yet full
Of feeling; and a sound that o'er the heart
Might shed religion." R. MONTGOMERY.

RUINS! so dark and lone,
The pride of other years,
On which the stars have shone,
To light the mourners' tears;
The ivy clings to ye,
And softly hums the bee
Where violets blue are blooming,
The liquid dews perfuming,
Beneath each withered tree.

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Tombs! o'er your nameless stone
What gentle hearts have wept,
And there, at midnight lone,
Their silent vigils kept;
There Beauty laid her wreath,
And Love seem'd "strong as death,"
Around the pale shrines sighing,
While plaintive winds were dying
With music in their breath.

But childhood loves to stray
Where'er the sward is green,
Round your mementos grey,
And haunts the mouldering scene;
And lovely in repose,
At sunset's gorgeous close,
Your holy walls seem blending
With purple light descending
Upon the beauteous rose.

Tombs of the past unknown!
Ye are fringed with violets blue,
And clouds have laved your stone
With sweetest tears of dew;
But when, by angels given,
The last dread peal of heaven
Shall rend ye all asunder
With its immortal thunder,
Your dead shall claim their heaven.

Deal. G. R. C.

PORTRAIT OF STERNE.

(To the Editor.)

As many of the pages of your extensively-circulated little work have preserved memorials of *Laurence Sterne*, I hope you can spare room for the underwritten extract, from a letter of his to Mr. Garrick, dated Paris, March, 1762, and which may be seen in Vol I. of Mrs. Medalle's "Letters of the late L. Sterne."

My object in thus troubling you is, in the hope (perhaps you will say an almost forlorn, or distant one) that *possibly* some one of your readers, either here or abroad, may be able to suggest where it is likely the under-mentioned *whole-length* portrait may now be of that once very distinguished man.

A CONSTANT READER.

"I shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all sorts of people. *Qui le diable est cet homme là* ...., said Choiseul, t'other day. You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest of the dialogue. ..... The Duke of Orleans has suffered my portrait to be added to the number of some odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it *most expressively*, at full length. I purpose to obtain an etching of it, and to send it to you."

EPITOME OF THE ANCIENT KINGDOM OF POLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

POLAND was once the country of the Vandals, who left it to invade the Roman Empire. The kingdom began, by favour of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, under Boleslaus, 999; Red Russia was added to it in 1059; Pomerania, that had been separated 180 years, again united with it, 1465; embraced Christianity, 965; the order of the White Eagle instituted in 1705. The peasants in Poland were serfs or slaves, and the value of an estate was not estimated from its extent, but from the number of the peasants who were transferred, like cattle, from one master to another. The first person who granted freedom to his peasants was Zamoiski, formerly grand chancellor, who in 1760 enfranchised six villages. The Jews were first introduced into Poland about the time of Casimir the Great; they were indulged with great privileges, and became so numerous that Poland was styled the Paradise of the Jews. So late as the thirteenth century, the Poles retained the custom of killing old men when past their labour, and such children as were born imperfect. "The natural strength of Poland, if properly exerted, (says a modern writer) would have formed a more certain bulwark against the ambition of her neighbours than the faith of treaties;" and it is worthy of remark, that of the three partitioning powers, Prussia was formerly in a state of vassalage to the republic; Russia once saw her capital and throne possessed by the Poles, under Sigismund III. whose troops got possession of Moscow, and whose son, Ladislaus, was chosen Great Duke of Muscovy, by a party of the Russian nobles; and Austria was indebted to John Sobieski, King of Poland, who, in 1683, compelled the Turks to raise the siege of Vienna, and delivered the house of Austria from the greatest dangers it ever experienced.

"The partition of Poland (says Mr. Coxe,) was first projected by the King of Prussia."

In 1794, Suwarof laid siege to Praga, a fortified suburb of Warsaw, and carried it by assault, with a tremendous carnage. The king was compelled to abdicate, and the whole country was incorporated in the dominion of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Early in 1797, Stanislaus arrived at Petersburgh, and, according to the appointment of the sovereign, fixed his residence in the Marble Palace, on the banks of the Neva; but his death, which

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happened on the 12th of February, 1798, terminated the series of Polish sovereigns:

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."

Queen Elizabeth so highly prized the merit and abilities of Sir Philip Sydney, that she sent him ambassador to Vienna, and to several courts in Germany; and when the fame of his valour became so extensive that he was put in election for the crown of Poland, she refused to further his advancement, lest (says Baker) she should lose the brightest jewel of her crown. This Marcellus of the English nation was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in 1585, while he was mounting the third horse, having before had two killed under him. P. T. W.

THE HOUR OF PHANTASY.

"The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream."
R. MONTGOMERY.

THERE is an hour when Memory lends
To Thought her intellectual part,
When visions of departed friends
Restore their beauty to the heart;
And like the sunset's crimson light
To fading scenes of Nature given,
They make our meditations bright
With hopes inspired by heaven.

The vivid glance of those blue eyes
Which haunted us with early love,
Like stars that seem'd in cloudless skies
Transferr'd from earth to shine above,—
And voices whispering from the dead,
Or where the violets' lips enclose,
Around our languid spirits shed
Their halo of repose.

It is the hour of thought profound,
When Memory's heart, depress'd with gloom,
Laments upon the sculptured mound,
And dreams beside the visioned tomb;
When voices from the dead arise,
Like music o'er the starlit sea,
And holiest commune sanctifies
The Hour of Phantasy.

Deal. G. R. C.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

APPLICANTS FOR THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.

(For the Mirror.)

AUBRY DE FALSTAFF, son of Sir John Falstaff, Knight, with Dame Maude, his wife, were the first that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father's companions to swear falsely in his behoof, whereby he gained the flitch; but he and his said wife falling immediately into a dispute how the bacon should be dressed, it was, by order of the judges, taken from him, and hung up again in the Hall.

Alison, the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her said husband along with her, and set forth the good conditions and behaviour of her consort, adding withal that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen, shaking his head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a box on the ear.

Philip de Waverland having laid his hand up the book, when the clause, "were I sole and she sole" was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in his mind, and stole it off again.

Richard de Loveless, who was a courtier, and a very well bred man, being observed to hesitate at the words "after our marriage," was thereupon desired to explain himself. He replied by talking very largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lover, and alleged that he had not in the least disobliged his wife for a year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was the same thing. (Rejected.)

Joceline Jolly, Esq. making it appear, by unquestionable testimony, that he and his wife had preserved full and entire affection for the space of the first month, commonly called the Honey Moon, he had, in consideration thereof, one rasher bestowed upon him.

After this (says the record) many years passed over before any demandant appeared at Wichenovre Hall,—insomuch, that one would have thought that the whole country had turned Jews, so little was their affection to the flitch of bacon.

The next couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that dining on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife had sat below the squire's lady at church, she, the said wife, dropped some expressions, as if she thought her husband deserved to be knighted, to which he returned a passionate "pish!" The judges taking the premises into consideration, declared the aforesaid behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in the wife, and anger in the husband.

It is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a certain wife, that, speaking of her husband, she said, "God forgive him."

It is likewise remarkable, that a couple were rejected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her husband that it was her duty to obey; to which he replied,

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"Oh, my dear, you are never in the wrong."

The violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog, the turning away of her old housemaid by another; a tavern bill torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the husband; a quarrel about the kissing crust, spoiling of dinners, and coming home late of nights, are so many several articles which occasioned the reprobation of some scores of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

Without enumerating other particular persons, I shall content myself with observing that the sentence pronounced against one Gervase Poacher is, that he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his wife when they were over-boiled. And the deposition against Dorothy Doolittle runs in these words—That if she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal fire (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself) that by her good will she never would suffer the poker out of her hand.

I find but two couples in the first century that were successful. The first was a sea captain and his wife, who, since the day of their marriage, had not seen one another till the day of the claim; the second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood—the husband was a man of plain good sense and a peaceable temper, and the woman was dumb.

THOS. HY. PRS.

THE BORROWING DAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

PROVERBS relating to the weather are of uncertain origin. The Glossary explains the *Borrowing Days* the three last of March, and adds concerning the origin of this term, the following popular rhyme is often repeated:—

"March borrow it fra Averill
Three days and they were ill,
Also March said to Aprill
I see three hogs upon a hill,
But lend your three first days to me
And I'll be bound to gar them die.
The first it sall be wind and weet,
The next it sall be snaw and sleet,
The third it sall be sic a freeze,
Sall gar the birds stick to the trees,
But when the *Borrowed Days* were gone,
The three silly hogs came hedglin home."
Complaint of Scotland.

The Country Almanack for 1676, says of April—

"No blushing blasts from March needs April borrow,
His own oft proves enow to breed us sorrow,
Yet if he weyr with us to sympathize,
His trickling tears will make us wipe our eyes."

In the British Apollo, the meaning of the old poetical saying is asked—

"March borrows of April
Three days and they are ill,
April returns them back again
Three days, and they are rain."

In Devonshire the three first days of March are called "blind days," unlucky days, and upon them no farmer will sow his seed.

Dr. Jamison in his Dictionary of the Scottish Language, says "These days being generally stormy, our forefathers have endeavoured to account for this circumstance by pretending that March borrowed them from April, that he might extend his power so much longer. Those (he adds) who are much addicted to superstition, will neither borrow nor lend on any of these days. If one should propose to borrow of them they would consider it as an evidence that the person wished to employ the article borrowed, for the purposes of witchcraft against the lenders. Some of the vulgar imagine that these days received their designation from the conduct of the Israelites, in borrowing the property of the Egyptians. This extravagant idea must have originated partly from the name, and partly from the circumstance of these days nearly corresponding to the time when the Israelites left Egypt, which was on the fourteenth day of the month Mib or Nisan, including part of our March and April. I know not whether our Western Magi suppose that the inclemency of the borrowing days had any reference to the storm which proved so fatal to the Egyptians." J. R.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MARINO FALIERO.

(Continued from page 206.)

SUCH is Sanuto's brief narrative of the origin of this conspiracy; and we have nothing more certain to offer. It is not easy to say whence he obtained his intelligence. If such a conversation as that which he relates really did occur, it must have taken place without the presence of witnesses, and therefore could be disclosed only by one of the parties. It is far more likely that the chronicler is relating that which he *supposed*, than that which he *knew*; and, as it must be admitted that the interview with the admiral of the Arsenal occurred, and that, immediately after it, the doge was found linked with the daring band of which that officer was chief, there is

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no violation of probability in granting that some such conversation took place, and that the train was ignited by this collision of two angry spirits. Whether the plot was in any degree organized beforehand, or arose at the moment, it is manifestly impossible for us to decide, without information which cannot now be obtained.

Bertucci Faliero, a nephew of the doge, and Filippo Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, were summoned to conference immediately. It was agreed to communicate the design to six other associates; and, during many nights successively, these plebeian assassins arranged with the doge, under the roof of his own palace, the massacre of the entire aristocracy, and the dissolution of the existing government. "It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the city, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day, they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco, which are never rung but by the order of the duke; and at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza; and when the nobles and leading citizens should come to the Piazza to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their attempt on Wednesday, the 15th day of April, in the year 1355. So covertly did they plot that no one ever dreamed of their machinations."

As a previous step, in order to arouse popular feeling against the Great Council, it was determined to practise a singular stratagem. Parties of the conspirators paraded different quarters of the capital in the dead of night, and having stopped at the windows of some citizens of the middle and lower classes, and there insulted the women of the family by scandalous and unseemly propositions, they retired with rude bursts of laughter, calling each other loudly by the names of the principal noblemen.

Perhaps the rapidity with which their design was framed, tended much to its concealment. Scarcely a little month had elapsed since its first projection, and now the following day was to destroy the constitution of Venice, to deluge her streets with patrician blood, and to pluck up all her ancient stocks from their very roots, without a suspicion of the approaching calamity having glanced across the intended victims.—Either the Council of X could not yet have obtained its subsequent fearful and extraordinary ubiquity, or the conspirators must have exhibited a prudence and self-control rarely, if ever, paralleled by an equally large body of men, engaged in a similar attempt. To their minor agents, their ultimate design had not been revealed; and even in the end, the discovery arose not from treachery, nor from incaution, but from "a compunctious visiting" of one framed of stuff less stern than his associates, and who shrank from the murder of a benefactor. The part played by Tresham in that yet more bloody conspiracy, which the Papists, in after days, framed against the three estates of England, was but a repetition of that now enacted in Venice by Beltramo of Bergamo. Beltramo had been brought up in a noble family, to which he was closely attached, that of Nicolo Lioni, of San Stefano; and, anxious to preserve his patron's life, he went to him on the evening before the rising, and entreated him to remain at home on the morrow. The singular nature of the request excited surprise, which was increased to suspicion by the ambiguous answers returned to farther inquiries which it suggested. By degrees, every particular of the treason was revealed; and Lioni heard of the impending danger with terror, and of the hands by which it was threatened, with astonishment and slowly-accorded belief. Not a moment was to be lost; he secured Beltramo, therefore, and, having communicated with a few friends, they resolved upon assembling the heads of the different magistracies, and immediately seizing such ringleaders as had been denounced. These were taken, at their own houses, without resistance. Precautions were adopted against any tumultuous gathering of the mechanics of the Arsenal, and strict orders were issued to the keeper of the *Campanile* not on any account to toll the bells.

In the course to be pursued with the lesser malefactors, no difficulty was likely to arise: the rack and the gibbet were their legal portion. But for the doge, the law afforded no precedent; and, upon a crime which it had not entered into the mind of man to conceive (as with that nation which, having never contemplated parricide, had neglected

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to provide any punishment for it), no tribunal known to the constitution was competent to pass judgment. The Council of X. demanded the assistance of a *giunta* of twenty nobles, who were to give advice, but not to ballot; and this body having been constituted, "they sent for my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke, and my Lord was then consorting in the palace with people of great estate, gentlemen, and other good men, none of whom knew yet how the fact stood."

The ringleaders were immediately hanged between the Red Columns on the *Piazzetta*—some singly, some in couples; and the two chiefs of them, Bertuccio Israello and Calendaro, with a cruel precaution not uncommon in Venice, were previously gagged. Nor was the process of the highest delinquent long protracted. He appears neither to have denied nor to have extenuated his guilt; and, "on Friday the 16th day of April, judgment was given in the Council of X. that my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke should have his head cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase, the Giant's Stairs, where the doges take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the doors of the palace being shut, the duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon; and the cap of estate was taken from the duke's head before he came down the staircase. When the execution was over, it is said, that one of the chiefs of the Council of X. went to the columns of the palace against the Piazza, and, displaying the bloody sword, exclaimed, "Justice has fallen on the traitor!" and, the gates being then opened, the populace eagerly rushed in to see the doge who had been executed."

The body of Faliero was conveyed, by torchlight, in a gondola, and unattended by the customary ceremonies, to the church of San Giovanni and San Paolo; in the outer wall of which a stone coffin is still imbedded, with an illegible inscription, which once presented the words, *Hic jacet Marinus Feletro Dux.* His lands and goods were confiscated to the state, with the exception of 2,000 ducats, of which he was permitted to dispose; and, yet further to transmit to posterity the memory of his enormous crime, his portrait was not admitted to range with those of his brother doges in the Hall of the Great Council. In the frame which it ought to occupy is suspended a black veil, inscribed with the words, *Hic est locus Marini Feletro decapitati pro criminibus.*

The fate of Beltramo deserves a few words. He was amply rewarded for his opportune discovery, by a pension of a thousand ducats in perpetuity, the grant of a private residence which had belonged to Faliero, and inscription in the Golden Book. Dissatisfied, however, with this lavish payment for a very ambiguous virtue, he lost no occasion of taxing the nobles with neglect of his services, and of uttering loud calumnies against them, both secretly and in public. The government, wearied by his importunities and ingratitude, at length deprived him of his appointments, and sentenced him to ten years exile at Ragusa; but his restless and turbulent spirit soon prompted him to seek a spot less under the control of the signory, in which he might vent his railings afresh, and with impunity. It is probable that the long arm of the Council of X. arrested his design, for we are significantly informed that he *perished* on his way to Pannonia.

The volume is embellished with seven Plates, by Finden, from Drawings by Prout; and nine characteristic Woodcuts, chiefly from Titian. Considering the excellence of the originals, more pains might have been bestowed upon the latter; and Mr. Prout might surely have found different points of view from those he has so recently given in the Landscape Annual. The book altogether is a marvel of cheapness.

The Sketch-Book.

FAIRY FAVOURS.

THE CITY OF THE FAIRIES.

(For the Mirror.)

AGAIN, yet once again, during the days of my weary mortal pilgrimage, did the blessed vision of the veritable Fairy Land open upon my enchanted sight! Once more I found myself in that world of inexpressible beauty! The radiance and sweetness of delicious morning were around me;—balmy were the stealthy, odorous winds;—and the fluttering verdure of that pleasant land glittered like countless emeralds, and swelled itself in the breeze, as if conscious of, and glorying in, its immortality! Beside me flowed a river—or rather, a broad, bright, lovely lake—slumbering as stilly in the morning light as those who are at peace with the world, and with Heaven. Romantic woods skirted the shores of this waveless water;—here trees, for which the language of man hath no name, drooped gracefully over the liquid

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crystal—as if, in enamoured admiration, gazing upon their richly-coloured, luxuriant, and feathery foliage, reflected in vivid freshness upon the bosom of that transcendently natural mirror;—there, copse-wood, equally foreign and lovely, closed all interstices—whilst fruits of tempting form and colour, and flowers of inimitable hues, flashed like gems in the unclouded sunlight. I bowed down my head for a draught of the cool, clear waters, and immediately upon tasting them, felt through my frame a pleasant, vivifying thrill;—I felt also as if I had at once thrown off the heavy trammels of mortality, with its wearying cares, its feverish hopes, and its overburdening sorrows. Light as air, fresh as morning, and joyful as the martyr at the gates of death, I gazed on the enchanting loveliness around me.

"*Come!*" sighed a voice, low and mellifluous as that of the wind-harp, parleying with "*the breath of the sweet south,*"—"ravishing and radiant as is this spot, its bowery beauty must thou quit, for the splendour of the *Golden City*, the *City of the Fairies!* Thrice happy mortal! thither, even to *our* city, am I commissioned to conduct thee!—*Come!*"

So saying, the tiny essence, whose substance resembled a portion of lucent morning mist, wrought into the draperied and miniature image of humanity, and whose slight figure skimmed the pure, thin air, extended its delicate hand, and smiling encouragement, beckoned me onwards. I followed—rather instinctively, than by any act of the understanding, for the faculties of my ravished spirit were absorbed, as in a dream of heaven, by the ethereal loveliness of this transcendent land, by the soft, crystalline light, the glorious, romantic landscape, the vivid verdure, the celestial odours, and by the snatches of unearthly melody, which ever and anon, borne on the undulating wings of the breeze, came from afar upon my wildered senses, breathing ineffable felicity. Above all, my bosom was immersed in a flood of delicious feeling, by the holy repose, the unutterable peace of the Fairy Paradise; and my heart, surcharged with rapture, could find no vent for the overwhelming influences of gladness and devotion, because I remembered that to *me* was speech in this hallowed land *forbidden!*

"Behold!" cried the friendly Fay, after we had traversed for some time the flowery wilds, "yonder is the City of the Fairies!"

Long indeed had my eyes been fixed upon a great, clear light, gleaming through a considerable cluster of luxuriantly foliaged trees, beneath whose spreading branches flitted and reposed numerous aerial beings, resembling my beautiful guide. Love, joy, innocence, and everlasting peace were sensibly expressed in their angelic countenances; and sweet were the words, precious the benisons, wherewith they welcomed a mortal into the *Grove* of the *Golden City!* The glorious light of that city proceeded from the sun shining full upon the palaces of sapphire-coloured crystal, erected in all styles of the richest architecture, each symmetrical in itself, and perfect in design and execution.—Fairy fancy, in sooth, seem to have been exhausted in supplying models of temples, palaces, castles, porticoes, colonnades, triumphal arches, &c. &c.; for here was displayed every species of building of which Earth boasts for ornament and defence, in every order of every civilized nation on its bosom;—whilst orders and edifices, for which exist no denominations among men, arose and spread themselves—highly adorned, and richly magnificent—in this singularly superb and beautiful city. Not upon the model of Thebes, of Babylon, of Macedon, of Rome, or of Salem, did I, in the excess of astonishment, gaze—not upon any one of the proud triumphs of Art, ancient or modern; but rather upon a wild, yet exceedingly lovely, combination of, and improvement on, the Beautiful of *all!* Gates were there none to this city, neither closing portals to the habitations thereof; for rapine and violence were in that delicious land unknown. Highly-ornamented apertures, in the fashion of porticoes and arcades, &c., stood ever open for the ingress and egress of the social denizens of this Elfin Eden; and the windows of the shining structures seemed, when the orb of day poured down his glorious beams upon them, each a sun, being formed of entire white crystals, brilliant and spotlessly pure as adamant! But the dazzling and overwhelming effulgence of the *Golden City* as far surpasses the power of mortal speech to declare, as did it that of mortal eyes to endure. The ever-living wreathlets of odorous leaves and rainbow-coloured flowers, thickly clustering and climbing around column and pinnacle, and the shadowing trees, bending and waving with guardian air over and amidst temple and palace, were no defence against this supernatural radiance; but as my dazzled eyes unwittingly closed upon the brilliant vision of the Golden City,

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my auricular organs became more exquisitely sensible to the tide of heavenly melodies, now rolling in awful and inexpressible beauty around me; my spirit, lapped in ecstacy, quaffed with avidity the majestic stream, and upon me seemed opening the light and loveliness of worlds more enrapturing even, and ineffable, than this! But there was a pause in the music, and anon the magic bells of the Golden City were heard chiming in harp-like notes, which dropped upon the ear, small, distinct, and purely brilliant as the melodious tears of the Renealmia into the near bosom of the waters. A rush of fervent feeling and exhaustless poetry bore upon my yet subdued spirit;—resistless, but pleasant sadness enwrapt my soul;—yes! an unearthly and delicious mournfulness it was, more precious far than the transient sparklings and flashes of unalloyed mirth. But, alas! inadequate are words to convey an idea of the heavenly sensations—love, awe, sweet melancholy, divine joy, and unspeakable devotion—which then struggled for ascendancy in my softened, purified soul! An odorous, strong wind swept past me—in it was the sound of a rushing multitude who trod not upon earth, but cut the air alone; and in it, too, with the murmur of voices, was that of many instruments, touched only by the breeze.

"Hark!" cried my exquisite companion, "they pass to meet, and to welcome, to honour, to felicitate, and to crown, a Fairy emancipated from mortal toil; and those bells, all tones of which speak so eloquently of immortal peace and life—those liquid bells, at once so mysteriously sad and so blessed, send forth, in token of gratulation, their charmed songs. But hearken! for *thou*, O mortal! art permitted to hear the lay of welcome and victory chanted by heavenly essences, upon the arrival in this glorious region of our dear companion, who shall depart from it no more!"

Thereupon ensued a delicious burst of young, glad voices, and rich, sweet instruments; but, as a shadow to reality, as man to those immortal and spotless beings, so to *their* glorious Pæan is the subsequent faint memory of

THE ELFIN TRIUMPHAL SONG.

Beautiful! beautiful!—on they float
Those lyre-like bells—a soul in each note,
A tongue in each tone of the elfin chime,
To carol the bliss of our fadeless clime.

Beautiful! beautiful!—halcyon rest
Breathe they to the weary, woe-worn breast;
Lost in their song is the dream of Earth's dree,
Companion dear! and they're singing for thee.

Beautiful! beautiful!—thou shalt feel
Their eloquent music from thee steal
Those darkling thoughts, that should mournfully twine
With the light, the life, and the joy—*now* thine.

Beautiful! beautiful!—each glad bell
Sings to thy soul—"Thou hast borne thee well:
The toil, the strife, and the tempest are o'er,
And thy rest is won—on the Deathless Shore."

M. L. B.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MR. HUNT, M.P. FOR PRESTON.

(*From Speakers and Speeches in Parliament, in the New Monthly Magazine.*)

FEB. 3. MR. HUNT.—I was particularly curious to witness the *debut* of the Hon. Member for Preston, in an assembly so little accustomed, as that so long misnamed the House of Commons, to such an out-and-outer of the Demos coming between the wind and their nobility—to see whether any *gaucherie* of manner would betray an uneasy consciousness of his not being quite at ease among those scions of aristocracy, who occupy benches originally intended for the virtual representatives of the people. Mr. Hunt, on the whole, bore himself well; and, by a total absence of affectation, of either tone or manner—that surest test of the gentleman, at least of Nature's forming—disappointed his audience of their ready smiles at demagogue vulgarity. But once, and that for a moment, did his self-possession seem to fail him while going through the ceremonies preceding a new member's taking his seat. After the member has signed his name and taken the oaths, he is formally introduced by the Clerk of the House to the Speaker, who usually greets the new trespasser on his patience by a shake of the hands. This ceremony is in general performed by the present Speaker with a gloved hand towards those not particularly distinguished by wealth or pedigree. When the new member for Preston was introduced to him, he was in the act of taking snuff, with his glove off. Mr. Hunt made a bow, not remarkable for its graceful repose, at a distance—apprehensive, as it struck me, that the acknowledgment would be that of a *noli me tangere*, exclusive. He was agreeably disappointed: the Speaker gave him his ungloved hand at once, in a manner almost cordial; and Mr. Hunt took his seat, evidently pleased by the flattering courteousness of his reception.

I take it that the personal appearance

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of Mr. Hunt is too well known to require description. He is, take him altogether, perhaps the finest looking man in the House of Commons—tall, muscular, with a healthful, sun-tinged, florid complexion, and a manly Hawthorn deportment—half yeoman, half gentleman sportsman. To a close observer of the human face divine, however, his features are wanting in energy of will and fixedness of purpose. The brow is weak, and the eyes flittering and restless; and the mouth is usually garnished with a cold simper, not very compatible with that heart-born enthusiasm which precludes all doubt of truth and sincerity.

TRUTH.

FRIEND, Truth is best of all. It is the bed
Where Virtue e'er must spring, till blast of doom;
Where every bright and budding thought is bred,
Where Hope doth gain its strength, and Love its bloom.

As white as Chastity is single Truth,
Like Wisdom calm, like Honour without end;
And Love doth lean on it, in age and youth,
And Courage is twice arm'd with Truth its friend.

Oh! who would face the blame of just men's eyes,
And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,
And wear out scorned life with useless lies,
Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays?

For what is Hope, if Truth be not its stay?
And what were Love, if Truth forsook it quite?
And what were all the Sky,—if Falsehood grey
Behind it like a Dream of Darkness lay,
Ready to quench its stars in endless, endless night?

New Monthly Magazine.

SCENE FROM "THE FROGS OF ARISTOPHANES"

Translated in the Quarterly Review.

We are not at present breathing the air either of Christ Church meadow or Trinity gardens; and if our version of a piece of mere pleasantry, which involves nothing in it beyond a moment's laugh, should be so happy as to satisfy the 'general reader,' we shall affect 'for the nonce,' to know nothing of the objections which more scientific persons, the students of the brilliant Hermann, and acute Reisigius, might be supposed to make to our arrangement of this little extravaganza.

Scene, the Acherusian Lake. BACCHUS *at the oar in Charon's Boat;* CHARON:—CHORUS OF FROGS: *in the background a view of Bacchus's Temple or Theatre, from which are heard the sound of a scenical entertainment.*

Semi-chorus. Croak, croak, croak.
Semi-chorus. Croak, croak, croak.
(*In answer, and with the music an octave lower.*)
Full Chorus. Croak, croak, croak.

LEADER *of the Chorus.* When * flagons were foaming,
And rolsterers were roaming,
And bards flung about them their gibe and their joke;
The holiest song
Still was found to belong
To the sons of the marsh, with their
Full Chorus Croak, croak.
LEADER. Shall we pause in our strain,
Now the months bring again
The pipe and the minstrel to gladden the folk?
Rather strike on the ear
With a note strong and clear,
A chant corresponding of—
Chorus. Croak, croak.
BACCHUS (*mimicking.*) Croak, croak, by the gods I shall choke,
If you pester and bore my ears any more
With your croak, croak, croak.
LEADER. Rude companion and vain,
Thus to carp at my strain;
(*To Chor.*) But keep in the vein,
And attack him again
With a croak, croak, croak.
Chorus (crescendo.) Croak, croak, croak.
BACCHUS (*mimicking.*) Croak, croak, vapour and smoke,
Never think it, old Huff,
That I care for such stuff,
As your croak, croak, croak.
Chorus (fortissimo.) Croak, croak, croak.
BACCHUS. Now fires light on thee,
And waters soak;
And March winds catch thee
Without any cloak.
For within and without,
From the tail to the snout,
Thou'rt nothing but croak, croak, croak.
LEADER. And what else, captious Newcomer, say, should I be?
But you know not to whom you are talking, I see:
(*With dignity*) I'm the friend of the Muses, and Pan with his pipe,
Holds me dearer by far than a cherry that's ripe:
For the reed and the cane which his music supply,
Who gives them their tone and their moisture but I?
And therefore for ever I'll utter my cry
Of—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak.
BACCHUS. I'm blister'd, I'm fluster'd, I'm sick, I'm ill—
Chorus. Croak, croak.
BACCHUS. My dear little bull-frog, do prithee be still.
'Tis a sorry vocation—that reiteration,
(I speak on, my honour, most musical nation,)
Of croak, croak.
LEADER (*maestoso.*) When the sun rides in glory and makes a bright day,
Mid lilies and plants of the water I stray;
Or when the sky darkens with tempest and rain,
I sink like a pearl in my watery domain:
Yet, sinking or swimming, I lift up a song,
Or I drive a gay dance with my eloquent throng,
Then hey bubble, bubble—
For a knave's petty trouble,

* The comic performances of the Athenians were usually brought out at a festival of Bacchus, which lasted for three days. The first of these was devoted to the tapping of their wine-casks; the second to boundless jollity (Plato specifies a town, but not Athens, every single inhabitant of which was found in a state of intoxication on one of these festivals,) and the third to theatrical exhibitions in the temple of the patron of the feast. In this state of excitement it will be easily imagined that some coarser ingredients were required by the clever but licentious rabble of Athens, to whom these representations were more particularly addressed, besides the better commodities of rich poetry and wit; and hence the deformities which have been so much complained of in the writings of Aristophanes.

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Shall I my high charter and birth-right revoke?
Nay, my efforts I'll double,
And drive him like stubble
Before me, with—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak.
BACCHUS. I'm ribs of steel, I'm heart of oak,
Let us see if a note
May be found in this throat
To answer their croak, croak, croak.
(*Croaks loudly.*)
LEADER. Poor vanity's son—
And dost think me outdone,
With a clamour no bigger
Than a maiden's first snigger?
(*To Chorus.*) But strike up a tune,
He shall not forget soon
(*Chorus.*) Of our croak, croak, croak,
(*Croak, with a discordant crash of music.*)
BACCHUS. I'm cinder, I'm coke,
I have had my death-stroke;
O, that ever I woke
To be gall'd by the yoke
Of this croak, croak, croak, croak.
LEADER. Friend, friend, I may not be still:
My destinies high I must needs fulfil,
And the march of creation—despite reprobation
Must proceed with—(*To Chor.*) my lads, must I
make application
For a—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak.
BACCHUS (*in a minor key.*) Nay, nay—take
your own way,
I've said out my say,
And care naught, by my fai',
For your croak, croak, croak.
LEADER. Care or care not, 'tis the same thing
to me,
My voice is my own and my actions are free;
I have but one note, and I'll chant it with glee,
And from morning to night that note it shall be—
Chorus. Croak, croak, croak.
BACCHUS. Nay then, old rebel, but I'll stop
your treble,
With a poke, poke, poke:
Take this from my rudder—(*dashing at the
frogs*)—and that from my oar,
And now let us see if you'll trouble us more
With your croak, croak, croak.
LEADER. You may batter and bore,
You may thunder and roar,
Yet I'll never give o'er
Till I'm hard at death's door,
—(This rib's plagny sore)—
Semi-chorus With my croak, croak, croak.
Semi-chorus (*diminuendo.*) With my croak,
croak, croak.
Full Chorus (*in a dying cadence.*) With my
croak—croak—croak.
(*The Frogs disappear.*)
BACCHUS (*looking over the boat's edge.*)
Spoke, spoke, spoke.
To Charon,) Pull away, my old friend,
For at last there's an end
To their croak, croak, croak.
(*Bacchus pays his two obols, and is landed.*)

Notes of a Reader.

LAYING A GHOST.

IN the Memoirs of J. F. Oberlin, Pastor of a poor Protestant flock, in one of the wildest parts of France, we find the following pleasant recipe for laying a ghost:—

An honest tradesman, relying on the power of his faith, came to him one day, and after a long introduction, informed him, that a ghost, habited in the dress of an ancient knight, frequently presented itself before him, and awakened hopes of a treasure buried in his cellar; he had often, he said, followed it, but had always been so much alarmed by a fearful noise, and a dog which he fancied he saw, that the effort had proved fruitless, and he had returned as he went. This alarm on the one hand, and the hope of acquiring riches on the other, so entirely absorbed his mind, that he could no longer apply to his trade with his former industry, and had, in consequence, lost nearly all his custom. He therefore urgently begged Oberlin would go to his house, and conjure the ghost, for the purpose of either putting him in possession of the treasure, or of discontinuing its visits. Oberlin replied, that he did not trouble himself with the conjuration of ghosts, and endeavoured to weaken the notion of an apparition in the man's mind, exhorting him at the same time to seek for worldly wealth by application to his business, prayer, and industry. Observing, however, that his efforts were unavailing, he promised to comply with the man's request. On arriving at midnight at the tradesman's house, he found him in company with his wife and several female relations, who still affirmed that they had seen the apparition. They were seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. Suddenly the whole company turned pale, and the man exclaimed, "Do you see, sir, the count is standing opposite to you?"

"I see nothing."

"Now, sir," exclaimed another terrified voice, "he is advancing towards you?"

"I still do not see him."

"Now he is standing just behind your chair."

"And yet I cannot see him; but, as you say he is so near me, I will speak to him." And then rising from his seat, and turning towards the corner where they said that he stood, he continued, Sir Count, they tell me you are standing before me, although I cannot see you; but this shall not prevent me from informing you that it is scandalous conduct on your part, by the fruitless promise of a hidden treasure, to lead an honest man, who has hitherto faithfully followed his calling, into ruin—to induce him to neglect his business—and to bring misery upon his wife and children, by rendering him improvident and idle. Begone! and delude them no longer with such vain hopes."

Upon this the people assured him that the ghost vanished at once. Oberlin went home, and the poor man, taking the hint which in his address to the count he had intended to convey, applied

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to business with his former alacrity, and never again complained of his nocturnal visiter.

No ghost was ever more easily laid; but supposing the story to be accurately related, Oberlin's presence of mind is not more remarkable, than that the whole company should have concurred in affirming that they saw an apparition which was invisible to him.

A SCHOOLMASTER "ABROAD."

BISHOP PERCY has observed, that it might be discerned whether or not there was a clergyman resident in a parish, by the civil or brutal manners of the people; he might have thought that there never had resided one in the Ban de la Roche, if he had seen the state of the inhabitants when M. Stouber went thither to take possession of the cure in the year 1760. He, who entered upon it with a determination of doing his duty like a conscientious and energetic man, began first by inquiring into the manner of education there; and asking for the principal school, he was conducted to a miserable hovel, where there were a number of children "crowded together without any occupation, and in so wild and noisy a state, that it was with some difficulty he could gain a reply to his inquiries for the master."

"There he is," said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bed in one corner of the apartment.

"Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?" inquired Stouber.

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing!—how is that?"

"Because," replied the old man, with characteristic simplicity, "I know nothing myself."

"Why, then, were you instituted schoolmaster?"

"Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children."

PLANTING.

A CUSTOM prevailed in the neighbouring parts of Germany, where no farmer was allowed to marry till he had planted and was "father of a stated number of walnut trees, that law being inviolably observed," says Evelyn, "for the extraordinary benefit which the trees afford the inhabitants." What the Germans thus provided for by a wise law, Oberlin, a pious pastor of Waldbach, required as an act of religious duty, bringing that great principle into action on all occasions. Late in autumn he addressed his parishioners thus:—

"Dear Friends—Satan, the enemy of mankind, rejoices when we demolish and destroy; our Lord Jesus Christ, on the contrary, rejoices when we labour for the public good.

"You all desire to be saved by Him, and hope to become partakers of His glory. Please him, then, by every possible means, during the remainder of the time you may have to live in this world.

"He is pleased when, from the principle of love, you plant trees for the public benefit. Be willing, then to plant them. Plant them in the best possible manner. Remember, you do it to please Him.

"Put all your roads into good condition; ornament them; employ some of your trees for this purpose, and attend to their growth."

EPITAPH.

IN the churchyard at Waldbach was formerly a monument, which bore this epitaph:—

During three years of marriage
Margaret Salomé, wife of G. Stouber,
Minister of this parish,
Found at the Ban de la Roche, in the simplicity
of a peaceable
And useful life,
The delight of her benevolent heart; and in her
first confinement,
The grave of her youth and beauty,
She died, August 9, 1764, aged 30 years.
Near this spot
Her husband has sown for immortality all that
was mortal;
Uncertain whether he is more sensible of the
grief of having lost,
Or the glory of having possessed her.

MURDER OF THE LAIRD OF WARRISTON, BY HIS OWN WIFE.

THIS is the subject of a Scottish ballad, well known to collectors in that department; and the history of the conversion of the murderess, and of her carriage at her execution, compiled apparently by one of the clergymen of Edinburgh, has been lately printed by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose merits as an author, antiquary, and draughtsman, stand in no need of our testimony.

The story of the young lady is short and melancholy. She was a daughter of Livingston of Dunipace, a courtier, and a favourite of James VI.; an ill-assorted marriage united her at an early age with

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the Laird of Warriston, a gentleman whom she did not love, and who apparently used her with brutal harshness. The Lady Warriston accused her husband of having struck her several blows, besides biting her in the arm; and conspired with her nurse, Janet Murdo, to murder him. The confidante, inspired by that half-savage attachment which in those days animated the connexion between the foster-child and the nurse, entered into all the injuries of which her *dalt* (*i. e.* foster daughter) complained, encouraged her in her fatal purpose, and promised to procure the assistance of a person fitted to act the part of actual murderer, or else to do the deed with her own hands. In Scotland, such a character as the two wicked women desired for their associate was soon found in a groom, called Robert Weir, who appears, for a very small hire, to have undertaken the task of murdering the gentleman. He was ushered privately into Warriston's sleeping apartment, where he struck him severely upon the flank-vein, and completed his crime by strangling him. The lady in the meantime fled from the nuptial apartment into the hall, where she remained during the perpetration of the murder. The assassin took flight when the deed was done; but he was afterwards seized, and executed. The lady was tried, and condemned to death, on the 16th of June, 1600. The nurse was at the same time condemned to be burnt alive, and suffered her sentence accordingly; but Lady Warriston, in respect of her gentle descent, was appointed to die by the *Maiden*, a sort of rude guillotine, imported, it is said, from Halifax, by the Earl of Morton, while regent, who was himself the first that suffered by it.

The printed account of this beautiful murderess contains a pathetic narrative of the exertions of the worthy clergyman (its author) to bring her to repentance. At first, his ghostly comfort was very ill received, and she returned with taunts and derision his exhortations to penitence. But this humour only lasted while she had hopes of obtaining pardon through the interest of her family. When these vanished, it was no longer difficult to bring her, in all human appearance, to a just sense of her condition; her thoughts were easily directed towards heaven, so soon as she saw there was no comfort upon earth.

The pride of Lady Warriston's parents suggested a petition that she might be executed betwixt five and six in the morning; but both the clergyman and magistrates seem to have consented unwillingly to this arrangement. The clergyman was particularly offended that the display of her penitence should not be as public as that of her guilt had been, and we may forgive the good man if there was any slight regret for a diminished display of his own success, as a religious assistant, mixed with this avowed dissatisfaction.—*Quarterly Rev.*

SOUND.

The difficulty of transmitting sounds to a great distance arises from the sound spreading and losing itself in the surrounding air; so that if we could confine it on one side, as along a well—on two sides, as in a narrow street—or on all sides, as in a tube or pipe—we should be able to convey it to great distances. In the cast-iron water-pipe of Paris, which formed a continuous tube with only two bendings near its middle, the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, through a distance of 3,120 feet. A pistol fired at one end actually blew out a candle at the other end, and drove out light substances with great violence. Hence we see the operation of speaking tubes which pass from one part of a building to another, and of the new kind of bell which is formed of a wooden or tin tube, with a small piston at each end. By pushing in one piston, the air in the tube conveys the effect to the piston at the other end, which strikes against the bell—this piston being, as it were, the clapper on the outside of the bell. The intensity of confined sounds is finely exhibited at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. There is here a well 210 feet deep, of twelve feet in diameter, and lined with smooth masonry; and when a pin is dropped into it, the sound of its striking the surface of the water is distinctly heard.—*Ibid.*

ECHOES.

Various remarkable echoes, and some not very credible, have been described by different authors. Dr. Plott mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. The famous echo at the Marquess Simonetta's villa, near Milan, has been described both by Addison and Keysler. According to the last of these travellers, it is occasioned by the reflection of the voice between the opposite parallel wings of the building, which are fifty-eight paces from each other, without any windows or doors, and perpendicularly to the main body of the building. The repetition of the

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sound dwells chiefly on the last syllable. A man's voice is repeated about forty times, and the report of a pistol about sixty times; but the repetitions are so rapid, that it is difficult to number them, unless it be early in the morning, or in a calm, still evening.

A curious example of an oblique echo, not heard by the person who emits the sound, is described in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences" as existing at Genefay, near Rouen. A person singing hears only his own direct voice, while those who listen hear only the echo, which sometimes seems to approach, and at other times to recede from, the ear; one person hears a single voice, another several voices; one hears the echo on the right, and another on the left—the effect constantly changing with the position of the observer.

One of the most remarkable echoes of which we have read is that which Dr. Birch describes as existing at Roseneath, in Argyllshire. When a person at a proper distance played eight or ten notes on a trumpet, they were correctly repeated, but a third lower; after a short silence, another repetition was heard in a yet lower tone, and after another short interval, they were repeated a third time in a tone lower still.

We extract the following account of two very interesting echoes from Mr. Herschell's work:—

"In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point (which seems to have been discovered accidentally), till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat overgratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed *

"Beneath the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the road-way, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the road-way. The effect is a series of sounds which may be thus described:—The first return is sharp and strong from the road-way overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation, repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds, and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the road-way to the water. Thus it appears, that in the repercussion between the water and road-way, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction.—Another peculiarity deserves especial notice, namely, that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionably fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well."

In treating the important subject of echoes in churches and public buildings, Mr. Herschell has exposed several prevailing errors, and laid down several useful principles, which merit the particular attention of the architect. In small buildings the echo is not distinguishable from the principal sound, and therefore serves only to strengthen it; but in very large buildings, where the original sound and its echo are distinctly separated, the effect is highly disagreeable. In cathedrals, this bad effect is diminished by reading the service in a monotonous chant, in consequence of which the voice is blended in the same sound with its echo. In musical performances, however, this resource is not available. When *ten* notes are executed in a single second, as in many pieces of modern music, the echo, in the direction of the length of a room fifty-five feet long, will exactly throw the second reverberation of each note on the principal sound of the following note, wherever the auditor is placed. Under such circumstances, therefore, the performers should be stationed in the middle of the apartment.—*Ibid.*

* Travels through Sicily and the Lipari Islands in the month of December, 1824. By a Naval Officer. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1827.

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The Gatherer

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PATHETIC EPITAPH.

(To the Editor.)

AMONG the many monumental inscriptions and epitaphs which have fallen under my notice (and I have been a "Gatherer" ever since the days of my childhood) I have seldom met with one more calculated to start the tender tear than the following, which I copied from an old and long since defunct *periodical*, which describes it as "placed by a Mr. Thickness on the grave of his daughter, who lies buried in his *garden*, at St. Catherine's Hermitage, near Bath."

At the Lady's Head is a beautiful Monument, with the following Inscription:

What tho' no sacred earth afford thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb,
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
Here shall the morn her earliest tears bestow—
Here the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

At her Feet:

Reader, if YOUTH should sparkle in thine eye—
If on thy cheek the flow'r of beauty blows,
Here shed a tear, and heave the pensive sigh
Where BEAUTY, YOUTH, and INNOCENCE repose.

Doth wit adorn thy mind?—doth science pour
It's ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?
Behold! where Death has cropp'd the plenteous store—
And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.

Does Music's dulcet notes dwell on thy tongue?
And do *thy* fingers sweep the sounding lyre?
Behold! where low she lies, who sweetly sung
The melting strains a cherub might inspire.

Of YOUTH, of BEAUTY, then be vain no more—
Of music's pow'r—of WIT and LEARNING'S prize;
For while you read, those charms may all be o'er,
And ask to share the grave where ANNA lies. COLBOURNE.

GAMBLING OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

(For the Mirror.)

STOWE, in his Survey of London, says, "Neere unto Paul's Schoole, on the north side thereof, was of old time a great and high *Clochier*, or Bell-house, four square, builded of stone; and in the same, a most strong frame of timber, with foure bels, the greatest that I have heard: these were called Jesus Bels, and belonged to Jesus Chappell, but I know not by whose gift. The same had a great spire of timber, covered with lead, with the image of St. Paul on the top; but was pulled downe by Sir Miles Partridge, knight, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The common speech then was, that hee did set one hundred pounds upon a caste at dice against it, and so won the said clochier and bels of the king; and then causing the bels to be broken as they hung, the rest was pulled downe. This man was afterwards executed on the Tower Hill, for matters concerning the Duke of Somerset, the fifth of Edward the Sixth. In place of this clochier, of old time, the common bel of the citie was used to be rung, for the assembly of the citizens to their Folke-motes."

ALDERMAN KENNETT.

PASSING by Blackfriars Bridge, I missed the magnificent gates (iron) erected by Brackly Kennett, Esq. the inactive Lord Mayor of London, A.D. 1780, during the time of the riots, and who used to pass his time at the "Jacob's Well," Barbican. I could not help remembering these lines, which were related to me long ago—

"When Rome was burning, poets all agree,
Nero sat playing on his tweedle-dee;
So Kennett,* when he saw sedition ripe,
And London burning, calmly smoked his pipe."

VALENTINE'S DAY

HAD its origin with the Romans, and was fathered upon St. Valentine in the early ages of the Church to christianize it. Brand, in his Popular Antiquities,

* For which he was committed to the Tower, where he died.

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supposes that the observance originated in an ancient Roman superstition of choosing patrons on this day for the ensuing year—a custom which gallantry took up when superstition, at the reformation, had been compelled to let it fall. H. H.

PITT'S DIAMOND.

(To the Editor.)

ALLUSION being made the other evening by Sir R. Inglis, in the debate on Lord John Russell's reform motion, relative to a gentleman of the name of Pitt sitting in that House in right of possessing a very large diamond, the following particulars may not prove uninteresting to the numerous readers of the *Mirror*:—

Thos. Pitt, Esq., anciently of Blandford, in the county of Dorset, afterwards Earl of Londonderry, was, in the reign of Queen Anne, made Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, where he resided many years, and became possessed, by trifling purchase, or by barter, of a diamond, which he sold to the King of France for 135,000*l.* sterling, weighing 127 carats, and commonly known at that day by the name of Pitt's Diamond. JAC-CO.

ANCESTRY.

IT may not be generally known that there is a small town in France which no one can enter without interest, from the consideration that Demetrius Commene once lived there, a man boasting a pedigree that traced him from the line of the Roman emperor Trajan. He was living in the time of Voltaire, and was a captain in the French army. His pedigree was the noblest of any man then living, or that has since lived, for he had twenty-six kings for his ancestors, and eighteen emperors. Of these, six were emperors of Constantinople, ten of Trebizond, and two of Heracleus Pontus; eighteen kings of Colchi, and eight of Lazi. RAMBLER.

A LITERARY KISS.

ALIAN CHARTIER was esteemed the father of French eloquence; he spoke as well as he wrote. He flourished about the year 1430. Margaret of Scotland, first wife to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., as she passed through the Louvre, observed Alian asleep, and went and kissed him. When her attendants expressed their surprise that she should thus distinguish a man remarkable for his ugliness, she replied—"I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things." P. T. W.

EPITAPH ON A WATCHMAKER,

Copied from a Tombstone in Lidford Churchyard, Devon.

HERE lies, in Horizontal position,
The outside case of
George Routleigh, Watchmaker,
Whose abilities in that line were an honour
To his profession;
Integrity was the main-Spring,
And Prudence the Regulator
Of all the actions of his life;
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His Hand never stopped
Till he had relieved distress;
Sincerely regulated were all his movements,
That he never went wrong,
Except when Set a-going
By people
Who did did not know
His Key;
Even then, he was easily
Set right again:
He had the art of disposing his Time
So well,
That his Hours glided away
In one continual round
Of Pleasure and Delight,
Till an unlucky Moment put a period to
His existence;
He departed this Life
November 14, 1802,
Aged 57,
Wound up,
In hopes of being taken in Hand
By his Maker,
And of being
Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set a-going
In the world to come.—TIM.

ANNUAL OF SCIENCE.

On March 31, will be published, price 5*s.*

ARCANA of SCIENCE, and ANNUAL REGISTER of the USEFUL ARTS for 1831.

Comprising POPULAR INVENTIONS, IMPROVEMENTS, and DISCOVERIES Abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and Scientific Journals of the past year. With several Engravings

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Printing for JOHN LIMBIRD, 143. Strand;—of whom may be had the Volumes for the three preceding years.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London: sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic: G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris, and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 483.] SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

GROTTO AT ASCOT PLACE.

Here is a picturesque contrivance of Art to embellish Nature. We have seen many such labours, but none with more satisfaction than the Grotto at Ascot Place.

This estate is in the county of Surrey, five miles south-east from Windsor, on the side of Ascot Heath, near Winkfield. The residence was erected by Andrew Lindergreen, Esq.; at whose death it was sold to Daniel Agace, Esq., who has evinced considerable taste in the arrangement of the grounds. The house is of brick, with wings. On the adjoining lawn, a circular Corinthian temple produces a very pleasing effect. The gem of the estate is, however, the above Grotto, which is situate at the end of a canal running through the grounds.—Upon this labour of leisure much expense and good taste have been bestowed. It consists of four rooms, but one only, for the refreshing *pastime* of tea drinking, appears to be completed. It is almost entirely covered with a white spar, intermixed with curious and unique specimens of polished pebbles and petrifactions. The ceiling is ornamented with pendants of the same material; and the whole, when under the influence of a strong sun, has an almost magical effect. These and other decorations of the same grounds were executed by a person named Turnbull, who was employed here for several years by Mr. Agace. Our View is copied from one of a series of engravings by Mr. Hakewill, the ingenious architect; these illustrations being supplementary to that gentleman's quarto *History of Windsor*.

We request the reader to enjoy with us the delightful repose—the cool and calm retreat—of the Engraving. Be he never so indifferent a lover of Nature, he must admire its picturesque beauty; or be he never so enthusiastic, he must regard with pleasure the ingenuity of the artist. To an amateur, the pursuit of decorating grounds is one of the most interesting and intellectual amusements of retirement. We have worshipped from dewy morn till dusky eve in rustic temples and "cool grots," and have sometimes aided in their construction. The roots, limbs, and trunks of trees, and straw or reeds, are all the materials required to build these hallowed and hallowing shrines. We call them hallowing, because they are either built, or directed to be built, in adoration of the

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beauties of Nature; who, in turn, mantles them with endless varieties of lichens and mosses. In the Rookery adjoining John Evelyn's "Wotton" were many such temples dedicated to sylvan deities: one of them, to Pan, consists of a pediment supported by four rough trunks of trees, the walls being of moss and laths, and enclosed with tortuous limbs. Beneath the pediment is the following apposite line from Virgil:

Pan curat oves oviumque magistros.
Pan, guardian of the sheep and shepherds too.

Yet the building is not merely ornamental, for the back serves as a cow-house!

Pope's love of grotto-building has made it a poetical amusement. Who does not remember his grotto at Twickenham—

The EGERIAN GROT,
Where, nobly pensive, ST. JOHN sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying *Wyndham* stole,
And the bright flame was shot through MARCHMONT's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their COUNTRY, and be poor.

—The Grotto, has, however, crumbled to the dilapidations of time, and the pious thefts of visiters; but, proud are we to reflect that the poetry of the great genius who dictated its erection—LIVES; and his fame is untarnished by the canting reproach of the critics of our time. True it is that the best, or ripest fruit, is always most pecked at.

FAIRY SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

SLOWLY o'er the mountain's brow
Rosy light is dawning;
See! the stars are fading now
In the beam of morning.
Yonder soft approaching ray
Bids us, Fairies, haste away.

Fairy guardians, watching o'er
Flowers of tender blossom,
Chilling damps descend no more,
And the flow'ret's bosom,
Opening to th' approaching day,
Bids ye, Fairies, haste away.

Hark! the lonely bird of night
Stays its notes of sadness;
Early birds, that hail the light,
Soon shall wake to gladness.
Philomel's concluding lay
Bids us follow night away.

Ye that guard the infant's rest,
Or watch the maiden's pillow;—
Demons seek their home unblest
'Neath Ocean's deepest billow:
Harmless now the dreams that play
O'er slumbering eyes, then haste away.

Farewell lovely scenes, that here
Wait the day god's shining;
We must follow Dian's sphere
O'er the hills declining.
Brighter comes the beam of day—
Haste ye, Fairies, haste away. G. J.

DREAMS

PRODUCED BY WHISPERING IN THE SLEEPER'S EAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes:
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.
DRYDEN.

DR. ABERCROMBIE, in his work on the Intellectual Powers, has recorded several instances of remarkable dreams.—Among them is the following extraordinary instance of the power which may be exercised over some persons while asleep, of creating dreams by whispering in their ears. An officer in the expedition to Lanisburg, in 1758, had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. It had more effect when the voice was that of a friend familiar to him. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel, and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life; this he instantly did, but with such force as to throw himself from the locker to the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Lanisburg, his companions found him one day asleep in the tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he sometimes did, who were down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next him in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together, by falling over the tent ropes.

By the by, all this is quite contrary to Dryden's theory, who says—

"As one who in a frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, *labours in vain* to run;
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans."

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And again, in his Virgil—

" When heavy sleep has closed the sight,
And sickly fancy labours in the night,
We seem to run, and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course;
In vain we heave for breath—*in vain we cry—*
The nerves unbraced, their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the flattering accents die."

Now this man seems to have had the use not only of his limbs, but of his faculty of speech, while dreaming; and it was not till after he awoke that he felt the oppression Dryden describes; for it is stated, that when he awoke he had no distinct recollection of his dream, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue, and used to tell his companions that he was sure they had been playing some trick upon him.

W. A. R.

P.S. This is a sleepy article; and I would warn its reader to endeavour not to fall asleep over it, and thus endanger his falling over his chair; and lest some familiar friend or *chere amie* should, finding his instructions in his hand, take the opportunity of making the experiment, and may be create a little jealous quarrel or so.

SONNET TO THE RIVER ARUN.

(For the Mirror.)

Pure Stream! whose waters gently glide along,
In murmuring cadence to the Poet's ear,
Who, stretch'd at ease your flowery banks among,
Views with delight your glassy surface clear,
Roll pleasing on through Otway's sainted wood;
Where "musing Pity" still delights to mourn,
And kiss the spot where oft her votary stood,
Or hang fresh cypress o'er his weeping urn;—
Here, too, retir'd from Folly's scenes afar,
His powerful shell first studious Collins strung;
Whilst Fancy, seated in her rainbow car,
Round him her flowers Parnassian wildly flung.
Stream of the Bards! oft Hayley linger'd here;
And Charlotte Smith* hath grac'd thy current with a tear.

The Author of "A Tradesman's Lays."

No. 85, Leather Lane.

* This charming, accomplished poetess has addressed one of her most beautiful "Elegiac Sonnets" to this inspiring River. Her tender image of the "infant Otway" is, however, borrowed from a stanza in Collins's inimitable "Ode to Pity:"—

" Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains
And echo 'midst my native plains
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute;
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's *infant head*—
To him thy cell was shown," &c.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT BLACK BOOKS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

The Black Book of the Exchequer is said to have been composed in the year 1175, by Gervase of Tilbury, nephew of King Henry the Second. It contains a description of the court of England, as it then stood, its officers, their ranks, privileges, wages, perquisites, powers, and jurisdictions; and the revenues of the crown, both in money, grain, and cattle. Here we find, that for one shilling, as much bread might be bought as would serve a hundred men a whole day; and the price for a fat bullock was only twelve shillings, and a sheep four, &c. At the end of this book are the Annals of William of Worcester, which contain notes on the affairs of his own times.

The Black Book of the English Monasteries was a detail of the scandalous enormities practised in religious houses: compiled by order of the visiters, under King Henry the Eighth, to blacken them, and thus hasten their dissolution.

Books which relate to necromancy are called Black Books.

Black-rent, or Black-mail, was a certain rate of money, corn, cattle, or other consideration, paid (says Cowell) to men allied with robbers, to be by them protected from the danger of such as usually rob or steal.

P. T. W.

ANCIENT STATE OF PANCRAS.

(For the Mirror.)

Brewer, in his "London and Middlesex," says—"When a visitation of the church of Pancras was made, in the year 1251, there were only forty houses in the parish." The desolate situation of the village, in the latter part of the 16th century, is emphatically described by Norden, in his "Speculum Britanniæ." After noticing the solitary condition of the church, he says—"Yet about the structure have bin manie buildings, now decaied, leaving poore Pancrast without companie or comfort." In some manuscript additions to his work, the same writer has the following observations:—"Although this place be, as it were, forsaken of all, and true men seldom frequent the same, but upon deveyne occasions, yet it is visayed by thieves, who assemble not there to pray, but to waite for prayer; and many fall into their handes, clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walk not there too late,"

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Pancras is said to have been a parish before the Conquest, and is mentioned in Domesday Book. It derived its name from the saint to whom the church is dedicated—a youthful Phrygian nobleman, who suffered death under the Emperor Dioclesian, for his adherence to the Christian faith. P. T. W.

SALT AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

POTTER, in his "Antiquities of Greece," says—"Salt was commonly set before strangers, before they tasted the victuals provided for them; whereby was intimated, that as salt does consist of aqueous and terrene particles, mixed and united together, or as it is a concrete of several aqueous parts, so the stranger and the person by whom he was entertained should, from the time of their tasting salt together, maintain a constant union of love and friendship."

Others tell us, that salt being apt to preserve flesh from corruption, signified, that the friendship which was then begun should be firm and lasting; and some, to mention no more different opinions concerning this matter, think, that a regard was had to the purifying quality of salt, which was commonly used in lustrations, and that it intimated that friendship ought to be free from all design and artifice, jealousy and suspicion.

It may be, the ground of this custom was only this, that salt was constantly used at all entertainments, both of the gods and men, whence a particular sanctity was believed to be lodged in it: it is hence called divine salt by Homer, and holy salt by others; and by placing of salt on the table, a sort of blessing was thought to be conveyed to them. To have eaten at the same table was esteemed an inviolable obligation to friendship; and to transgress the salt at the table—that is, to break the laws of hospitality, and to injure one by whom any person had been entertained—was accounted one of the blackest crimes: hence that exaggerating interrogation of Demosthenes, "Where is the salt? where the hospital tables?" for in despite of these, he had been the author of these troubles. And the crime of Paris in stealing Helena is aggravated by Cassandra, upon this consideration, that he had contemned the salt, and overturned the hospital table.

P. T. W.

The Novelist.

THE GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER.

From the Confessions of an Ambitious Student.

A FIT, one bright spring morning, came over me—a fit of poetry. From that time the disorder increased, for I indulged it; and though such of my performances as have been seen by friendly eyes have been looked upon as mediocre enough, I still believe, that if ever I could win a lasting reputation, it would be through that channel. Love usually accompanies poetry, and, in my case, there was no exception to the rule.

"There was a slender, but pleasant brook, about two miles from our house, to which one or two of us were accustomed, in the summer days, to repair to bathe and saunter away our leisure hours. To this favourite spot I one day went alone, and crossing a field which led to the brook, I encountered two ladies, with one of whom, having met her at some house in the neighbourhood, I had a slight acquaintance. We stopped to speak to each other, and I saw the face of her companion. Alas! were I to live ten thousand lives, there would never be a moment in which I could be alone—nor sleeping, and that face not with me!

"My acquaintance introduced us to each other. I walked home with them to the house of Miss D—— (so was the strange, who was also the younger lady named.) The next day I called upon her; the acquaintance thus commenced did not droop; and, notwithstanding our youth—for Lucy D—— was only seventeen, and I nearly a year younger—we soon loved, and with a love, which, full of poesy and dreaming, as from our age it necessarily must have been, was not less durable, nor less heart-felt, than if it had arisen from the deeper and more earthly sources in which later life only hoards its affections.

"Oh, God! how little did I think of what our young folly entailed upon us! We delivered ourselves up to the dictates of our hearts, and forgot that there was a future. Neither of us had any ulterior design; we did not think—poor children that we were—of marriage, and settlements, and consent of relations. We touched each other's hands, and were happy; we read poetry together—and when we lifted up our eyes from the page, those eyes met, and we did not know why our hearts beat so violently; and at length, when we spake of love,

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nd when we called each other Lucy
nd ———; when we described all that
ve had thought in absence—and all we
ad felt when present—when we sat
vith our hands locked each in each—
nd at last, growing bolder, when in
he still and quiet loneliness of a sum-
ner twilight we exchanged our first
:iss, we did not dream that the world
orbade what seemed to us so natural;
ior—feeling in our own hearts the im-
ossibility of change—did we ever ask
whether this sweet and mystic state of
existence was to last for ever!

"Lucy was an only child; her father
vas a man of wretched character. A
profligate, a gambler—ruined alike in
ortune, hope, and reputation, he was
et her only guardian and protector.
The village in which we both resided
vas near London; there Mr. D——
ad a small cottage, where he left his
laughter and his slender establishment
or days, and sometimes for weeks to-
gether, while he was engaged in equi-
ocal speculations—giving no address,
nd engaged in no professional mode of
ife. Lucy's mother had died long since,
of a broken heart—(that fate, too, was
fterwards her daughter's)—so that this
oor girl was literally without a monitor
or a friend, save her own innocence—
nd, alas! innocence is but a poor sub-
stitute for experience. The lady with
whom I had met her had known her
mother, and she felt compassion for the
child. She saw her constantly, and
sometimes took her to her own house,
whenever she was in the neighbour-
hood; but that was not often, and only
for a few days at a time. Her excepted,
Lucy had no female friend.

"One evening we were to meet at a
sequestered and lonely part of the
brook's course, a spot which was our
usual rendezvous. I waited consider-
ably beyond the time appointed, and
was just going sorrowfully away when
she appeared. As she approached, I
saw that she was in tears—and she
could not for several moments speak for
weeping. At length I learned that her
father had just returned home, after a
long absence—that he had announced
his intention of immediately quitting
their present home and going to a dis-
tant part of the country, or—perhaps
even abroad.

* * * *

"It is an odd thing in the history of
the human heart, that the times most
sad to experience are often the most
grateful to recall; and of all the passages
in our brief and checkered love, none
have I clung to so fondly or cherished so
tenderly, as the remembrance of that
desolate and tearful hour. We walked
slowly home, speaking very little, and
lingering on the way—and my arm was
round her waist all the time. There
was a little stile at the entrance of the
garden round Lucy's home, and shel-
tered as it was by trees and bushes, it
was there, whenever we met, we took
our last adieu—and there that evening
we stopped, and lingered over our part-
ing words and our parting kiss—and at
length, when I tore myself away, I
looked back and saw her in the sad and
grey light of the evening still there, still
watching, still weeping! What, what
hours of anguish and gnawing of heart
must one, who loved so kindly and so
entirely as she did, have afterwards en-
dured.

"As I lay awake that night, a project,
natural enough, darted across me. I
would seek Lucy's father, communicate
our attachment, and sue for his appro-
bation. We might, indeed, be too young
for marriage—but we could wait, and
love each other in the meanwhile. I
lost no time in following up this resolu-
tion. The next day, before noon, I
was at the door of Lucy's cottage—I
was in the little chamber that faced the
garden, alone with her father.

"A boy forms strange notions of a
man who is considered a scoundrel. I
was prepared to see one of fierce and
sullen appearance, and to meet with a
rude and coarse reception. I found in
Mr. D—— a person who early accus-
tomed—(for he was of high birth)—to
polished society, still preserved, in his
manner and appearance, its best cha-
racteristics. His voice was soft and
bland; his face, though haggard and
worn, retained the traces of early beauty;
and a courteous and attentive ease of
deportment had been probably improved
by the habits of deceiving others, rather
than impaired. I told our story to this
man, frankly and fully. When I had
done, he rose; he took me by the hand;
he expressed some regret, yet some sa-
tisfaction, at what he had heard. He
was sensible how much peculiar circum-
stances had obliged him to leave his
daughter unprotected; he was sensible,
also, that from my birth and future for-
tunes, my affection did honour to the
object of my choice. Nothing would
have made him so happy, so proud,
had I been older—had I been my own
master. But I and he, alas! must be
aware that my friends and guardians
would never consent to my forming any
engagement at so premature an age, and
they and the world would impute the

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blame to him; for calumny (he added in a melancholy tone) had been busy with his name, and any story, however false or idle, would be believed of one who was out of the world's affections.

"All this, and much more, did he say; and I pitied him while he spoke. Our conference then ended in nothing fixed;—but—he asked me to dine with him the next day. In a word, while he forbade me at present to recur to the subject, he allowed me to see his daughter as often as I pleased: this lasted for about ten days. At the end of that time, when I made my usual morning visit, I saw D—— alone; he appeared much agitated. He was about, he said, to be arrested. He was undone for ever —and his poor daughter!—he could say no more—his manly heart was overcome —and he hid his face with his hands. I attempted to console him, and inquired the sum necessary to relieve him. It was considerable; and on hearing it named, my power of consolation I deemed over at once. I was mistaken. But why dwell on so hacknied a topic as that of a sharper on the one hand, and a dupe on the other? I saw a gentleman of the tribe of Israel—I raised a sum of money, to be repaid when I came of age, and that sum was placed in D——'s hands. My intercourse with Lucy continued; but not long. This matter came to the ears of one who had succeeded my poor aunt, now no more, as my guardian. He saw D——, and threatened him with penalties, which the sharper did not dare to brave. My guardian was a man of the world; he said nothing to me on the subject, but he begged me to accompany him on a short tour through a neighbouring county. I took leave of Lucy only for a few days as I imagined. I accompanied my guardian—was a week absent—returned—and hastened to the cottage; it was shut up—an old woman opened the door—they were gone, father and daughter, none knew whither!

"It was now that my guardian disclosed his share in this event, so terribly unexpected by me. He unfolded the arts of D——; he held up his character in its true light. I listened to him patiently, while he proceeded thus far; but when, encouraged by my silence, he attempted to insinuate that Lucy was implicated in her father's artifices—that she had lent herself to decoy, to the mutual advantage of sire and daughter, the inexperienced heir of considerable fortunes,—my rage and indignation exploded at once. High words ensued. I defied his authority—I laughed at his menaces—I openly declared my resolution of tracing Lucy to the end of the world, and marrying her the instant she was found. Whether or not that my guardian had penetrated sufficiently into my character to see that force was not the means by which I was to be guided, I cannot say; but he softened from his tone at last—apologized for his warmth —condescended to soothe and remonstrate—and our dispute ended in a compromise. I consented to leave Mr. S—, and to spend the next year, preparatory to my going to the university, with my guardian: he promised, on the other hand, that if, at the end of that year, I still wished to discover Lucy, he would throw no obstacles in the way of my search. I was ill-contented with this compact; but I was induced to it by my firm persuasion that Lucy would write to me, and that we should console each other, at least, by a knowledge of our mutual situation and our mutual constancy. In this persuasion, I insisted on remaining six weeks longer with S——, and gained my point; and that any letter Lucy might write, might not be exposed to any officious intervention from S——, or my guardian's satellites, I walked every day to meet the postman who was accustomed to bring our letters. None came from Lucy. Afterwards, I learned that D——, whom my guardian had wisely bought, as well as intimidated, had intercepted three letters which she had addressed to me, in her unsuspecting confidence—and that she only ceased to write when she ceased to believe in me.

"I went to reside with my guardian. A man of a hospitable and liberal turn, his house was always full of guests, who were culled from the most agreeable circles in London. We lived in a perpetual round of amusement; and my uncle, who thought I should be rich enough to afford to be ignorant, was more anxious that I should divert my mind, than instruct it. Well, this year passed slowly and sadly away, despite of the gaiety around me; and, at the end of that time, I left my uncle to go to the university; but I first lingered in London to make inquiries after D——. I could learn no certain tidings of him, but heard that the most probable place to find him was a certain gaming-house in K—— Street. Thither I repaired forthwith. It was a haunt of no delicate and luxurious order of vice; the chain attached to the threshold indicated suspicion of the spies of justice; and a grim and sullen face peered jealously upon me before I was suffered to ascend

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the filthy and noisome staircase. But my search was destined to a brief end. At the head of the *Rouge et Noir* table, facing my eyes the moment I entered the evil chamber, was the marked and working countenance of D——.

"He did not look up—no, not once, all the time he played; he won largely —rose with a flushed face and trembling hand—descended the stairs—stopped in a room below, where a table was spread with meats and wine—took a large tumbler of Madeira, and left the house. I had waited patiently—I had followed him with a noiseless step—I now drew my breath hard, clenched my hands, as if to nerve myself for a contest—and as he paused a moment under one of the lamps, seemingly in doubt whither to go —I laid my hand on his shoulder, and uttered his name. His eyes wandered with a leaden and dull gaze over my face before he remembered me. *Then* he recovered his usual bland smile and soft tone. He grasped my unwilling hand, and inquired with the tenderness of a parent after my health. I did not heed his words. 'Your daughter,' said I, convulsively.

"'Ah! you were old friends,' quoth he, smiling; 'you have recovered that folly, I hope. Poor thing! she will be happy to see an old friend. You know of course——

"'What?' for he hesitated.

"'That Lucy is married!'

"'Married!' and as that word left my lips, it seemed as if my very life, my very soul, had gushed forth also in the sound. When—oh! when, in the night-watch and the daily yearning, when, whatever might have been my grief or wretchedness, or despondency, when had I dreamt, when imaged forth even the outline of a doom like this? Married! my Lucy, my fond, my constant, my pure-hearted, and tender Lucy! Suddenly, all the chilled and revolted energies of my passions seemed to re-act, and rush back upon me. I seized that smiling and hollow wretch with a fierce grasp. 'You have done this—you have broken her heart—you have crushed mine! I curse you in her name and my own!—I curse you from the bottom and with all the venom of my soul!—Wretch! wretch! and he was as a reed in my hands.'

"'Madman,' said he, as at last he extricated himself from my gripe, 'my daughter married with her free consent, and to one far better fitted to make her happy than you. Go, go—I forgive you—I also was once in love, and with *her* mother!'

"I did not answer—I let him depart.

"It was a little while after this interview—but I mention it now, for there is no importance in the quarter from which I heard it—that I learned some few particulars of Lucy's marriage. There was, and still is, in the world's gossip, a strange story of a rich, foolish man, awed as well as gulled by a sharper, and of a girl torn to a church with a violence so evident that the priest refused the ceremony. But the rite was afterwards solemnized by special license, in private, and at night. The pith of that story has truth, and Lucy was at once the heroine and victim of the romance. Now, then, I turn to somewhat a different strain in my narrative.

"You, A——, who know so well the habits of a university *life*, need not be told how singularly monotonous and contemplative it may be made to a lonely man. The first year I was there, I mixed, as you may remember, in none of the many circles into which that curious and motley society is split. My only recreation was in long and companionless rides; and in the flat and dreary country around our university, the cheerless aspect of nature fed the idle melancholy at my heart. In the second year of my college life, I roused myself a little from my seclusion, and rather by accident than design—you will remember that my acquaintance was formed among the men considered most able and promising of our time. In the summer of that year, I resolved to make a bold effort to harden my mind and conquer its fastidious reserve; and I set out to travel over the North of England, and the greater part of Scotland, in the humble character of a pedestrian tourist. Nothing ever did my character more solid good than that experiment. I was thrown among a thousand varieties of character; I was continually forced into bustle and action, and into *providing for myself*—that great and indelible lesson towards permanent independence of character.

"One evening, in an obscure part of Cumberland, I was seeking a short cut to a neighbouring village through a gentleman's grounds, in which there was a public path. Just within sight of the house (which was an old, desolate building, in the architecture of James the First, with gable-ends and dingy walls, and deep-sunk, gloomy windows,) I perceived two ladies at a little distance before me; one seemed in weak and delicate health, for she walked slowly and with pain, and stopped often as she leaned on her companion. I

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lingered behind, in order not to pass them abruptly; presently, they turned away towards the house, and I saw them no more. Yet that frail and bending form, as I too soon afterwards learned—that form, which I did not recognise—which, by a sort of fatality, I saw only in a glimpse, and yet for the last time on earth,—that form—was the wreck of Lucy D——!

"Unconscious of this event in my destiny, I left that neighbourhood, and settled for some weeks on the borders of the Lake Keswick. There, one evening, a letter, re-directed to me from London, reached me. The hand-writing was that of Lucy; but the trembling and slurred characters, so different from that graceful ease which was wont to characterize all she did, filled me, even at the first glance, with alarm. This is the letter—read it—you will know, then, what I have lost:—

"'I write to you, my dear, my unforgotten ———, the last letter this hand will ever trace. Till now, it would have been a crime to write to you; perhaps it is so still—but dying as I am, and divorced from all earthly thoughts and remembrances, save yours, I feel that I cannot quite collect my mind for the last hour until I have given you the blessing of one whom you loved once; and when that blessing is given, I think I can turn away from your image, and sever willingly the last tie that binds me to earth. I will not afflict you by saying what I have suffered since we parted—with what anguish I thought of what *you* would feel when you found me gone—and with what cruel, what fearful violence, I was forced into becoming the wretch I now am. I was hurried, I was driven, into a dreadful and bitter duty—but I thank God that I have fulfilled it. What, what have I done, to have been made so miserable throughout life as I have been! I ask my heart, and tax my conscience—and every night I think over the sins of the day; they do not seem to me heavy, yet my penance has been very great. For the last two years, I do sincerely think that there has not been one day which I have not marked with tears. But enough of this, and of myself. You, dear, dear L——, let me turn to you! Something at my heart tells me that you have not forgotten that once we were the world to each other, and even through the changes and the glories of a man's life, I think you will not forget it. True, L——, that I was a poor and friendless, and not too-well educated girl, and altogether unworthy of your destiny; but you did not think so then—and when you have lost me, it is a sad, but it is a real comfort, to feel that that thought will never occur to you. Your memory will invest me with a thousand attractions and graces I did not possess, and all that you recall of me will be linked with the freshest and happiest thoughts of that period of life in which you first beheld me. And this thought, dearest L——, sweetens death to me—and sometimes it comforts me for what has been. Had our lot been otherwise—had we been united, and had you survived your love for me (and what more probable!) my lot would have been darker even than it has been. I know not how it is—perhaps from my approaching death—but I seem to have grown old, and to have obtained the right to be your monitor and warner. Forgive me, then, if I implore you to think earnestly and deeply of the great ends of life; think of them as one might think who is anxious to gain a distant home, and who will not be diverted from his way. Oh! could you know how solemn and thrilling a joy comes over me as I nurse the belief, the certainty, that we shall meet at length, and for ever! Will not that hope also animate you, and guide you unerring through the danger and the evil of this entangled life?

"May God bless you, and watch over you—may He comfort and cheer, and elevate your heart to him! Before you receive this, *I* shall be no more—and my love, my care for you will, I trust and feel, have become eternal.—Farewell:

'L. M.'

"The letter," continued L——, struggling with his emotions, was dated from that village through which I had so lately passed; thither I repaired that very night—Lucy had been buried the day before! I stood upon a green mound, and a few, few feet below, separated from me by a scanty portion of earth, mouldered that heart which had loved me so faithfully and so well!"

New Monthly Magazine.

A JEW said to the venerable Ali, in argument on the truth of their religion, "You had not even deposited your prophet's body in the earth, when you quarrelled among yourselves." Ali replied, "Our divisions proceeded from the loss of him, not concerning our faith; but your feet were not yet dry from the mud of the Red Sea, when you cried unto Moses, saying, 'Make us gods like unto those of the idolaters, that we may worship them.'" The Jew was confounded.

W. G. C.

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KILCOLMAN CASTLE,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POET SPENCER.

FEW of the original houses of Genius* will excite more interest than the above relic of SPENCER. It is copied from a lithographic drawing in Mr. T. Crofton Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland," where it is so well described, that we can spare but few lines in our abridgement of the passage:—

Kilcolman Castle is distant three English miles from Doneraile, and is seated in as unpicturesque a spot as at present could have been selected. Many of the delightful and visionary anticipations I had indulged, from the pleasure of visiting the place where the Fairy Queen had been composed, were at an end on beholding the monotonous reality of the country. Corn fields, divided from pasturage by numerous intersecting hedges, constituted almost the only variety of feature for a considerable extent around; and the mountains bounding the prospect partook even in a greater degree of the same want of variety in their forms. The ruin itself stands on a little rocky eminence. Spreading before it lies a tract of flat and swampy ground, through which, we were informed, the "River Bregog hight" had its course; and though in winter, when swollen by mountain torrents, a deep and rapid stream, its channel at present was completely dried up.

* We have the pleasure of informing our esteemed correspondent, H H. of Twickenham, that the very interesting memorial of GRAY, to which he alluded in his last letter, will illustrate an early number of the *Mirror*.

"Sometimes. misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie;
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry."

Judging from what remains, the original form of Kilcolman was an oblong square, flanked by a tower at the south-east corner. The apartment in the basement story has still its stone arched roof entire, and is used as a shelter for cattle; the narrow, screw-like stairs of the tower are nearly perfect, and lead to an extremely small chamber, which we found in a state of complete desolation.

Kilcolman was granted by Queen Elizabeth, on the 27th June, 1586, to Spencer (who went into Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey), with 3,028 acres of land, at the rent of 17*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; on the same conditions with the other undertakers (as they were termed) between whom the forfeited Desmond estate was divided. These conditions implied a residence on the ground, and their chief object seems to have been the peopling Munster with English families: a favourite project of Elizabeth's for strengthening the English influence in Ireland, by creating the tie of consanguinity between the two countries.

It is supposed that this castle was the principal residence of Spencer for about ten years, during which time he composed the works that have chiefly contributed to his fame. But the turbulent and indignant spirit of the Irish regarded not the haunts of the muse as sacred, and wrapped the poet's dwelling in

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flames. An infant child of Spencer's, together with his most valuable property, were consumed, and he returned into England;—where, dejected, and broken-hearted, he died soon after, at an inn in King-street, Westminster.

"It does not appear what became of Spencer's wife and children. Two sons are said to have survived him, Sylvanus and Peregrine; Sylvanus married Ellen Nangle or Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nangle of Monеanymy, in the county of Cork, by whom he had two sons, Edmund and William Spencer. His other son, Peregrine, also married, and had a son Hugolin, who, after the restoration of Charles II. was replaced by the Court of Claims in as much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestor's. Hugolin attached himself to the cause of James II. and after the revolution, was outlawed for treason and rebellion. Some time after his cousin William, son of Sylvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property, and recovered it by the interest of Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, who was then at the head of the treasury. He had been introduced to Mr. Montague by Congreve, who with others was desirous of honouring the descendant of so great a poet. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years, but unable to give any account of the works of his ancestor which are wanting. The family has been since very imperfectly traced."—*Chalmers's Biog. Dic.*

The visits of Sir Walter Raleigh to Spencer at Kilcolman increase the interest attached to the place, and are not in the slightest degree questionable.* To the advice of Raleigh the publication of the first books of the Fairy Queen has been ascribed; and the existence of a poetical intercourse between such minds, and in such distracting scenes, is a delightful recollection that almost warms the heart into romance.

Amongst the literary pilgrims whose veneration for Spencer has prompted them to examine Kilcolman was the celebrated Edmund Burke; nor should the imprudent and enthusiastic Trotter be forgotten; the account given by him of his visits, in 1817, are very pleasing, though highly tinged with that fanaticism to which he ultimately became a victim.

* Raleigh, it will be recollected, became Spencer's patron, upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, whom he celebrates under the title of "The Shepherd of the Ocean." Raleigh also ensured Spencer the favour of Elizabeth, a pension of 50*l.* per annum, and the distinction of her laureate.—Ed.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

CROTCHET CASTLE.

The author of *Headlong Hall* has, under the above title, produced as lively a little volume of humour and pleasantry as it has lately been our good fortune to meet with. Every page, nay, every line is a satire upon the extravagance and precocity of what Vivian Grey calls our "artificial state;" and all the weak sides of our age are mercilessly dealt with by the *coterie* at Crotchet Castle. The book is altogether *Shandean*, and the satire *shandied* to and fro with great vivacity. We need not tell the reader what period or event of the last seven years is pointed to in the following extract. Mr. Touchandgo, it appears, was a great banker, who was "suddenly reported absent one foggy morning, with the contents of his till;" his daughter was to have been married to Mr. Crotchet but for this untoward event. Here are two of the father's letters from his new settlement, and a reply:—

Dotandcarryonetown. State of Apodidraskiana, April 1, 18—.

My dear Child,—I am anxious to learn what are your present position, intention, and prospects. The fairies who dropped gold in your shoe, on the morning when I ceased to be a respectable man in London, will soon find a talismanic channel for transmitting you a stocking full of dollars, which will fit the shoe, as well as the foot of Cinderella fitted her slipper. I am happy to say, I am again become a respectable man. It was always my ambition to be a respectable man, and I am a very respectable man here, in this new township of a new state, where I have purchased five thousand acres of land, at two dollars an acre, hard cash, and established a very flourishing bank. The notes of Touchandgo and Company, soft cash, are now the exclusive currency of all this vicinity. This is the land, in which all men flourish; but there are three classes of men who flourish especially, methodist preachers, slave-drivers, and paper-money manufacturers; and as one of the latter, I have just painted the word BANK, on a fine slab of maple, which was green and growing when I arrived, and have discounted for the settlers, in my own currency, sundry bills, which are to be paid when the proceeds of the crop they have just sown shall return from New Orleans; so that my

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notes are the representatives of vegetation that is to be, and I am accordingly a capitalist of the first magnitude. The people here know very well that I ran away from London; but the most of them have run away from some place or other; and they have a great respect for me, because they think I ran away with something worth taking, which few of them had the luck or the wit to do. This gives them confidence in my resources, at the same time that, as there is nothing portable in the settlement except my own notes, they have no fear that I shall run away with them. They know I am thoroughly conversant with the principles of banking; and as they have plenty of industry, no lack of sharpness, and abundance of land, they wanted nothing but capital to organize a flourishing settlement; and this capital I have manufactured to the extent required, at the expense of a small importation of pens, ink, and paper, and two or three inimitable copperplates. I have abundance here of all good things, a good conscience included; for I really cannot see that I have done any wrong. This was my position: I owed half a million of money; and I had a trifle in my pocket. It was clear that this trifle could never find its way to the right owner. The question was, whether I should keep it, and live like a gentleman; or hand it over to lawyers and commissioners of bankruptcy, and die like a dog on a dunghill. If I could have thought that the said lawyers, &c. had a better title to it than myself, I might have hesitated; but, as such title was not apparent to my satisfaction, I decided the question in my own favour; the right owners, as I have already said, being out of the question altogether. I have always taken scientific views of morals and politics, a habit from which I derive much comfort under existing circumstances.

I hope you adhere to your music, though I cannot hope again to accompany your harp with my flute. My last *andante* movement was too *forte* for those whom it took by surprise. Let not your *allegro vivace* be damped by young Crotchet's desertion, which, though I have not heard it, I take for granted. He is, like myself, a scientific politician, and has an eye as keen as a needle, to his own interest. He has had good luck so far, and is gorgeous in the spoils of many gulls; but I think the Polar Basin and Walrus Company will be too much for him yet. There has been a splendid outlay on credit, and he is the only man, of the original parties concerned, of whom his Majesty's sheriffs could give any account.

I will not ask you to come here. There is no husband for you. The men smoke, drink, and fight, and break more of their own heads than of girls' hearts. Those among them who are musical sing nothing but psalms. They are excellent fellows in their way, but you would not like them.

Au reste, here are no rents, no taxes, no poor-rates, no tithes, no church establishment, no routs, no clubs, no rotten boroughs, no operas, no concerts, no theatres, no beggars, no thieves, no kings, no lords, no ladies, and only one gentleman, videlicit your loving father,

TIMOTHY TOUCHANDGO.

P.S. I send you one of my notes; I can afford to part with it. If you are accused of receiving money from me, you may pay it over to my assignees. Robthetill continues to be my factotum; I say no more of him in this place; he will give you an account of himself.

Dotandcarryonetown, &c.

DEAR MISS,—Mr. Touchandgo will have told you of our arrival here, of our setting up a bank, and so forth. We came here in a tilted wagon, which served us for parlour, kitchen, and all. We soon got up a log-house; and, unluckily, we as soon got it down again, for the first fire we made in it burned down house and all. However, our second experiment was more fortunate; and we are pretty well lodged in a house of three rooms on a floor—I should say the floor, for there is but one.

This new state is free to hold slaves; all the new states have not this privilege. Mr. Touchandgo has bought some, and they are building him a villa. Mr. Touchandgo is in a thriving way, but he is not happy here: he longs for parties and concerts, and a seat in Congress. He thinks it very hard that he cannot buy one with his own coinage, as he used to do in England. Besides, he is afraid of the Regulators, who, if they do not like a man's character, wait upon him and flog him, doubling the dose at stated intervals, till he takes himself off. He does not like this system of administering justice: though I think he has nothing to fear from it. He has the character of having money, which is the best of all characters here, as at home. He lets his old English prejudices influence his opinions of his new neighbours; but I assure you they have many virtues. Though they do keep slaves, they are all ready to fight for their own liberty; and I should not like to be an

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enemy within reach of one of their rifles. When I say enemy, I include bailiff in the term. One was shot not long ago. There was a trial; the jury gave two dollars damages; the judge said they must find guilty or not guilty, but the counsel for the defendant (they would not call him prisoner) offered to fight the judge upon the point; and as this was said literally, not metaphorically, and the counsel was a stout fellow, the judge gave in. The two dollars damages were not paid after all; for the defendant challenged the foreman to box for double or quits, and the foreman was beaten. The folks in New York made a great outcry about it, but here it was considered all as it should be. So you see, Miss, justice, liberty, and every thing else of that kind, are different in different places, just as suits the convenience of those who have the sword in their own hands. Hoping to hear of your health and happiness, I remain,

Dear Miss, your dutiful servant,

RODERICK ROBTHETILL.

Miss Touchandgo replied as follows, to the first of these letters:—

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am sure you have the best of hearts, and I have no doubt you have acted with the best intentions. My lover, or I should rather say, my fortune's lover, has indeed forsaken me. I cannot say I did not feel it; indeed, I cried very much; and the altered looks of people who used to be so delighted to see me, really annoyed me so, that I determined to change the scene altogether. I have come into Wales, and am boarding with a farmer and his wife. Their stock of English is very small; but I managed to agree with them; and they have four of the sweetest children I ever saw, to whom I teach all I know, and I manage to pick up some Welsh. I have puzzled out a little song, which I think very pretty; I have translated it into English, and I send it to you, with the original air. You shall play it on your flute at eight o'clock every Saturday evening, and I will play and sing it at the same time, and I will fancy that I hear my dear papa accompanying me.

The people in London said very unkind things of you: they hurt me very much at the time; but now I am out of their way, I do not seem to think their opinion of much consequence. I am sure, when I recollect, at leisure, every thing I have seen and heard among them, I cannot make out what they do that is so virtuous, as to set them up for judges of morals. And I am sure they never speak the truth about any thing, and there is no sincerity in either their love or their friendship. An old Welsh bard here, who wears a waistcoat embroidered with leeks, and is called the Green Bard of Cadair Idris, says the Scotch would be the best people in the world, if there was nobody but themselves to give them a character: and so I think would the Londoners. I hate the very thought of them, for I do believe they would have broken my heart, if I had not gone out of their way. Now I shall write you another letter very soon, and describe to you the country, and the people, and the children, and how I amuse myself, and every thing that I think you will like to hear about; and when I seal this letter, I shall drop a kiss on the cover.

Your loving daughter,

SUSANNAH TOUCHANDGO.

P.S. Tell Mr. Robthetill I will write to him in a day or two. This is the little song I spoke of:

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone, far, far from me;
And ever on its track will flee,
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free:
Oh! happy bird, were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glee;
But here for me they may not be;
My heart is gone beyond the sea.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE AUTOCRAT'S PRAYER.

EUROPE! hear the voice that rose
From the chief of Freedom's foes—
When he bade war's thunders roll
O'er the country of the Pole—
To his Cossacks on parade
Thus the Calmuck robber said:

"Mine the might, and mine the right,
Stir ye, spur ye to the fight—
Bare the blade, and strike the blow
To the heart's core of the foe—
Slaughter all the rebel bands
Found with weapons in their hands;
On! the holy work of fate
Russia's God will consecrate.

"'Tis decreed that they shall bleed
For their dark and traitorous deed.
Poles! to us by conquest given,
Ye provoke the wrath of Heaven:
Therefore, purging sword and shot
Use we must, and spare you not.
Guardian of our northern faith,
Guide us to the field of death!

"Ere we've done, many a one
Shall weep they ever saw the sun.
Rouse the noble in his hall
To a fiery festival;
Dash the stubborn peasant's mirth—
Drown in blood his alien hearth;
Babe or mother, never falter—
Spear the priest before the altar.
Onward, and avenge our wrong!
God is good, and Russia strong!"

Englishman's Magazine, No I.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From a paper on the Fine Arts of old in England, in Blackwood's Magazine.

THE sex and character of Elizabeth herself was no weak ingredient in the poetic spirit of the time. Loyalty and gallantry blended in the adoration paid her; and the supremacy which she claimed and exercised over the church, invested her regality with a sacred unction that pertained not to feudal sovereigns. It is scarce too much to say, that the virgin-queen appropriated the Catholic honours of the Virgin Mary. She was as great as Diana of the Ephesians. The moon shone but to furnish a type of her bright and stainless maidenhood. To magnify her greatness, the humility of courtly adulation merged in the ecstasies of Platonic love. She was charming by indefeasible right;—a *jure divino* beauty. Her fascinations multiplied with her wrinkles, and her admirers might have anticipated the conceit of Cowley,

> "The antipevistoisis of age
> More inflamed their amorous rage."

It is easy for a Whig, or a Puritan, or any other unimaginative blockhead, to cry out against all this as nauseous flattery, and assert that after all she was rather an unpoetical personage than otherwise—a coarse-minded old maid, half prude, half coquette, whose better part was mannish, and all that belonged to her sex a ludicrous exaggeration of its weaknesses. But meanwhile, they overlook the fact, that not the woman Elizabeth, but the Virgin-queen, the royal heroine, is the theme of admiration. Not the petty virtues, the pretty sensibilities, the cheap charity, the prim decorum, which modern flatterers dwell upon, degrading royalty, while they palaver its possessor, but Britannia's sacred majesty, enshrined in chaste and lofty womanhood. Our ancestors paid their compliments to sex or rank—ours are addressed to the person. There is no flattery where there is no falsehood—no falsehood where there is no deception. Loyalty of old was a passion, and passion has a truth of its own—and as language does not always furnish expressions exactly adapted, or native to the feeling, what can the loyal poet do, but take the most precious portion of the currency, and impress it with the mint-mark of his own devoted fancy? Perhaps there never was a more panegyrical rhymer than Spenser, and yet, so fine and ethereal is his incense, that the breath of morning is not more cool and salutary:—

> "It falls me here to write of Chastity
> That fayrest virtue, far above the rest.
> For which what needs me fetch from Faery,
> Forreine ensamples it to have expreast,
> Sith it is shrined in my soveraine's brest,
> And form'd so lively on each perfect part,
> That to all ladies, who have it protest,
> Needs but behold the pourtraict of her part,
> If pourtray'd it might be by any living art;
> But living art may not least part expresse,
> Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint,
> All it were Zeuxis or Praxiteles—
> His dædale hand would faile and greatly fayst,
> And her perfections with his error taynt;
> Ne poet's wit that passeth painter farre—
> In picturing the parts of beauty dayst," &c.

But neither Zeuxis nor Praxiteles was called from the dead to mar her perfections, nor record her negative charms. Poetry was the only art that flourished in the Virgin reign. The pure Gothic, after attaining its full efflorescence under Henry VII., departed, never to return. The Grecian orders were not only absurdly jumbled together, but yet more outrageously conglomerated with the Gothic and Arabesque. "To gild refined gold—to paint the lily," was all the humour of it. A similar inconsistency infected literature. The classic and the romantic (to use those terms, which, though popular, are not logically exact) were interwoven. The Arcadia and the Fairy Queen are glorious offences, which "make defect perfection." Perhaps, Shakspeare's "small Latin and less Greek," preserved him from worse anachronisms than any that he has committed. Queen Bess's patronage was of the national breed: she loved no pictures so well as portraits of herself. As, however, her painters have not flattered her, it may not uncharitably be concluded that they were no great deacons in their craft. It is a much easier thing to assure a homely female, in prose or rhyme, that she is beautiful, than to represent her so upon canvass. Her effigies are, I believe, pretty numerous, varying in ugliness, but none that I have seen even handsome—prettiness, of course, is out of the question. She was fond of finery, but had no taste in dress. Her ruff is downright odious; and the liberal exposure of her neck and bosom anything but alluring. With all her pearls about her, she looks like a pawnbroker's lady bedizened for an Easter ball, with all the unredeemed pledges from her husband's shop. She seems to have patronized that chimera in the ideal or allegorical portrait, at which Reubens and Sir Joshua were so often doomed to toil. She would not allow a shadow in her picture, arguing, like a Chinese, or a chop-logic, that shade is only an accident, and no true property of body. Like Alexander, who

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forbade all sculptors but Lysippus to carve his image, she prohibited all but special cunning limners from drawing her effigy. This was in 1563, anno regni 5, while, though no chicken, she still was not clean past her youth. This order was probably intended to prevent caricatures. At last she quarrelled with her looking-glass as well as her painters, and her maids of honour removed all mirrors from her apartments, as carefully as Ministers exclude opposition papers (we hope not Maga) from the presence of our most gracious sovereign. It is even said, that those fair nettles of India took advantage of her weakness, to dress her head awry, and to apply the rouge to her nose, instead of her cheeks. So may the superannuated eagle be pecked at by daws. But the tale is not probable. After all, it is but the captious inference of witlings and scoffers, that attributes to mere sexual vanity that superstitious horror of encroaching age, from which the wisest are not always free. It may be, that they shrink from the reflection of their wrinkles, not as from the despoilers of beauty, but as from the vaunt-couriers of dissolution. In rosy youth, while yet the brow is alabaster-veined with Heaven's own tint, and the dark tresses turn golden in the sun, the lapse of time is imperceptible as the throbbing of a heart at ease. "So like, so very like, is day to day,"—one primrose scarce more like another. Whoever saw their first grey hairs, or marked the crow-feet at the angle of their eyes, without a sigh or a tear, a momentous self-abasement, a sudden sinking of the soul, a thought that youth is flown for ever? None but the blessed few that, having dedicated their spring of life to Heaven, behold in the shedding of their vernal blossoms, a promise that the season of immortal fruit is near. It is a frailty, almost an instance of humanity, to aim at concealing that from others, of which ourselves are painfully conscious. The herculean Johnson keenly resented the least allusion to the shortness of his sight. So entirely is man a social animal, so dependent are all his feelings for their very existence upon communication and sympathy, that the "fee griefs," which none but ourselves are privy to, are forgotten as soon as they are removed from the senses. The artifices to which so many have recourse to conceal their declining years, are often intended more to soothe themselves, than to impose on others. This aversion to growing old is specially natural and excusable in the celibate and the childless. The borrowed curls, the pencilled eyebrows,

> "The steely-prison'd shape,
> So oft made taper, by constraint of tape,"

the various cosmetic secrets, well-known to the middle ages, not only of the softer sex, are not unseemly in a spinster, so long as they succeed in making her look young. They are intolerable in a mother of any age. But we, my dear Christopher, resigned and benevolent old bachelors as we are, can well appreciate the vanity of the aged heart, that sees not its youth renewed in any growing dearer self. Nothing denotes the advances of life, at once so surely and so pleasantly as children springing up around a good man's table. Perhaps our famous Queen, in her latter days, though full of honours as of years, would gladly have changed places with the wife of any yeoman that had a child to receive her last blessing, whose few acres were not to pass away to the hungry expecting son of a hated rival. Her virginity was not like that of Jephthah's daughter, a free-will offering to the Lord. Pride, and policy, and disappointment, and, it may be, hopeless, self-condemned affection, conspired to perpetuate it. Probably it was well for England that no offspring of hers inherited her throne. By some strange ordinance of nature, it generally happens that these wonderful clever women produce idiots or madmen.—Witness Semiramis, Agrippina, Catherine de Medicis, Mary de Medicis, Catherine of Russia, and Lady Wortley Montague. One miniature of Elizabeth I have seen, which, though not beautiful, is profoundly interesting: it presents her as she was in the days of her danger and captivity, when the same wily policy, keeping its path, even while it seemed to swerve, was needful to preserve her life, that afterwards kept her firm on a throne. Who was the artist that produced it? I know not; but it bears the strongest marks of authenticity, if to be exactly what a learned spirit would fancy Elizabeth—young, a prisoner, and in peril—be evidence of true portraiture. There is pride, not aping humility, but wearing it as a well-beseeming habit;—there is passion, strongly controlled by the will, but not extinct, neither dead nor sleeping, but watchful and silent; brows sternly sustaining a weight of care, after which a crown could be but light; a manly intellect, allied with female craft;—but nonsense! it will be said; no colours whatever could represent all this, and that, too, in little, for the picture was among Bone's enamels.

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Well, then, it suggested it all. Perhaps the finest Madonna ever painted would be no more than a meek, pious, pretty woman, and an innocent child, if we knew not whom it was meant for.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

(By Mrs. Hemans.)

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he, departed. MOORE.

Seest thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:
Ever there:—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.

Guests come thither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
In the haunted chambers rest;
One alone unslumbering lies
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine-flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
Startling faces of the dead,
Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
There still meet!
Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
Faintly shining through bright hair;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago!
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and banner'd aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the while,
Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
Are those sounds and visions known?
Wherefore hath that spell of power
Dark and dread,
On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed?
Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,
No strange gift of mystery lies!
She is lone where once she moved
Fair, and happy, and beloved!
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her;
Now those silver cords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token,
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save her memory of her mirth.
She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
Midst gay song and children's play,
She is dwelling far away;
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be!

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

In 1760, a Mr. Cross was prompter at Drury Lane Theatre, and a Mr. Saunders the principal machinist. Saunders laboured under an idea that he was qualified for a turf-man, and, like most who are afflicted with that disorder, suffered severely. The animals he kept, instead of being safe running horses for him, generally made him a safe stalking-horse for others. Upon one occasion he came to the theatre in great ill-humour, having just received the account of a race which he had lost. Cross was busily engaged in writing, and cross at the interruption he met with from Saunders's repeated exclamations against his jockey; he at length looked up, and said impatiently, "His fault—his fault—how was it his fault?" "Why," said Saunders, "the d—d rascal ran my horse against a wagon." "Umph!" replied Cross, "I never knew a horse of yours that was fit to *run against any thing else!*"

A musician of the name of Goodall, who belonged to the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Richmond, in 1767, was fonder of his, or any other man's, bottle than his own bassoon. The natural consequence was, that he frequently failed in his attendances at the theatre. Upon one occasion, after an absence of a week, he returned in the middle of the performances for the evening. A piece was being acted called the "Intriguing Chambermaid," in which there is a character of an old gentleman called *Mr. Goodall*, who comes on as from a journey, followed by a servant carrying his portmanteau. To him there enters a lady, *Mrs. Highman*, whose first exclamation is, "Bless my eyes, what do I see? *Mr. Goodall* returned?" At that precise moment Old Goodall happened to put his head into the orchestra, and fancying himself addressed, called out, "Lord bless you, ma'am, I've been here this half hour."

Old Storace (the father of the celebrated composer) had lost nearly all his teeth at rather an early period of his life. This, to one who was decidedly a *bon vivant*, was a great annoyance. A dentist of eminence undertook to supply the defect: he drew the few teeth which remained, and fitted the patient with an entire new set, which acted by means of springs, and were removable at pleasure. The operation was so skilfully performed, and the resemblance so good, that Storace flattered himself that no one could discover the deception. Being one day in company with Foster (a performer in the Drury Lane orchestra, and one celebrated among his companions for quaintness and humour), he said, "Now, Foster, I'll surprise you—

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I'll show you something you never could have guessed." So saying, he took out the ivory teeth, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "There, what do you think of that?" "Poh! nonsense! surprise me," replied Foster, "I knew perfectly well they were false." "How the devil could you know that?" said Storrce. "Why," rejoined Foster, "*I never knew anything true come out of of your mouth!*"—*Athenæum.*

THE King of Prussia, in his correspondence with Voltaire, relates the following anecdote of the Czar Peter, as illustrative of Russian despotism:—"I knew Printz, the great marshal of the court of Prussia, who had been ambassador to the Czar Peter, in the reign of the late king. The commission with which he was charged proving very acceptable, the prince was desirous of giving him conspicuous marks of his satisfaction, and for this purpose a sumptuous banquet was prepared, and to which Printz was invited. They drank brandy, as is customary with the Russians, and they drank it to a brutal excess. The Czar, who wished to give a particular grace to the entertainment, sent for twenty of the Strelitz Guards, who were confined in the prisons of Petersburgh, and for every large bumper which they drank, this hideous monster struck off the head of one of these wretches. As a particular mark of respect, this unnatural prince was desirous of procuring the ambassador the pleasure (as he called it) of trying his skill upon these miserable creatures. The Czar was disposed to be angry at his refusal, and could not help betraying signs of his displeasure." W. G. C.

POSTHUMOUS HONOURS.

POLIARCHUS, the Athenian, according to Ælian, when any of the dogs or cocks that he particularly loved, happened to die, was so foolish as to honour them with a public funeral, and buried them with great pomp, accompanied by his friends, whom he invited on the *solemn* occasion. Afterwards he caused monumental pillars to be erected, on which were engraven their epitaphs.*

JOHN ESLAN.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

ASCHAM, in the Epistle prefixed to his "Toxophilus," 1571, observes that "Manye Englishe writers usinge straunge wordes as Lattine, Frenche, and Italian, do make al thinges darke and harde. Ones," says he, "I communed with a man which reasoned the Englishe tongue to be enriched and encreased thereby, sayinge, Who will not prayse that feast, where a man shall drincke at a dinner both wyne, ale, and beere? Truly (quoth I) they be al good every one taken by itself alone; but if you put malmesye and sack, redde wyne and white, ale and beere, and al in one pot, you shall make a drinke neither easye to be knowen, nor holsom for the bodye." A. V.

ROYAL WISH.

WHEN King James I. first saw the public library at Oxford, and perceived the little chains by which the books were fastened, he expressed his wish that if ever it should be his fate to be a prisoner, this library might be his prison, those books his fellow prisoners, and the chains his fetters. J. E. H.

EPITAPH

On a Marine Officer, in the churchyard of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire.

HERE lies, retired from busy scenes,
A first lieutenant of Marines,
Who lately lived in gay content,
On board the brave ship Diligent.

Now stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confin'd in earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

ANNUAL OF SCIENCE.

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* The late Duchess of York paid the latter honours to her little canine friends, at Oatlands.

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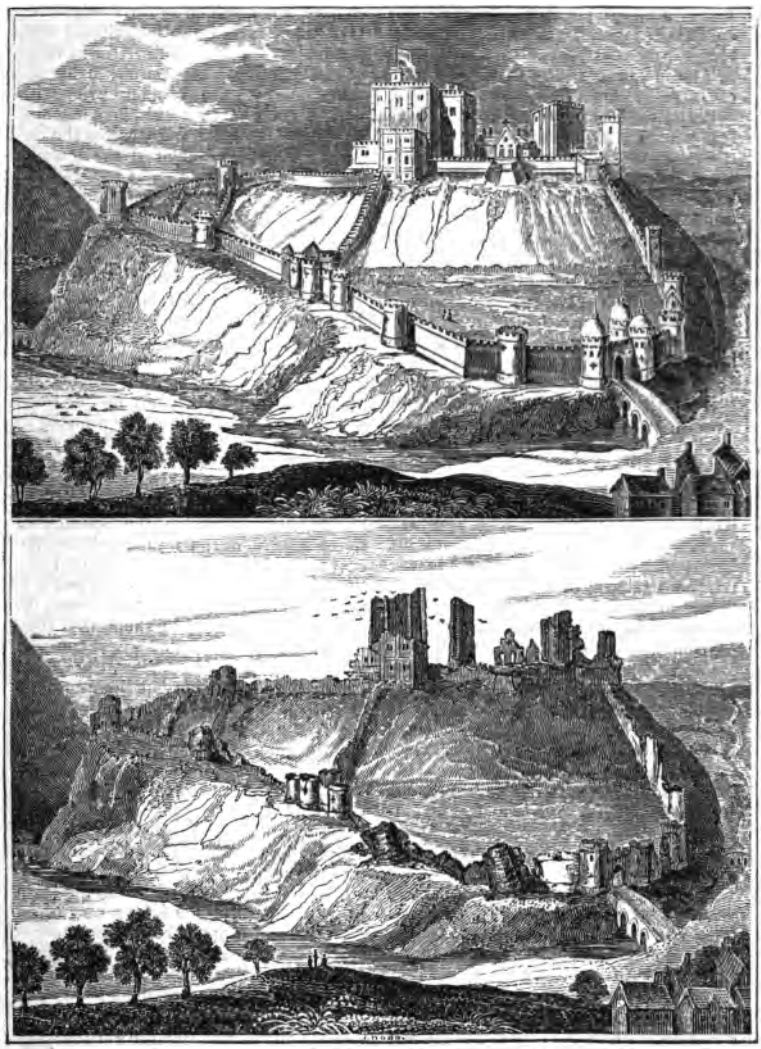

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CORFE CASTLE.

THE annexed Engravings are an interesting page in the early history of our country, and deserve all the space we have appropriated to them. Their political notoriety, of much less interesting character, we leave to be set down, said, sung, or set aside, elsewhere.

Corfe Castle nearly adjoins a town of the same name: both are situate in the Isle of Purbeck; and their histories are so incorporated, that we shall not attempt their separation.

The town, according to the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. iv. p. 386, is nearly in the centre of the Isle, at the foot of a range of hills, on a rising ground, declining to the east. Its origin must undoubtedly be attributed to the Castle, which existed previous to the year 980; though the town itself does not appear to have attained any importance till after the Conquest, as it was wholly unnoticed in the Domesday Book. The Manor and Castle seem always to have descended together, and were often granted to princes of the blood, and the favourites of our kings, yet as often reverted to the Crown by attainder or forfeiture. In the reign of Richard the Second, they were held by Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, jointly with Alicia, his wife. In the reign of Henry the Fourth, they were granted to the *Beauforts*, Earls of Somerset; but were taken from that family by Edward the Fourth, who bestowed them successively on Richard, Duke of York, and George, Duke of Clarence; on the attainder of the latter, they reverted to the Crown. Henry the Seventh granted them to his mother, the Countess of Richmond, for life. In the 27th of his successor, Henry the Eighth, an act of parliament was passed, by which they were given to Henry, Duke of Richmond, his natural son. After his death they reverted to the Crown, and were, by Edward the Sixth, bestowed on the Duke of Somerset; whose zeal for the Reformation was undoubtedly invigorated by the numerous grants of abbey lands made to him after the suppression of the monasteries. On the duke's attainder, the demesne lands of the Castle were leased for twenty-one years, on a fee-farm rent of 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* In the 14th of Elizabeth, the Castle and Manor, with the whole Isle of Purbeck, were granted to Sir Christopher Hatton, whose heirs continued possessors till the commencement of the 17th century, when the Manor and Castle were given by Sir William Hatton to his lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Exeter, and afterwards second wife to Lord Chief Justice Coke, who sold them, in the year 1635, to Sir John Bankes, Attorney-General to Charles the First, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. His descendant, Henry Bankes, Esq. and representative for this borough, is the present owner.

Though this is an ancient borough by prescription, it was not incorporated till the 18th of Queen Elizabeth, when a charter was obtained by Sir Christopher Hatton, by which the inhabitants were invested with the same liberties as those of the Cinque Ports; besides being favoured with various other privileges. This charter was afterwards confirmed by James the First and Charles the Second. The government of the town is vested in a mayor and eight barons—the barons are those who have borne the office of mayor. The first return to parliament was made in the 14th of Elizabeth. The right of election is possessed by all persons within the borough who are "seized in fee, in possession, or reversion, of any messuage, or tenement, or corporal hereditament; and in such as are tenants for life, or lives; and in want of such freehold, in tenants for years, determinable on any life, or lives, paying scot and lot."* The number of voters is between forty and fifty.

Corfe Castle "stands a little north of the town, opposite to the church, on a very steep rocky hill, mingled with hard rubble chalk stone, in the opening of those ranges of hills that inclose the east part of the Isle. Its situation between the ends of those hills deprives it much of its natural and artificial strength, being so commanded by them, that they overlook the tops of the highest towers; yet its structure is so strong, the ascent of the hill on all sides but the south so steep, and the walls so massy and thick, that it must have been one of the most impregnable fortresses in the kingdom before the invention of artillery. It was of great importance in respect to its command over the whole Isle: whence our Saxon ancestors justly styled it Corf Gate, as being the pass and avenue into the best part of the Isle."

The Castle is separated from the town by a strong bridge of four very high, narrow, semi-circular arches, crossing a moat of considerable depth, but now dry. This bridge leads to the gate of the first ward, which remains pretty entire, probably from the thickness of the walls, which, from the outward to the inner facing, is full nine yards. The ruins of the entrance to the second ward, and of the tower near it, are very re-

* Hutchins's Dorset, vol. i. p. 279, 2nd edit.

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markable. "The latter (which once adjoined to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch at the time of the demolition of the Castle, and is moved down the precipice, preserving its perpendicularity, and projecting almost five feet below the corresponding part. Another of the towers on the same side is, on the contrary, inclined so much, that a spectator will tremble when passing under it. The singular position of these towers seems to have been occasioned through the foundations being undermined (for blowing them up) in an incomplete manner. On the higher part of the hill stands the keep, or citadel, which is at some distance from the centre of the fortress, and commands a view of boundless extent, to the north and west. It has not hitherto suffered much diminution from its original height; the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement. The upper windows have Saxon arches, but are apparently of a later date than any other part of the building west of the keep, the stones of which being placed *herring-bone fashion* prove it to be of the earliest style. The Chapel is of a very late date, as appears from its obtuse Gothic arches; and I have really an idea that almost all the changes of architecture, from the reign of Edgar to that of Henry the Seventh, may be traced in this extensive and stupendous ruin.

"We could not view without horror the dungeons which remain in some of the towers: they recalled to our memory the truly diabolical cruelty of King John, by whose order twenty-two prisoners, confined in them were starved to death. Matthew of Paris, the historian, says, that many of those unfortunate men were among the first of the Poitevin nobility. Another instance of John's barbarous disposition was his treatment of Peter of Pontefract, a poor hermit, who was imprisoned in Corfe Castle for prophesying the deposition of that prince. Though the prophecy was in some measure fulfilled by the surrender which John made of his crown to the Pope's Legate, the year following, yet the imprudent prophet was sentenced to be dragged through the streets of Wareham, tied to horses' tails."*

The exact period when this fortress was erected is unknown; though some circumstances render it probable that it was built by King Edgar. That it did not exist previously to the year 887, or 888, the time when the Nunnery at Shaftesbury was founded, is certain, from an inquisition taken in the fifty-fourth of Henry the Third; wherein the jurors returned, "that the Abbess and Nuns at Shaston (Shaftesbury) had without molestation, *before the foundation of the Castle at Corfe*, all wrecks within their manor of Kingston, in the Isle of Purbeck." Mr. Aubrey, in his *Monumenta Britannica*, observes, he was informed, that mention was made of Corfe Castle in the reign of King Alfred; yet it seems very improbable that this should be the fact; for if it had actually existed in the time of that monarch, it would surely have been more publicly known. The short reigns that succeeded would not allow time for so extensive an undertaking; but Edgar enjoyed more peace than almost any of his predecessors, was superior in wealth and power, and a great builder; he having founded, or repaired, no fewer than forty-seven monasteries." To him, then, the origin of this castle may with the greatest probability be ascribed, as his second wife, Elfrida, resided here at the commencement of her widowhood. During this residence was committed the foul murder on King Edward, Edgar's son and successor, of which William of Malmesbury relates the ensuing particulars.

"King Edward being hunting in a forest neare the sea, upon the southeast coast of the countie of Dorset, and in the Isle of Purbecke, came neare unto a fair and stronge castell, seated on a little river called Corfe, wherein his mother-in-law, Elfrida, with her sonne Ethelred, then lived: the King, ever beareing a kinde affection to them, beeing soe neare, would needs make knowne soe much by his personall visitation; which haveing resolved, and beeing either of purpose or by chance, singled from his followers, hee rode to the Castell gate. The Queene, who long had looked for an opportunitie, that, by makeing him awaye, shee might make waye for her own sonne to the Crowne, was glad the occasion nowe offered itselfe; and therefore, with a modest and humble behaviour, she bade him welcome, desireing to enjoye his presence that night. But hee, haveing performed what hee purposed, and doubting his companie might find him misseing, tolde her, that he now intended on horseback to drink to her and his brother in a cuppe of wine, and soe leave her; which beeing presented unto him, the cuppe was no sooner at his mouth, but a knife was at his back, which a servant, appointed by this treacherous woman, stroke into him. The

* Maton's Observations, vol. i. p. 12.

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Kinge, finding himselfe hurt, sett spurs to his horse, thinking to recover his companie; but the wounde beeing deepe, and fainting through the losse of much blood, he felle from his horse, which dragged him by one foot hanging in the stirrop, untill he was left dead at Corfe gate, Anno Dom. 979."

Thus far Malmesbury: Hutchins, in his History of Dorset, relates the circumstances of this event in the following words:—

"The first mention of this Castle in our histories, is A. D. 978, as the Saxon Annals (though some of our historians say 979 and 981), upon occasion of the barbarous murder of Edward, King of the West Saxons, son of King Edgar, committed here by his mother-in-law, Elfrith, or Elfrida; 15 cal. April, in the middle of lent: The foulest deed, says the Saxon annalist, ever committed by the Saxons since they landed in Britain."

In the reign of King Stephen, the Castle was seized by Baldwin de Rivers, Earl of Devon; and though the King afterwards endeavoured to dispossess him, his efforts were ineffectual. King John appears to have made it for some time his place of residence, as several writs, issued by him in the fifteenth and sixteenth of his reign, are dated at Corfe. On the coronation of Henry the Third, Peter de Mauley, the governor of the Castle, was summoned to attend the ceremony, and to bring with him the regalia, "then in his custody in this Castle wherewith he had been entrusted by John." The following year he delivered up the Castle to the King, with all the military engines, ammunition, and jewels, committed to his charge.—Edward the Second was removed hither from Kenelworth Castle, when a prisoner, by order of the Queen, and her favourite Mortimer. Henry the Seventh repaired the Castle for the residence of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, the parliament having granted 2,000*l.* for that purpose; yet it does not appear that it was ever inhabited by this princess. It was again repaired by Sir Christopher Hatton, and most probably by Sir John Bankes, whose lady became illustrious from the gallant manner in which she defended it from the attacks of the parliament's forces, in the time of Charles the First.

In the year 1645 and 1646, the Castle was again besieged, or rather blockaded, by the parliament's forces, who obtained possession through the treachery of Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, an officer of the garrison. When it was delivered up, the parliament ordered it to be demolished; and the walls and towers were undermined, and thrown down, or blown up with gunpowder. "Thus this ancient and magnificent fabric was reduced to a heap of ruins, and remains a lasting monument of the dreadful effects of anarchy, and the rage of civil war. The ruins are large, and allowed to be the noblest and grandest in the kingdom, considering the extent of the ground on which they stand. The vast fragments of the King's Tower, the round towers leaning as if ready to fall, the broken walls, and vast pieces of them tumbled down into the vale below, form such a scene of havoc and desolation, as strikes every curious spectator with horror and concern."*

The tragical murder of Edward by Elfrida, at Corfe Castle, and its memorable defence by Lady Bankes, form two very interesting narratives in Hutchins's Dorset. Their details would occupy too much of our present sheet, although they are worth reprinting for the gratification of the general reader.

Corfe Castle, as we have already intimated, is proposed to be disfranchised by the Great Reform Bill now before Parliament.

A year or two hence, probably, the political consequence of the place will be humbled as the Castle itself!

ANCIENT PARLIAMENTS.

(*To the Editor.*)

In the *Literary Magazine* for 1792 I find the following list of places, which *formerly* sent members to parliament:—

Dunstable	Odiham	Lanxport
Newberry	Overton	Montacute
Ely	Bromyard	Stoke Curcy
Wisbeach	Ledbury	Watchet
Polurun	Ross	Were
Egremont	Berkhemstead	Farnham
Bradnesham	Stoteford	Kingston upon Thames
Crediton	Greenwich	
Exmouth	Tunbridge	Bradford
Tremington	Manchester	Mere
Liddeford	Melton Mowbray	Highworth
Modbury		Bromsgrove
Southmolton	Spalding	Dudley
Teignmouth	Waynfleet	Kidderminster
Torrington	Bamberg	Pershore
Blandford	Corbrigg	Doncaster
Winborn	Burford,	Jervale
Sherborn	Chipping Norton	Pickering
Milton		Ravenser
Cheimsford	Doddington	Tykhull
Bere Regis	Whitney	Hallifax
Alresford	Oxbridge	Whitby
Alton	Chard	and
Basingstoke	Dunster	Leeds
Fareham	Glastonbury	

The three last named places were summoned during the Commonwealth—also

* Hutchins's Dorset, vol. i. p. 286, 2nd edit.

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Manchester;—when discontinued, not known. Greenwich was summoned 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary; discontinued 6th of Philip and Mary. The other places were principally summoned and discontinued during the reigns of Edward the First, Second, and Third. Calais, in France, was summoned the 27th of Henry the Eighth; discontinued 3rd of Philip and Mary.

In the reign of Edward the Third, an act of Parliament, made in the reign of William the Conqueror, was pleaded in the case of the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, and judicially allowed by the court. Hence it appears (says a writer on this subject) that parliaments, or general councils, are coeval with the kingdom itself.

The first triennial parliament was in the year 1561; the first septennial one, in the year 1716.

Henry the Eighth increased the representatives in parliament 38; Edward the Sixth, 44; Mary, 25; Elizabeth, 62; and James the First, 27.

P. T. W.

ANCIENT BOROUGH OF LYDFORD.

(For the Mirror.)

LYDFORD is a poor, decayed village, consisting of ragged cottages, situated about seven miles from the north of Tavistock, Devonshire. It was (says Britton) formerly a place of consequence; and Prince states, that this ancient town and borough was the largest parish in the county, or the kingdom, and that the whole forest of Dart belonged to it; to whose parson, or rector, all the tithes thereof are due. It is said that this town, in its best strength, was able to entertain Julius Cæsar, at his second arrival here in Britain; but, anno 997 it was grievously spoilt by the inhuman Danes. Recovering again, it had, in the days of the Conqueror, 122 burgesses. This is still the principal town of the Stannaries, wherein the court is held relating to those causes. There is an ancient castle, in which the courts are held; and offenders against the stannary laws were here confined, in a dreary and dismal dungeon, which gave rise to a proverb—"*Lydford laws punish a criminal first, and try him afterwards.*"

It appears from the Domesday Book, that Lydford and London were rated in the same manner, and at the same time.

Lydford formerly sent members to parliament, but was excused from this burden, as it was then considered, by pleading *propter paupertatem.*

P. T. W.

A WORD FOR THE READERS OF THE MIRROR.

CADWALLADER COLDEN, in his *Account of the Five Indian Nations of Canada,* says—"They think themselves by nature superior to the rest of mankind, and call themselves *Ongue-honwe*—that is, men surpassing all others. The words expressing things lately come to their knowledge are all compounds. They have no labials in their language, nor can they pronounce perfectly any word wherein there is a labial; and when one endeavours to teach them to pronounce these words, they tell one they think it ridiculous that they must *shut their lips to speak.* Their language abounds with gutturals and strong aspirations: these make it very sonorous and bold; and their speeches abound with metaphors after the manner of the eastern nations. Sometimes one word among them includes an entire definition of the thing: for example—they call wine *Oneharadesehoengtseragherie,* as to say, a liquor made of the juice of the grape."

N.B. It is hoped the above *guttural* word will not stick in the *throat* of the reader.

P. T. W.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh fly with me my lady love, my island home is free,
And its flowers will bloom more sweetly still, when gazed upon by thee;
Come, lady, come, the stars are bright—in all their radiant power,
As if they gave their fairy light to guide thee to my bower.

Oh fly with me, my little bark is waiting 'neath the steep,
And the midnight breeze is fresh to waft thee o'er the stilly deep;
Though tempests blow they should not raise thy fears, nor scathe thy form,
For love would hover o'er thee still, a halo in the storm.

I've found for thee, my lady love, the freshest flowing springs,
Whose cooling waters ever burst in crystal sparklings;
It is for thee my shaft will wing the wild bird in the air,
Or strike the swift gazelle to deck our simple mountain fare.

Oh 'tis thou canst bid my spirit throb with rapture's warmest sigh,
As gushing winds will make a lute's strings sleeping melody;
When other hopes have faded like the flow'rets of the spring,
Thou'lt be to me a joyous wreath for ever blossoming.

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Then fly with me my lady love, my island home is free,
And its flowers will bloom more sweetly still, when gazed upon by thee;
Come, lady, come, the stars are bright in all their radiant power,
As if they gave their fairy light to guide thee to my bower.

WRITING INK.

(To the Editor.)

I SEE in your admirable work one of the never ending disquisitions about making writing ink. As I have used as much as most people in the threescore and ten years of my life, and my father used perhaps three times as much, and we never were nor are troubled, I suppose we manage as well as most folks—and as it is begged of me to a great amount, I infer that others like it.

I improve a little on my father's plan, by substituting a better vehicle, and the knowledge of this improvement I obtained from a lady to whom a Princess Esterhazy communicated it.

It is so convenient, that whenever I go to Leamington, Brighton, Tunbridge, or such places of temporary residence, I send to a chemist's my recipe, reduced to the quantity of half a pint; and my ink is in use as soon as it comes, improving daily.

My home quantities are these:

Three quarts of stale good beer, *not porter*.

Three quarters of a pound fresh blue Aleppo galls, beaten.

Four ounces of copperas.

Four ounces of gum Arabic in powder.

Two ounces of rock alum.

This is kept for a week in a wide-mouthed pitcher close to the fire, never ON it, frequently stirred with a stick, and slightly covered with a large cork or tile.

My small quantity is—

Half a pint of good beer.

Two ounces of galls.

Half an ounce of copperas.

Ditto of gum Arabic.

Quarter of an ounce of rock alum.

It will never mould or lose its substance or colour. The large quantity will bear half as much beer for future use. If it thickens, thin it with beer.

I adopt the Italian ladies' method of keeping the roving of a bit of silk stocking in the glass, which the pen moving, preserves the consistency of the liquid and keeps the fingers from it.

If you have seen better ink than this, I yield my pre-eminence.* BLACKY.

* Our correspondent's communication is in appearance "full, fair, and free," as all "representations" ought to be.—ED.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

O PLEDGE me not in sparkling wine,
In cups with roses bound;
O hail me at no festive shrine,
In mirth and music's sound.
Or if you pledge me, let it be
When none are by to hear,
And in the wine you drink to me,
For me let fall a tear.

Forbear to breathe in pleasure's hall,
A name you should forget;
Lest echo's faintest whisper fall
On her who loves thee yet.
Or if you name me, let it be
When none are by to hear;
And as my name is sigh'd by thee,
For me let fall a tear.

O think not when the harp shall sound
The notes we lov'd again,
And gentle voices breathe around,
I mingle in the strain.
Oh! only think you hear me when
The night breeze whispers near;
In hours of thought, and quiet, then
For me let fall a tear.

Seek me not in the mazy dance,
Nor let your fancy trace
Resemblance in a timid glance;
Or distant form and face.
But if you seek me, be it when
No other forms are near;
And while in thought we meet again,
For me let fall a tear.

L. M. N.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

BULL-BAITING IN SUFFOLK.

(For the Mirror.)

LAVENHAM Market-place was once considered as one of the most celebrated "theatres for cruel scenes" in the county of Suffolk,

"Where bulls and dogs in useless contest fought,
And sons of reason satisfaction sought
From sights would sicken Feeling's gentle heart,
Where want of courage barb'd Oppression's dart."*

On every anniversary of the Popish powder-plot, it was customary here to bait bulls; and it was then pretty generally understood that no butcher could legally slaughter a bull without first baiting him; or in default of doing so, he must burn candles in his shop so long as a bit of the bull-beef remained there for sale.

Whilst a bull, with false horns, has been defending himself at the stake, or ring, in this market-place, dogs have been seen in the streets quarrelling for a part of the tongue of the living bull!

* Ribbans's "Effusions."

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and daughters of reason have joined their treble screams to the yell of triumph when the bull either tossed or worried a dog, or a dog had pinned the bull, by fastening on his nose so desperately firm as even to suffer his limbs to be broken—nay, cut off—before he would let go his hold.

A man (of course of the bull-dog breed), not many years since, engaged to attack a bull with his teeth, and so far succeeded as to deprive the animal of power to hurt him.

In Bury, too, so late as the year 1801, a mob of "Christian savages were indulging in the inhuman amusement of baiting and branding a bull. The poor animal, who had been privately baited on the same day, burst from his tethers in a state of madness. He was again entangled, and, monstrous to relate, his hoofs were cut off, and he defended himself on his mangled, bleeding stumps!"

The public exhibition of this most cowardly pastime is now prohibited; and the bull-ring was taken up, by order of Mr. Buck, out of this market-place about eight years back.

The name of the Rev. James Buck, rector of Lavenham, deserves to stand recorded as one of the most indefatigable magistrates who, uniting authority with compassion, exerted himself to the last in the cause of humanity.

The common arguments which have ever been adduced to show that we have animals bred by nature for various sports, and that the poor man has as great a right to his share of amusement as the rich man—that there are in all countries animals originally formed and carefully trained to the exercise of sports—must be admitted; but the Creator of Brutes and the Judge of Man never can behold cruelty to animals without hearing their cry; and although they are all evidently sent for the wise purpose of affording food, and of contributing to the comfort and improvement of the condition of man, they never were created to be abused, lacerated, mangled, and whilst living, cut to pieces and baited by brutes of superior race, depraved at heart and debased by custom.

If two men choose to stand up and fib each other about (saying nothing of the practice), why let them do it; or if two dogs worry each other to death for a bone, or two cocks meet and contend for the sovereignty of a dunghill. In these last two cases the appearance of cruelty is out of the question, and how much soever we may be inclined to pity, we are entirely divested of the ability to blame. Dogs naturally quarrel; and any attempt to reform and reconcile two snarling puppies, would be as inconsistent as it would be foolish to abuse the nettle for stinging our flesh, or to upbraid the poppy for its disagreeable and choking odour.

The true criterion of perfection to civilization is in proportion to the kind feeling entertained, and the humanity practised, towards those animals (in particular) which are subject to the immediate control of man.

Lavenham. F. RIBBANS.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE JEWS BEFORE THEIR DISPERSION.

In our second reading of *Levi and Sarah, or the Jewish Lovers*, we have been struck with the following narrative of the pristine celebrity of this favoured people:—

The most ancient of all the written histories of the human race, of their deeds and condition, is undoubtedly that of the people of Israel: a people to whom God himself was both leader and lawgiver—for whom the sea was divided, and the stony rocks poured forth fountains of water—whose food descended on them from heaven—for whom angels from above fought—and whom all nature cheerfully obeyed,—in short a people, who, through a course of many centuries, though surrounded with numerous Heathen nations, bore constant testimony to the existence of one God alone. It is not wonderful that such a people should think themselves exalted far above all others. Moses, the first of all instructors and legislators, desired to raise his people above the fate which had ruined other nations, by communicating to them firmness and perseverance in their adherence to such institutions, as should keep them a distinct nation from all others. These institutions were peculiarly appropriate to the time, to the situation, and the circumstances of the people for whom they were prescribed. It was not his design that the Children of Israel, when freed from their misery, after wandering forty years in the wilderness, should mix themselves up with the Heathens, and adopt their morals and principles. He desired that they should continue a distinct and holy people, that strangers should be extirpated, and their country be possessed by Jews alone. Their bounds were marked out

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by God himself, and extended from Lebanon and the Euphrates to the sea; and he commanded them to keep his commandments in the land which he had bestowed upon them, so that he alone should be their Lord. Hereupon, as I have before observed, Moses delivered such laws as were adapted to their situation. But these wanderers of the desert adhered not to the law delivered to them. We find even during the life of Moses much obstinacy, and an unbridled inclination to Heathenism was manifested, by their making objects of idolatrous worship. After the death of Moses, the seventy-two interpreters collected his doctrines; but they added to them some, withdrew others, and confused several, by which the pure Mosaic opinions must have been obscured. And we read accordingly, in the tenth chapter of Judges, "that the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord." They served Baal and Ashtaroth, the deities of the Syrians and Moabites, and even the gods of the Philistines, whom God had commanded they should not serve.* Their hearts became hardened in their apostacy. The siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnazar, and the captivity in Babylon, had the most corrupting influence on the purity of the Mosaic doctrines, and on the laws. The original writings discovered by Hilkiah, were retrenched, added to, and the order of the events displaced. From the long residence amongst, and a great intercourse with strange people, all the frightful prejudices, all the fanciful dreams of our rabbins, were introduced into the sacred books. We learn from the second book of Chronicles, chap. xxxvi. verse 17, "that the king slew the young men with the sword in the house of the sanctuary, and had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man or him that stooped for age. And all the vessels of gold, and the treasures of the house of the Lord, and of the king and all the princes, these he brought all to Babylon; and they burnt the house of God, and brake down the walls of Jerusalem, and burnt all the palaces thereof with fire."

During the seventy years that this captivity lasted, only a few old men survived who had retained any recollection of the laws of Moses. Esdras collected, as far as was possible, the doctrines of Moses; but they were mingled with too many principles which were foreign to them, and some of them may be traced to Zoroaster. The existence of the three sects of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and Essenes, each of which give a different interpretation of the word of God, abundantly prove this. Hillel and Schamai, a little before the time of Vespasian, had a school. The Rabbi Jonathan Sillai, a pupil of Hillel, exalts his master by saying, "If every tree were a pen, and the whole ocean ink, I should not be able to describe the wisdom I have received from Hillel." What extravagant expressions! How well do they paint the fanaticism of sectarianism! It was not, however, long, before this blind zeal drew down on the people a punishment from Heaven, by the destruction of Jerusalem under the Roman chief, Titus. Read the work of Flavius Josephus, and you will behold the noble firmness and perseverance of the Israelites on one side, and on the other the melancholy truth, that raving enthusiasm and blind obstinacy precipitated the ruin of the most flourishing people in the world. The last siege and capture of Jerusalem will ever be memorable in the history of mankind. How violent was the exasperation between the two sects of the believers! What firmness and obstinacy in each party, who preferred death and the destruction of the whole nation to yielding up the smallest particle of their different opinions! At that time, there fell, by famine and the sword, more than a million of the Jews. One part of the people were left as food for the wild beasts of the field, whilst some were kept alive to grace the triumph of the victor; but that which above all moved the grief of the Israelites, was the destruction of that temple which had been erected by their own monarchs at so great an expense. Its glory has been described by the author already named; I find the description among my papers, and send it to you. You will weep as a true Israelite, and compare our former greatness with the degraded state to which the blindness and errors of our Elders have reduced us.

Under Hadrian, the Jews were once more excited to a contest.† Bar Co-

* The greater part of the kings, both of Israel and of Judah, served strange gods. Under Josiah, as he cleared out the Temple, the book of the laws of Moses was found by Hilkiah the priest, and was delivered to the king, who was much struck with the threatenings it contained.

† About fifty years after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the great body of the Jews held the opinion that the time for the appearance of their Messias had arrived, there arose this man, who announced himself in that character, and called himself Bar Cochef, or the "Son of a Star." He was acknowledged by numbers of his people, who became his followers, declared him their king, and made war upon the Romans, many of whom were destroyed, both in Greece and in Africa. His power continued betwixt

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chef announced himself as the Messias, but in the sequel 580,000 of our nation were destroyed, and the name of Jerusalem was changed for that of Elia. The emperor Julian, usually called the Apostate, in his ambition for future fame, ordered the Temple of Solomon to be rebuilt. But the fathers of the Christian Church, as well as the contemporary author Ammianus Marcellinus, assert that a fire, which burst forth from the ground, suspended the operation at its commencement.

ANATOMY OF SOCIETY.

By J. A. St. John, Esq.

THE title of this work leads the reader to expect a regular and connected series of illustrations of the constitution or frame-work of society, in which its scheme might be traced through the various ramifications. On the contrary, we have two volumes of essays of no consecutive interest, but well written, and in some cases abounding with turns of scholarly elegance. They seldom flag, or grow vapid, notwithstanding they are on subjects of common life and experience, upon which moralists have rung the changes of words for centuries past. Occasionally, however, there are some new positions and little conceits which have more of prettiness than truth to recommend them. To call Cowper's line

God made the country, but man made the town!

"a piece of impious jargon" is no proof of Mr. St. John's acumen or fair comprehension of the poet's meaning, but accords with his unproved assertion "The mark of man's hand is as visible in the country as in the town to all those who make use of their eyes." Yet this sentiment is a fair specimen of the stern stuff of which Mr. St. John's creeds and opinions are made up.* Nevertheless, the volumes are entertaining, and in proof we have carved out a few laconic extracts:

Love of Pleasure.—The cause why men visit each other and converse, abstracting all considerations of business, seems to be simply the love of pleasure. This is the passion truly universal; this is the pivot upon which the world intellectual, as well as the world of sense, turns. Philosophers and saints feel it in their speculations and devotions, and yield to it too, in their way, as completely as the Sybaritish gourmand, whose stomach is his Baal and Ashtaroth. Nor is this at all surprising, in reality, for the gratification of this passion is *happiness*—a gem for which all the world search, and but few find.

Conversation.—The persons who shine most in conversation are, perhaps, those who attack established opinions and usages; for there is a kind of splendid Quixotism in standing up, even in the advocating of absurdity, against the whole world.

Love.—Do we imagine, when we open some new treatise on Love, that the author has discovered a fresh vein, and mined more deeply than all former adventurers? Not at all: we know very well that the little god has already usurped all beautiful epithets, all soft expressions, all bewitching sounds; and the utmost we expect from the skill of the writer is, that he has thrown all these together, so as to produce a new picture. Love is immortal, and does not grow wrinkled because we and our expressions fade. His heart is still as joyous and his foot as light as when he trod the green knolls of Paradise with Eve. He will be young when he sits upon the grave of the thousandth generation of our posterity, listening to the beating of his own heart, or sporting with his butterfly consort, as childishly as if he were no older than the daisy under his foot. His empire is a theme of which the tongue never grows weary, or utters all that seems to come quivering and gasping to the lips for utterance. We think, more than we ever spoke, of love; and if we have a curiosity when we first touch some erotic volume, it is to see whether the author has embodied our unutterable feelings, or divulged what we have never dared.

Wit in Season.—The jest of an ex-minister is as flavourless as a mummy; as unintelligible as its hieroglyphical epitaph. Three days after his fall, his wit, under the sponge of oblivion, has grown as much a mystery as the name of him who built the pyramid, or the taste of Lot's wife.

Read my book.—When Hobbes was at any time at a loss for arguments to defend his unsocial principles, *viva voce*, he always used to say—"I have published my opinions; consult my works;

three and four years, when the very people who had supported him proclaimed him an impostor, and gave him the name Bar Cosiba, or the "Son of a Lie."

* One of Mr. St. John's lines in the Essay on the Influence of Great Cities (the worst in the volume,) is "The very name of London sounds sweetly to me." This is not a whit better than the man who thought "no garden like Covent Garden, and no flower like a cauliflower." Captain Morris's "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," compared to these sentiments, is a piece of delicious refinement.

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and, if I am wrong, confute me publicly." To most persons this mode of confutation was by far too operose; but they might have confoundedly puzzled the philosopher in verbal disputation.

In "Vino Veritas."—Horace speaks with commendation of kings—

——who never chose a friend
Till with full bowls they had unmasked his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

But much dependence cannot be placed upon what is wrung out of a man under the influence of wine, which does not so much unveil as it disarranges our ideas; and, therefore, whoever contemplates the character from the combination of ideas produced by intoxication, views man in a false light. Violent anger has nearly the same effect as wine.

Cupid—was painted blind by the ancients, to signify that the affections prevent the sight, not so much from perceiving outward as inward defects.

Character.—Whoever would study the characters of those with whom he lives or converses, must keep up the appearance of a kind of recklessness and frivolity, for the mind closes itself up like the hedgehog, at the least sensible touch of observation, and will not be afterwards drawn out. Men have been known in the middle of a discovery of their character, to be stopped short by a look, which brought them to themselves, and traced before them in an instant the danger of their position and the methods of escape. A keen observer, indeed, may always adjust the temperature of his discourse by the faces of his auditors, which are saddened or brightened, like the face of the sea in April, as more or less of the sunshine of rhetoric breaks forth upon them.

Greatness.—What renders it difficult for ordinary minds to discover a great man before he has, like a tree, put forth his blossoms, is the manner, various and dissimilar, in which such persons evolve their powers. For as in nature the finest days are sometimes in the morning overclouded and dark, so the developement of genius follows no rule, but is hastened or retarded by position and circumstance. But to a keen eye there always appear, even in the first obscurity of extraordinary men, certain internal commotions and throes, denoting some *magna vis animi* at work within.

Physiognomy.—When Atticus advised Cicero to keep strict watch over his face, in his first interview with Cæsar after the civil wars, he could not mean that he might thereby conceal his *character* from Cæsar, who knew well enough what that was; but he meant, that by such precaution he might conceal from the tyrant his actual hatred and disgust for his person. Yet for the character and secret nature of a man, *fronti nulli fides.*

Writing.—It was Addison, we believe, who observed of the schoolmen, that they had not genius enough to write a small book, and therefore took refuge in folios of the largest magnitude. We are getting as fast as possible into the predicament of the schoolmen. No one knows when he has written enough; but, like a player at chess, still goes on with the self-same ideas, merely altering their position. This must arise from early habits and prejudices, from having been taught to regard with veneration vast collections of common-places, under the titles of this or that man's *works.* Tacitus may be carried about in one's pocket, while it will very shortly require a wagon to remove Sir Walter Scott's labours from place to place. Voltaire's *facility* was his greatest fault; better he had elaborated his periods, like Rousseau; who, notwithstanding, wrote too much. The latter, however, of all modern writers, best knew the value of his own mind. His prime of life was passed in vicissitude and study. He did not set himself about writing books for mankind, until he knew what they possessed and what they wanted. It was his opinion that a writer who would do any good should stand upon the pinnacle of his age, and from thence look into the future.

The Naturalist.

BIRDS CHANGING COLOUR.

In a letter to the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir—Observing in the *Literary Gazette* of last week, a notice of Mr. Young's account of the change of colour in the plumage of birds from fear, I have been induced to mention some circumstances which, among others, fell under my own observation, and from which I am led to conclude that such changes among the volatile tribes are not so rare as may be imagined, and are often produced by disease, as well as by other mental passions besides terror.

Without referring to the celebrated *Jacobite* goldfinch of Miss Cicy Scott, which the good old maiden of Carubber's Close affirmed became of a deep suble

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hue on the day of Charles's martyrdom—though doubtless the natural philosopher would have discovered in this some more efficient cause than respect for the royal sufferer!—I myself recollect a partial change in the colour of a fine green parrot, belonging to Mr. Rutherford, of Ladfield. Like Miss Scott, the laird of Ladfield was a stanch adherent of the house of Stuart, and to his dying day cherished the hope of beholding their restoration to the throne of Britain.

In the meantime, Mr. Rutherford amused his declining years by teaching Charley to whistle "The king shall hae his ain again," and to gibber "Send the old rogue to Hanover;" for which he was always rewarded by a sugar-plum or a dole of wassail (Scotch short-bread). Those epicurean indulgences at length induced a state of obesity; and so depraved became the appetite of the bird, that, rejecting his natural food, he used to pluck out the feathers from those parts of the back within his reach, and bruise them with his bill, to obtain the oily substance contained in the quills.

The feathers which grew on the denuded parts were whitish, and never resumed their natural hue. I often saw Charley long after the death of his master, and he looked as if Nature, in one of her sportive moods, had created him half parrot, half gosling—so strangely did his whitish back and tail contrast with his scarlet poll and brilliant green neck.

A still more remarkable change of colour in a lark, belonging to Dr. Thos. Scott, of Fanash, occurred under my own eye, and which, I have no doubt, was produced by grief at being separated from a mavis. Their cages had long hung side by side in the parlour, and often had they striven to out-rival each other in the loudness of their song, till their minstrelsy became so stunning, that it was found necessary to remove the laverock to a drawing-room above stairs.

The poor bird gradually pined, moped, and ceased its song; its eyes grew dim, and its plumage assumed a dullish tint, which, in less than a fortnight, changed to a deep black.

The worthy physician watched with the eye of a naturalist this phenomenon; but, after awhile, fearing for the life of his favourite, he ordered it to be replaced alongside its companion.

In a short time it resumed its spirits and its song—recommenced its rivalry with the mavis; but, after every moulting, the new feathers were always of the same coal-black colour.

The mavis evinced no corresponding feeling of attachment—neither, so far as I recollect, missing its companion, nor rejoicing at its restoration. A. C. HALL.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BATTLE OF THE CATS.

(From the "Noctes" of Blackwood.)

Tickler.—A Battle of Cats.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the slates!"

Miss Tabitha having made an assignation with Tom Tortoiseshell, the feline phenomenon, they two sit curmurring, forgetful of mice and milk, of all but love! How meekly mews the Demure, relapsing into that sweet under-song—the Purr! And how curls Tom's whiskers like those of a Pashaw! The point of his tail—and the point only is alive—insidiously turning itself, with serpent-like seduction, towards that of Tabitha, pensive as a nun. His eyes are rubies, hers emeralds—as they should be—his lightning, hers lustre—for in her sight he is the lord, and in his, she is the lady of creation.

North.—

"O happy love! when love like this is found:—
O heartfelt raptures! blessed beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If earth a draught of heavenly pleasure share,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others arms breathe out the tender tale"—

Shepherd.—The last line wunna answer—

"Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale"

Tickler.—Woman or cat,—she who hesitates, is lost. But Diana, shining in heaven, the goddess of the Silver Bow, sees the peril of poor Pussy, and interposes her celestial aid to save the vestal. An enormous grimalkin, almost a wild cat, comes rattling along the roof, down from the chimney-top, and Tom Tortoiseshell, leaping from love to war, tackles to the Red Rover in single combat. Sniff—snuff—splutter—squeak—squall—caterwaul—and throttle!

North.—Where are the following lines?

"From the soft music of the spinning purr,
When no stiff hair disturbs the glossy fur,
The whining wail so piteous and so faint,
When through the house Puss moves with long complaint,
To that unearthly throttling caterwaul,
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,
And chant, with short snuff and alternate hiss,
The dismal song of hymeneal bliss"——

Shepherd.—Wheesht, North, wheesht.

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Tickler.—Over the eaves sweeps the hairy hurricane. Two cats in one—like a prodigious monster with eight legs and a brace of heads and tails—and through among the lines on which clothes are hanging in the back-green, and which break the fall, the dual number plays squelch on the miry herbage.

Shepherd.—A pictur o' a back-green in fowre words. I see it and them.

Tickler.—The four-story fall has given them fresh fury and more fiery life. What tails!—each as thick as my arm, and rustling with electricity like the northern streamers. The Red Rover is generally uppermost—but not always, for Tom has him by the jugular like a very bulldog—and his small, sharp, tiger-teeth, entangled in the fur, pierce deeper and deeper into the flesh—while Tommy keeps tearing away at his rival, as if he would eat his way into his wind-pipe. Heavier than Tom Tortoiseshell is the Red Rover by a good many pounds;—but what is weight to elasticity—what is body to soul? In the long tussle, the hero ever vanquishes the ruffian—as the Cock of the North the Gander.

North (*bowing*).—Proceed.

Tickler—Cats' heads are seen peering over the tops of walls, and then their lengthening bodies, running crouchingly along the copestones, with pricked-up ears and glaring eyes, all attracted towards one common centre—the back-green of the inextinguishable battle. Some dropping, and some leaping down, from all altitudes—lo! a general *melée!* For Tabitha, having through a skylight forced her way down stairs, and out of the kitchen-window into the back-area, is sitting pensively on the steps,

"And like another Helen fires another Troy."

Detachments come wheeling into the field of battle from all imaginable and unimaginable quarters;—and you now see before you all the cats in Edinburgh, Stockbridge, and the suburbs—about as many, I should suppose, as the proposed constituents of our next city member.

Shepherd.—The Town-Council are naething to them in nummers. The back-green's absolutely composed o' cats.

Tickler.—Up fly a thousand windows from ground-flat to attic, and what an exhibition of night-caps! Here elderly gentlemen, apparently in their shirts, with head night-gear from Kilmarnock, worthy of Tappitoury's self,—behind them their wives—grandmothers at the least—poking their white faces, like those of sheeted corpses, over the shoulders of the fathers of their numerous progeny—there chariest maids, prodigal enough to unveil their beauties to the moon, yet, in their alarm, folding the frills of their chemises across their bosoms—and lo! yonder the Captain of the Six Feet Club, with his gigantic shadow frightening that pretty damsel back to her couch, and till morning haunting her troubled dreams. "Fire! Fire!" "Murder! Murder!" is the cry—and there is wrath and wonderment at the absence of the police-officers and engines. A most multitudinous murder is in process of perpetration there—but as yet fire is there none; when lo! and hark! the flash and peal of musketry—and then the music of the singing slugs slaughtering the Catti, while bouncing up into the air, with Tommy Tortoise clinging to his carcass, the Red Rover yowls wolfishly to the moon, and then descending like lead into the stone area, gives up his nine-ghosts, never to chew cheese more, and dead as a herring. In mid-air the Phenomenon had let go his hold, and seeing it in vain to oppose the yeomanry, pursues Tabitha, the innocent cause of all this woe, into the coal-cellar, and there, like Paris and Helen,

"When first entranced, in Cranae's Isle they lay,
'Lip press'd to lip, and breathed their souls away,"

entitled but not tempted to look at a king, the peerless pair begin to purr and play in that subterranean paradise, forgetful of the pile of cat-corpses that in that catastrophe was heaped half-way up the currant-bushes on the walls, so indiscriminate had been the Strages. All undreamed of by them the beauty of the rounded moon, now hanging over the city, once more steeped in stillness and in sleep!

FROM THE SPANISH.

"That much a widowed wife will moan,
When her old husband's dead and gone,
I may conceive it;
But that she won't be brisk and gay,
If another offer the next day:
I won't believe it.

"That Cloris will repeat to me,
Of all men, I adore but thee,
I may conceive it;
But that she has not often sent
To fifty more the compliment,
I won't believe it.

"That Celia will accept the choice
Elected by her parents' voice,
I may conceive it;
But that, as soon as all is over,
She won't elect a younger lover,
I won't believe it.

"That when she sees her marriage gown,
Inez will modestly look down,
I may conceive it;

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But that she does not from that hour,
Resolve to amplify her power,
I won't believe it.

"That a kind husband to his wife,
Permits each pleasure of this life,
I may conceive it:
But that the man so blind should be
As not to see what all else see,
I won't believe it.

"That in a mirror young coquets
Should study all their traps and nets,
I may conceive it;
But that the mirror, above all,
Should be the object principal,
I won't believe it."

Fraser's Magazine.

THE SLAVE SHIP, A GALLEY YARN.

Come all you gallant sailors bold, that to the seas belong,
Oh listen unto me, my boys, while I recount my song;
'Tis concerning of an action that was fought the other day,
By the saucy little Primrose, on the coast of Africa.

One evening, while we the deep with gentle breezes plough,
A sail is seen from our mast-head, hard on the weather bow;
The gloom of night now coming on, of her we soon lose sight,
But down she bears, about five bells, as if prepared for fight.

Yet here she overreach'd herself, and prov'd she was mistaken,
Thinking by passing in the dark, that she could save her bacon;
For British tars don't lose a prize, by fault in looking out,
So we brought her to, with much ado, at eleven o'clock about.

All hands were call'd to quarters, our guns were clear'd away,
And every man within the ship, was anxious for the fray:
Our first lieutenant went on board, her hold to overhaul,
And found them training of their guns, to the boatswain's pipe and call.

To get near the main hatchway, our officer contrives,
But some ruffian-looking rascals surrounded him with knives;
For well they knew we peace must keep, unless that we could tell
That slaves were actually on board, detecting them by smell.

Striving this object to attain, he firm resistance met,
So then return'd on board in haste, fresh orders for to get;
Says he, "It is a spanking ship, I'm sure that she has slaves,
And bears from sacred house and home, the wretches o'er the waves."

"Oh! very well!" our captain cries, "for her we will lie by,
And on the morrow's coming dawn, a palaver we will try;
For should we now attempt to make a pell-mell night attack,
I fear our fight would heavy fall upon the harmless black."

So early the next morning, we gently edged away,
Our captain hail'd the stranger ship, and unto her did say—
"If you don't send your boat on board, and act as I desire,
Although you bear the flag of Spain, into your hull I'll fire."

The Slaver swore that all our threats should not his courage scare,
And that th' assault of such a sloop was quite beneath his care:
Our captain calls, "Stand by, my lads! and when I give the word,
We slap off two smart broadsides, and run her right on board."

The signal then was given, a rattler we let fly,
And many a gloomy Spaniard upon her decks did die:
"Now fire again! my British boys, repeat the precious dose,
For round and grape, when plied so well, they cannot long oppose"

Now peals the roar of battle strife, now British hearts expand,
And now the anxious sailor pants to combat hand to hand;
With grapnels and with hawsers, we lash'd her to our beam,
Although the muzz'es of our guns did o'er our bulwarks gleam.

"Away, my men!" the captain cries, "'tis just the time to board,"
Upon her decks we jump'd amain, with tomahawk and sword;
The conflict now was sharp and fierce, for clemency had fled,
And streams of gore mark'd every blow—the dying and the dead.

Our captain heads the daring band, to make the Velos strike,
But soon received a dangerous thrust, from a well-hove boarding pike.
We thought 'twas all "clue up" with him, although he cheered us on,
And we determined, every man, the Slaver should be won.

We beat them on the main deck, till they could no longer stand,
When our leader sings out "Quarter!" some mercy to command;
But now the sherry which we made, with panic fill'd the horde,
For some dived down the hatchways, and some leap'd overboard.

Close to their scudding heels our lads did their attentions pay,
Cutlass in hand, to hold their own—to capture more than slay;
Through slippery gore we fought our way, the quarter-deck to gain,
And in loud cheers her mizen peak soon lost the flag of Spain.

Our prize we found was frigate-built, from Whydah she sail'd out,
With near six hundred slaves on board, and eight score seamen stout;
Equipp'd with stores of every sort, the missile war to wage,
And twenty long guns through her ports seem'd frowning to engage.

Of those that were made prisoners, they all were put abaft,
And we with well-arm'd sentinels paraded fore and aft:
We pick'd up all the slaughter'd men, and hove them in the deep,
Where, full in number fifty, they take their final sleep.

And twenty more disabled Dons, with eyelet holes and scars,
Were treated by our surgeon the same as our own tars;
For when they struck no time was lost, to the Primrose they were sent,
And arms and legs, and broken heads, strict ordeal underwent

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Our chief was badly wounded, likewise the master too,
One midshipman, the boatswain, and nine of our ship's crew;
Besides three seamen killed outright, who thus resign'd their breath,
And in the hour of victory gained a patriotic death.

So now my story to conclude, although beyond my might,—
I write these lines to let you know, how loyal tars can fight;
So toast the health of those brave lads that bore the palm away,
And beat the Spanish ship Velos on the coast of Africa. *United Service Journal.*

Spirit of Discovery.

VENTRILOQUISM.

THE art of the ventriloquist is well known: it consists in making his auditors believe that words and sounds proceed from certain persons and certain objects in his vicinity, while they are uttered by himself; and it is founded on that property of sound in virtue of which the human ear is unable to judge with any accuracy of the direction in which sounds reach it. This incapacity of the ear is the fertile source of many of those false judgments which impress a supernatural character upon sounds that have a fixed locality and a physical origin.—We know of a case, where a sort of hollow musical sound, originating within three or four feet of the ears of two persons in bed, baffled for months every attempt to ascertain its cause. Sometimes it seemed to issue from the roof, sometimes from a neighbouring apartment, but never from the spot from which it really came. Its supposed localities were carefully examined, but no cause for its production could be ascertained. Though it was always heard by both persons together, it was never heard when A. alone was in the apartment, and the time of its occurrence depended on the presence of B. This connected it with his destiny, and the imagination was not slow in turning the discovery to its own purposes. An event, however, which might never have occurred in the life-time of either party, revealed the real cause of the sound, the locality of which was never afterwards mistaken.

In order to understand what part this indecision of the ear performs in the feats of the ventriloquist, let the reader suppose two men placed before him in the open air, at the distance of one hundred feet, and standing close together. If they speak in succession, and if he does not know their voices, or see their lips move, he will be unable to tell which of them it is that speaks. If a man and a child are now placed so near the auditor that he can distinguish, without looking at them, the direction of the sounds which they utter, that is, whether the sound comes from the right or the left hand person, let the man be supposed capable of speaking in the voice of a child. When the man speaks in the language and the accents of the child, the auditor will suppose that the child is the speaker, although his ear could distinguish, under ordinary circumstances, that the sound came from the man. The knowledge conveyed to him by his ear is, in this case, made to yield to the more forcible conviction that the language and accents of a child could come only from the child; this conviction would be still further increased if the child should use gestures, or accommodate his features to the childish accents uttered by the man. If the man were to speak in his own character and his own voice, while the child exhibited the gestures and assumed the features which correspond with the words uttered, the auditor might be a little puzzled; but we are persuaded that the exhibition made to the eye would overpower his other sources of knowledge, and that he would believe the accents of the man to be uttered by the child: we suppose, of course, that the auditor is not allowed to observe the *features* of the person who speaks.

In this case the man has performed the part of a ventriloquist, in so far as he imitated accurately the accents of the child; but the auditor could not long be deceived by such a performance. If the man either hid his face or turned his back upon the auditor when he was executing his imitation, a suspicion would immediately arise, the auditor would attend more diligently to the circumstances of the exhibition, and would speedily detect the imposition. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the ventriloquist shall possess another art, namely, that of speaking without moving his lips or the muscles of his face: how this is effected, and how the art is acquired, we do not certainly know; but we believe that it is accomplished by the muscles of the throat, assisted by the action of the tongue upon the palate, the teeth, and the inside of the lips—all of them being movements which are perfectly compatible with the immutability of the lips themselves, and the absolute expression of silence in the countenance. The sounds thus uttered are necessarily of a different character from those which are produced by the organs of speech when unimpeded, and this

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very circumstance gives double force to the deception, especially when the ventriloquist artfully presents the contrast to his auditor by occasionally speaking with his natural voice. If he carries in his hand those important personages Punch and Judy, and makes their movements even tolerably responsive to the sentiment of the dialogue, the spectator will be infinitely more disposed to refer the sounds to the lantern jaws and the timber lips of the puppets than to the conjurer himself, who presents to them the picture of absolute silence and repose.

Mr. Dugald Stewart, who has written an interesting article on ventriloquism in the appendix to the third volume of the "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," has, we think, taken a very imperfect view of the subject. He not only doubts the fact, that ventriloquists possess the power of fetching a voice from within, but "he cannot conceive what aid the ventriloquist could derive in the exercise of his art from such an extraordinary power, if it were really in his possession. He expresses himself "fully satisfied, that the imagination alone of the spectators, when skilfully managed, may be rendered subservient in a considerable degree to the purposes of the ventriloquist;" and he is rather inclined to think, that "when seconded by such powers of imitation as some mimics possess, it is quite sufficient to account for all the phenomena of ventriloquism of which we have heard."

From these observations it would appear, that Mr. Stewart had never witnessed those feats of the ventriloquist where his face is distinctly presented to the audience—a case in which he must necessarily speak *from within*. But independent of this fact, it is very obvious that there are many imitations, especially those of the cries of particular animals, and of sounds of a high pitch, which cannot be performed *pleno ore*, by the ordinary modes of utterance, but which require for their production that very faculty, of which Mr. Stewart doubts the existence. Such sounds are necessarily produced by the throat, without requiring the use of the mouth and lips; and the deception actually depends on the difference between such sounds, and those which are generated by the ordinary modes of utterance.

The *art* of ventriloquism, therefore, consists in the power of imitating all kinds of sound, not only in their ordinary character, but as modified by distance, obstructions, and other causes; and also in the power of executing those imitations by muscular exertions which cannot be seen by the spectators. But these powers, to whatever degree of perfection they may be possessed, would be of no avail if it were not for the incapacity of the ear to distinguish the directions of sounds—an incapacity not arising from any defect in the organ itself, but from the very nature of sound. If sound were propagated in straight lines, like light, and if the ear appreciated the direction of the one, as the eye does that of the other, the ventriloquist would exercise in vain all the powers of imitation and of internal utterance. Even in the present constitution of the ear, his art has its limits, beyond which he must be cautious of pushing it, unless he calls to his aid another principle, which, we believe, has not yet been tried. In order to explain this, we shall analyze some of the most common feats of ventriloquism. When M. Fitzjames imitated the watchman crying the hour in the street, and approaching nearer and nearer the house, till he came opposite the window, he threw up the window-sash, and asked the hour, which was immediately answered in the same tone, but clearer and louder; and upon shutting the window, the watchman's voice became less audible, and all at once very faint, when the ventriloquist called out, in his own voice, that he had turned the corner. Now, as the artist was stationed at the window, and as the sound from a real watchman must necessarily have entered by the window, the difference between the two directions was considerably less than that which the ear is unable to appreciate. Had the ventriloquist stood at one window, and tried to make the sound of a watchman's voice enter *another* window, he would have failed in his performance, because the difference of the two directions was too great. In like manner, when M. Alexandre introduced a boy from the street, and made him sing from his stomach the song of Malbrook, he placed his head as near as possible to the boy's chest, under the pretence of listening, whereas the real object of it was to assimilate as much as possible the true and the fictitious direction of the sounds. Had he placed the boy at the distance of six or eight feet, the real singer would have been soon detected.

We have made several experiments with a view of determining the angle of uncertainty, or the angle within which the ear cannot discover the direction of sounds; but this is not easily done, for it varies with the state of the air and of surrounding objects. If the air is per-

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fectly pure, and if no objects surround the sounding body, the angle of uncertainty will be less than under any other circumstances, as the sound suffers neither deviation nor reflection. If the sounding body is encircled with objects which reflect sound, the echoes arrive at the ear, at short distances, nearly at the same time with the direct sound; and as they form a single sound, the angle of uncertainty must then be much greater, for the sound really arrives at the ear from various quarters. The ventriloquist, therefore, might avail himself of this principle, and choose an apartment in which the reverberations from its different sides multiply the directions of the sounds which he utters, and thus facilitate his purpose of directing the imagination of his audience to the object from which he wishes these sounds to be thought to proceed.

Quarterly Review.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

EPITAPH ON STERNE.

How often wrongs our nomenclature,
How our names differ from our nature,
'Tis easy to discern:
"Here lies the quintessence of wit,
For mirth and humour none so fit,
And yet men call him—Stern—e!"

LADIES FORMERLY IN PARLIAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

GURDON, in his *Antiquities of Parliaments*, says, "The ladies of birth and quality sat in council with the Saxon Wita's." "The Abbess Hilda (says Bede,) presided in an ecclesiastical synod."

"In Wightred's great council at Beconceld, A. D. 694, the abbesses sat and deliberated, and five of them signed the decrees of that council along with the king, bishops, and nobles."

"King Edgar's charter to the Abbey of Crowland, A. D. 961, was with the consent of the nobles and abbesses, who subscribed the charter."

"In Henry the Third's and Edward the First's time, four abbesses were summoned to parliament, viz. of Shaftesbury, Berking, St. Mary of Winchester, and of Wilton."

"In the 35th of Edward III. were summoned by writ to parliament, to appear there by their proxies, viz. Mary Countess of Norfolk, Alienor Countess of Ormond, Anna Despenser, Phillippa Countess of March, Johanna Fitz Water, Agneta Countess of Pembroke, Mary de St. Paul Countess of Pembroke, Margaret de Roos, Matilda Countess of Oxford, Catherine Countess of Athol. These ladies were called *Ad Colloquium et Tractatum*, by their proxies, a privilege peculiar to the peerage to appear and act by proxy." P. T. W.

N. B. They no doubt *manfully asserted* their *colloquial rights*.

FASTING.

From a very old work, "Noble Numbers."

Is this a feast to keep,
The larder leane,
And clean,
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh yet still
To fill
The platter high with *fish?*

Is it to fast an *hour*,
Or, ragged to go
Or show
A downcast look or snore?

No, 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief rent,
To *starve* thy sin,
Not bin;
And *that's to keep* thy Lent.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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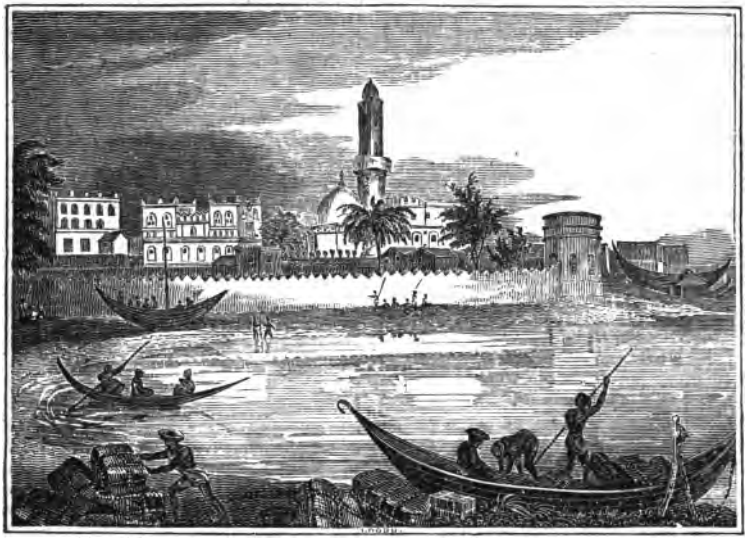

MOCHA.

"*Bon pour la digestion*," said the young Princess Esterhazy, when sent to bed by her governess without her dinner; we say the same of *coffee*; and hope the reader will think the same of Mocha, or the place whence the finest quality is exported.

Mocha, the coffee-drinker need not be told, is a place of some importance on the borders of the Red Sea, in that part of Arabia termed "Felix," or "Happy." "The town looks white and cheerful, the houses lofty, and have a square, solid appearance; the roadstead is almost open, being only protected by two narrow spits of sand—on one of which is a round castle, and the other an insignificant fort."

Lord Valentia* visited Mocha repeatedly during his examination of the shores of the Red Sea; and his description is the most full and minute:—

"Its appearance from the sea is, he says, tolerably handsome, as all the buildings are white-washed, and the minarets of the three mosques rise to a considerable height. The uniform line of the flat-roofed houses is also broken by several circular domes of *kobbas*, or chapels. On landing at a pier, which has been constructed for the convenience of trade, the effect is improved by the battlements of the walls, and a lofty tower on which cannon are mounted, which advances before the town, and is meant to protect the sea gate. The moment, however, that the traveller passes the gates, these pleasing ideas are put to flight by the filth that abounds in every street, and more particularly in the open spaces which are left within the walls, by the gradual decay of the deserted habitations which once filled them. The principal building in the town is the residence of the dola, which is large and lofty, having one front to the sea, and another to a square. Another side of the square, which is the only regular place in the town, is filled up by the official residence of the *bas kateb*, or secretary of state, and an extensive serai, built by the Turkish pacha during the time that Mocha was tributary to the Grand Seignior. These buildings externally have no pretensions to architectural elegance, yet are by no means ugly objects, from their turretted tops, and fantastic ornaments in white stucco. The windows are in general

* From whose work the Engraving is copied.

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small, stuck into the wall in an irregular manner, closed with lattices, and sometimes opening into a wooden, carved-work balcony. In the upper apartments, there is generally a range of circular windows above the others, filled with thin strata of a transparent stone, which is found in veins in a mountain near Sanaa. None of these can be opened, and only a few of the lower ones, in consequence of which, a thorough air is rare in their houses; yet the people of rank do not seem oppressed by the heat, which is frequently almost insupportable to a European.

"The best houses are all facing the sea, and chiefly to the north of the sea gate. The British factory is a large and lofty building, but has most of the inconveniences of an Arab house.

"The town of Mocha is surrounded by a wall, which towards the sea is not above sixteen feet high, though on the land side it may, in some places, be thirty. In every part it is too thin to resist a cannon-ball, and the batteries along shore are unable to bear the shock of firing the cannon that are upon them.

"The climate of Mocha is extremely sultry,* owing to its vicinity to the arid sands of Africa, over which the S.E. wind blows for so long a continuance, as not to be cooled in its short passage over the sea below the Straits Babel Mandel.

"Mocha, according to some learned natives, was not in existence four hundred years ago; from which period we know nothing of it, till the discoveries and conquests of the Portuguese in India opened the Red Sea to the natives of Europe."

Mrs. Lushington, in her interesting *Journey from Calcutta to Europe*, says, "the coffee-bean is cultivated in the interior, and is thence brought to Mocha for exportation. The Arabs themselves use the husks, which make but an inferior infusion. Every lady who pays a visit, carries a small bag of coffee with her, which enables her 'to enjoy society without putting her friends to expense.'"

Mocha coffee is in smaller berries than other kinds, and its flavour is extremely fine. Hundreds of pages have been written on the origin and introduction of coffee as a beverage. In the *Coffee-drinker's Manual*, translated from the French, we find it dated at the middle of the seventeenth century, and in that quarter of Arabia wherein Mocha is situated.

* From 90 to 95 deg. [illegible]. in July.

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(To the Editor.)

As a general reader of your entertaining miscellany, I take the liberty to correct a mistake in No. 481, relative to the Origin of the House of Commons, which is indirectly stated to have *originated from the Battle of Evesham*. It is true that the earliest instance on record of the assembling in parliament representatives of the people occurred in the same year with the battle of Evesham; but it had no connexion whatever with the event of that engagement, since the parliament (to which for the first time citizens and burgesses were summoned) was assembled through the influence of the Earl of Leicester, who then held the king under his control; and the meeting took place in the beginning of the year 1265, the writs of summons having been issued in November, 1264; while the battle of Evesham, in which the Earl of Leicester was killed, did not happen till August 4, 1265, or between five and six months after the conclusion of the parliament. From that period to the death of Henry III. in 1272, it does not appear that any election of citizens or burgesses, to attend parliament, occurred. The next instance of such elections seems to have happened in the 18th of Edward I.; and the first returns to such writs of summons extant are dated the 23rd of the same reign, since which, with a few intermissions, they have been regularly continued.

The correctness of these statements will appear from a reference to the 4th and 5th chapters of Sir W. Betham's recently published work on "Dignities Feudal and Parliamentary," or to Sir James Mackintosh's History of England.

M.

We admit that the battle of Evesham, literally speaking, was not the origin of the House of Commons, and wish our correspondent P. T. W. had furnished us with the name of the "modern writer" who has made the assertion. At the same time it must be conceded that the fall of Simon de Montfort, at Evesham, led to the more speedy consummation of the wished for object. Thus Sir James Mackintosh, History of England, vol. i. p. 236, says—

"Simon de Montfort, at the very moment of his fall, set the example of an extensive reformation in the frame of parliament, which, though his authority was not acknowledged by the punctilious adherents to the letter and forms of law, was afterwards legally adopted by Ed-

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ward, and rendered the parliament of that year the model of the British parliament, and in a considerable degree affected the constitution of all other representative assemblies. It may indeed be considered as the practical discovery of popular representation. The particulars of the war are faintly discerned at the distance of six or seven centuries. The reformation of parliament, which first afforded proof from experience that liberty, order, greatness, power, and wealth, are capable of being blended together in a degree of harmony which the wisest men had not before believed to be possible, will be held in everlasting remembrance. He died unconscious of the imperishable name which he acquired by an act which he probably considered as of very small importance—the summoning a parliament, of which the lower house was composed, as it has ever since been formed, of knights of the shires, and members for cities and boroughs. He thus unknowingly determined that England was to be a free country; and he was the blind instrument of disclosing to the world that great institution of representation which was to introduce into popular governments a regularity and order far more perfect than had heretofore been purchased by submission to absolute power, and to draw forth liberty from confinement in single cities to a fitness for being spread over territories which, experience does not forbid us to hope, may be as vast as have ever been grasped by the iron gripe of a despotic conqueror. The origin of so happy an innovation is one of the most interesting objects of inquiry which occurs in human affairs; but we have scarcely any positive information on the subject; for our ancient historians, though they are not wanting in diligently recording the number and the acts of national assemblies, describe their composition in a manner too general to be instructive, and take little note of novelty or peculiarity in the constitution of that which was called by the Earl of Leicester.

"That assembly met at London, on the 22nd of January, 1265, according to writs still extant, and the earliest of their kind known to us, directing 'the sheriffs to elect and return two knights for each county, two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for every burgh in the county.' If this assembly be supposed to be the same which is vested with the power of granting supply by the Great Charter of John, the constitution must be thought to have undergone an extensive, though unrecorded, revolution in the somewhat inadequate space of only fifty years, which had elapsed since the capitulation of Runnymede; for in the Great Charter we find the tenants of the crown in chief alone expressly mentioned as forming with the prelates and peers the common council for purposes of taxation; and even they seem to have been required to give their personal attendance, the important circumstances of election and representation not being mentioned in the treaty with John;—neither does it contain any stipulation of sufficient distinctness applicable to cities and boroughs, for which the charter provides no more than the maintenance of their ancient liberties.

"Probably conjecture is all that can now be expected respecting the rise and progress of these changes. It is, indeed, beyond all doubt, that by the constitution, even as subsisting under the early Normans, the great council shared the legislative power with the king, as clearly as the parliament have since done.* But these great councils do not seem to have contained members of popular choice; and the king, who was supported by the revenue of his demesnes, and by dues from his military tenants, does not appear at first to have imposed, by legislative authority, general taxes to provide for the security and good government of the community.—These were abstract notions, not prevalent in ages when the monarch was a lord paramount rather than a supreme magistrate. Many of the feudal perquisites had been arbitrarily augmented, and oppressively levied. These the Great Charter, in some cases, reduced to a certain sum; while it limited the period of military service itself. With respect to scutages and aids, which were not capable of being reduced to a fixed rate, the security adopted was, that they should never be legal, unless they were assented to at least by the majority of those who were to pay them. Now these were not the people at large, but the military tenants of the crown, who are accordingly the only persons entitled to be present at the great council to be holden for taxation. Very early, however, talliages had been exacted by the crown from those who were not military tenants; and this imposition daily grew in importance with the relaxation of the feudal tenures, and the increasing opulence of towns. The attempt of the barons to include talliage, and even the

* "Legis habet vigorem, quicquid de consilio et consensu magnatum et reipublicæ communi sponsione, authoritate regis, juste fuerit definitum."—*Bracton.*

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vague mention of the privileges of burghs, are decisive symptoms of this silent revolution. But the generally feudal character of the charter and the main object of its framers prevailed over that premature, but very honest, effort of the barons."

We recommend the reader to turn to the pages succeeding the above extract, where the views of the enlightened author and statesman on the origin of our parliament are set forth in perspicuous and masterly style.

VISIT TO CORFE CASTLE.

(From a Correspondent.)

THIS is Corfe Castle! the celebrated structure, the date of which, and the founder of which, are lost in antiquity:

> "It stands to tell
> A melancholy tale, to give
> An awful warning; soon
> Oblivion will steal silently
> The remnant of its fame."

The castle is situate on the summit of a vast pyramidical mound, situated abruptly in an opening of the chalk range extending from Ballard Down to Worthbarrow in the Isle of Purbeck, county of Dorset. The walls are extremely thick, (12 feet in some places,) and are about half a mile in circuit. On the northern side the steepness of the ascent renders it inaccessible, and on the south is a deep ditch, over which is a bridge of three arches commanded by a gateway, flanked by two circular massive towers. The first ward has several towers. Passing onwards in a considerable ascent, we reached a second bridge guarded by a gate and towers, and entered the second ward, in which are the ruins of five towers. Winding round to the right, the explorer enters on the third and principal ward, which stands on the summit of the hill; here were the state apartments, store rooms, chapel, &c. built on vaults. The view from this portion of the ruin is magnificent. A wide expanse of flat country extending to Lytchett Bay and Poole, lies immediately at your feet. The gloomy fir trees wave in solemnity, and form in their darkness, a striking contrast with the dwellings that are scattered over the scene, and appear like specks of dazzling white; the estuary of Poole Harbour stretches along the distance like a mirror, and its molten silver-like appearance is broken here and there by small islands, among which Brownsea is conspicuous. Here we stood leaning over the northern battlement contemplating the face of a delightful country, smiling in peace,—from the stern and rugged fastness of war.

It was a bright summer's day; strong masses of light and shade lay sleeping on the walls of the ruins, the dungeons were partially lighted by the rays which broke into their gloom, and it chanced to be a village holiday:

> "Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,
> Fearless and free the ruddy children played,
> Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows
> With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,
> That mocks the dungeon's unavailing gloom;
> The ponderous chains and gratings of strong iron,
> There rusted amid heaps of broken stone
> That mingled slowly with their native earth.
> There the broad beam of day, which feebly once
> Lighted the cheek of lean captivity
> With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone
> On the pure smiles of infant playfulness.
> No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair
> Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes
> Of joy fingered winds and gladsome birds
> And merriment were resonant around."

Such were our feelings as we wandered musing and admiring amid the stupendous ruins of this once magnificent fabric

> "Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene,
> Closes in stedfast darkness."

The pomp of its splendour has passed away, and the stern wardour disputing entrance to the belted knight is now succeeded by a lank cobbler, who watches for lounging strangers, and acts as "*Cicerone*," blending the most absurd and ridiculous stories in order to eke another sixpence from the purse of his auditor, and to add greater importance to himself; but he had a most amusing method of answering any startling questions as to date, by significantly observing in the purest Dorset dialect, "Why Lord love ye, zur, it wur avore the memory of ony maun in the parish!"

Apropos to dates, the earliest mention of Corfe is A. D. 978, when the Saxon annals narrate the murder of Edward, King of the West Saxons, committed here by his mother-in-law, Elfrida.

It was in the gloomy dungeons of this castle that King John starved to death twenty-two prisoners of war, many of whom were among the first nobility of Poictu, victims to the cruelty of a barbarous sceptered tyrant! Then again, we thought of the fate of Peter of Pontefract, the imprudent prophet, who, if he had turned over a page in the book of fate, should have folded down the leaf instead of incurring the monarch's vengeance by meddling with state affairs.

It was in this fortress that the unfortunate Edward II. was murdered in

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1372, by his cruel keepers, Sir John Maltravers, and Sir Thomas Gurney, who having removed the dethroned monarch from castle to castle, subjecting him to every hardship and indignity, hoping that ill-treatment might shorten his days. At last they determined amidst the profound security afforded by this impregnable castle, to effect his death in the most horrible manner, in order to prevent marks of violence being seen on his corpse, namely, by inserting a horn tube into his body, through which was conveyed a red-hot iron! Well may the traveller shudder at these ruins as they beetle over him in frowning ruggedness, for they have been the murderers' den; and doubtless many a deed of slaughter has been committed in them, which has never come to light, under tyrannical power, which has never come to the knowledge of men or blotted the page of history.

The vast masses of the castle ruins which lie scattered about and in the vale below, form a scene of havoc and devastation, at once magnificent and impressive. The towers were blasted with gunpowder, and many

"Which do slope
Their heads to their foundations,"

appear as if they were yet staggering from the blast of the mine which sprung them from their beds; they lean as if ready to tumble down the steep sides of the hill, and appear as if a child's finger would roll them headlong. The ruins are in the possession of the family of Bankes.

In a meadow in the vale on the west side, which leads, by the by, to Orchard Farm, is to be seen a curious earthwork, apparently ancient British, which, from its structure, might have been a place of druidical judicature, or for pastimes. This relic has, we believe, escaped the notice of the intelligent Rev. John Clavell of Kimmeridge; and if the public are ever to be favoured with the result of his studies and patient investigations, it will be one of the most extraordinary productions of its kind.

There is a small work on Corfe Castle, published by a very intelligent resident of Wareham; and we are in hopes that the grey and hoary ruins may call forth the muse of J. F. Pennie, who resides on this wild romantic district, and whom we met with pleasure in our rambles.

JAMES SILVESTER, SEN.

Notes of a Reader.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Part 6.—*Sports and Pastimes.*

WE quote the following from HUNTING:

Why is it inferred that hunting was practised by the ancient Britons?

Because Dionysius (who lived 50 B. C.) says, that the inhabitants of the northern part of this island tilled no ground, but lived in great part upon the food they procured by hunting. Strabo (nearly contemporary) also says, that the dogs bred in Britain were highly esteemed upon the continent, on account of their excellent qualities for hunting.

Cæsar tells us, that venison constituted a great portion of their food; and as they had in their possession such dogs as were naturally prone to the chase, there can be little doubt that they would exercise them for procuring their favourite diet; besides, they kept large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, both of which required protection from the wolves and other ferocious animals that infested the woods and coverts, and must frequently have rendered hunting an act of absolute necessity.—*Strutt.*

Why is hunting considered more ancient than hawking?

Because, in the earliest ages of the world, hunting was a necessary labour of self-defence, or the first law of nature, rather than a pastime; while hawking could never have been adopted from necessity, or in self-protection.

Why was hunting originally considered a royal and noble sport?

Because, as early as the ninth century, it formed an essential part of the education of a young nobleman. Alfred the Great was an expert and successful hunter before he was twelve years of age. Among the tributes imposed by Athelstan, upon a victory over Constantine, King of Wales, were "hawks and sharp-scented dogs, fit for hunting of wild beasts." Edward the Confessor "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice."—*Malmesbury.* Harold, his successor, rarely travelled without his hawk and hounds. William the Norman, and his immediate successors, restricted hunting to themselves and their favourites. King John was particularly attached to field sports, and even treated the animals worse than his subjects. In the reign of Edward II. hunting was reduced to a perfect science, and rules

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established for its practice; these were afterwards extended by the *master of the game* belonging to Henry IV., and drawn up for the use of his son, Henry Prince of Wales, in two tracts, which are extant. Edward III., according to Froissart, while at war with France, and resident there, had with him sixty couple of stag-hounds, and as many hare-hounds, and every day hunted or hawked. Gaston, Earl of Foix, a foreign nobleman, contemporary with Edward, also kept six hundred dogs in his castle for hunting. James I. preferred hunting to hawking or shooting; so that it was said of him, "he divided his time betwixt his standish, his bottle, and his hunting; the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy."

Ladies' hunting-dresses of the 15th century, as figured in Strutt's Sports, &c., differ but little from the modern riding habit.

Why are greyhounds still petted by ladies?

Because in former times they were considered as valuable presents, especially among the ladies, with whom they appear to have been peculiar favourites. In an ancient metrical romance (Sir Eglamore), a princess tells the knight, that if he was inclined to hunt, she would, as an especial mark of her favour, give him an excellent greyhound, so swift that no deer could escape from his pursuit.—*Strutt.*

Why were certain forests called royal chases?

Because the privileges of hunting there were confined to the king and his favourites; and, to render these receptacles for the beasts of the chase more capacious, or to make new ones, whole villages were depopulated, and places of divine worship overthrown, not the least regard being paid to the miseries of the suffering inhabitants, or the cause of religion.—*Strutt.*

Why were lands first imparked?

Because their owners might still more effectually preserve deer and other animals for hunting.

A recent French newspaper gave notice of an association for the purpose of enabling persons of all ranks to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. A park of great extent is to be taken on lease near Paris; its extent is about six thousand acres, partly arable, and partly forest ground. The plan is, to open it to subscribers during six months—viz. from September 1 to March 1, an ample stock of game being secured in preserves.

Why were parks and inclosures usually attached to priories?

Because they were receptacles of game for the clergy of rank, who at all times had the privilege of hunting in their own possessions. At the time of the Reformation, the see of Norwich only was in the possession of no less than thirteen parks, well stocked with deer and other animals for the chase.—*Spelman.*

The eagerness of the clergy for hunting is described as irrepressible. Prohibitions of councils produced little effect. In some instances a particular monastery obtained a dispensation. Thus, that of St. Denis, in 774, represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that their skins would serve to bind books in the library. Alexander III., by a letter to the clergy of Berkshire, dispenses with their keeping the archdeacon in dogs and hawks during his visitation.—*Rymer.* An archbishop of York, in 1321, carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the abbeys on his road, and who hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish!—*Whitaker's Hist. of Craven,* quoted in *Hallam's Hist. Middle Ages.*

Why was hunting formerly a very convenient resource for the wholesomeness, as well as luxury, of the table?

Because the natural pastures being then unimproved, and few kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose, therefore, that when no alternative was offered but these salt meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish.—*Hallam's Hist. Middle Ages.*

Why were all the great forests pierced by those long rectilinear alleys which appear in old prints, and are mentioned in old books?

Because the avenues were particularly necessary for those large parties, resembling our modern *battues,* where the honoured guests being stationed in fit *standings,* had an opportunity of displaying their skill in venery by selecting the buck which was in season, and their dexterity at bringing him down with the cross-bow or long-bow.

Why should a deer-park exhibit but little artificial arrangement in its disposal?

Because the stag, by nature one of the freest denizens of the forest, can only be kept even under comparative restraint, by taking care that all around him intimates a complete state of forest and wilderness. Thus, there ought to

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be a variety of broken ground, of copse-wood, and of growing timber—of land, and of water. The soil and herbage must be left in its natural state; the long fern, amongst which the fawns delight to repose, must not be destroyed.

Why did the common people formerly call the forest "good," and the green-wood "merry?"

Because of the pleasure they took in the scenes themselves, as well as in the pastimes which they afforded.

Why is a short gallop called a canter?

Because of its abbreviation from Canterbury, the name of the pace used by the monks in going to that city.

Why was a certain noise called the "hunt's-up?"

Because it was made to rouse a person in a morning; originally a tune played to wake the sportsmen, and call them together, the purport of which was, *The hunt is up!* which was the subject of hunting ballads also.

This expression is common among the older poets. One Gray, it is said, grew into good estimation with Henry VIII. and the Duke of Somerset, "for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *the hunte is up! the hunte is up!*" Shakspeare has—

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with *hunts-up* to the day.
Romeo and Juliet.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*—

No sooner doth the earth her flow'ry bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.

Why is a small hunting horn called a bugle?

Because of its origin from *bugill*, which means a buffalo, or perhaps any horned cattle. In the Scottish dialect it was *bogle*, or *bowgill*. *Buffe*, *bugle*, and *buffalo*, are all given by Barrett, as synonimous for the wild ox.—*Nares' Glossary.*

Why is the stirrup so called?

Because of its origin from *stigh-rope*, from *stigan ascendere*, to mount; and thus termed by our Saxon ancestors, from a rope being used for mounting when stirrups began to be used in this island. It is evident, from various monuments of antiquity, that, at first, horsemen rode without either saddles or stirrups.

Why are sportsmen said to hunt counter?

Because they hunt the wrong way, and trace the scent backwards. Thus, in an old work, *Gentleman's Recreations:* "When the hounds or beagles hunt it by the heel, we say they hunt counter." To hunt by the heel must be to go towards the heel instead of the toe of the game—*i. e.* backwards.—*Nares.*

WEATHER AT PARIS.

It appears from observations made at the Royal Observatory in Paris, that, in the year 1830, the number of fine days was 164; of cloudy, 181; of rainy, 149; of foggy, 228; of frosty, 28; of snowy, 24; of sleety, 8; of thundery, 13. The wind was northerly 44 times; north-easterly, 23 times; easterly, 17 times; south-easterly, 23 times; southerly, 74 times; south-westerly, 69 times; westerly, 71 times; and north-westerly, 47 times.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

BEER HOUSES.

It appears, from Parliamentary Returns, that *five thousand three hundred and seventy-nine* "beer houses" have been opened under the new Act in England and Wales; while the number of public-houses licensed is forty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-four. The number of beer-houses opened in Wales, is one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, nearly half the number opened in all England—the number for England is three thousand six hundred and six.—*Ib.*

SAVINGS' BANKS.

According to a Parliamentary Return just printed, the gross amount of sums received on account of savings' banks is, since their establishment in 1817, 20,760,228*l.* Amount of sums paid, 5,648,338*l.* The balance therefore is, 15,111,890*l.* It also states that the gross amount of interest paid and credited to savings' banks by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt is, 5,141,410*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*—*Ibid.*

SOAP.

According to the Parliamentary Returns, the quantity of soap charged with the excise duty in great Britain, in the year ending the 5th of January, 1830, was—of hard soap, 103,041,961 lbs.; of soft soap, 9,068,918 lbs. In the year ending the 5th of January last, the quantity was—of hard, 117,324,320 lbs.; and of soft, 10,209,519 lbs. The number of licenses granted to soap-makers in the United Kingdom in the former year was 585, and in the latter 542.—*Ib.*

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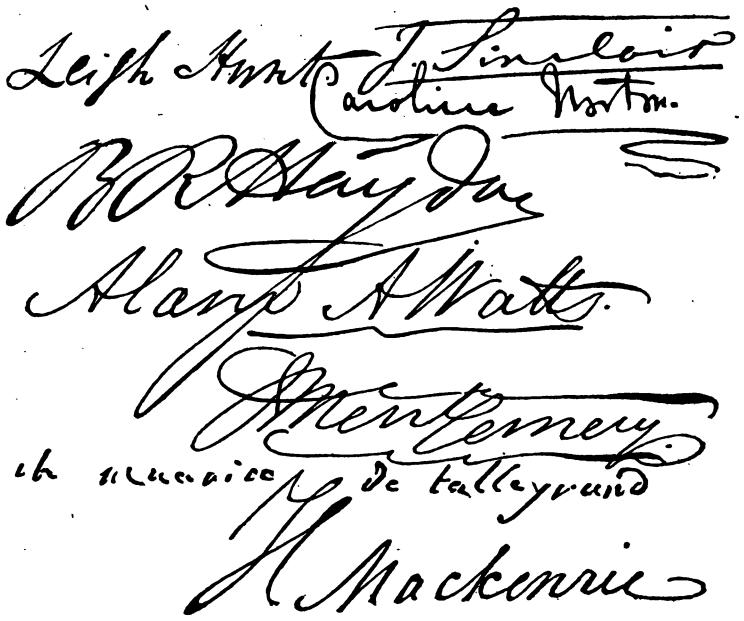

AUTOGRAPHS.

We have the pleasure of resuming these innate illustrations of genius. Some of the present specimens are copied from the plate appended to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, whence the page in No. 478 of the *Mirror* was taken. First is

Leigh Hunt.—Leigh Hunt's writing is a good deal like the man: it is constrainedly easy, with an affectation of ornament, yet withal a good hand. The signature is copied from a letter written to a friend in Edinburgh, in 1820; and as one part of this letter is curious and interesting, we have pleasure in presenting it to our readers. We are inclined to believe that there are many good points about Leigh Hunt. We like the spirit of the following extract from his letter:—

"And this reminds me to tell you, that I am not the author of the book called the Scottish Fiddle, which I have barely seen. The name alone, if you had known me, would have convinced you that I could not have been the author. I had made quite mistakes enough about Sir Walter, not to have to answer for this too. I took him for a mere courtier and political bigot. When I read his novels, which I did very lately, at one large glut (with the exception of the Black Dwarf, which I read before), I found that when he spoke so charitably of the mistakes of kings and bigots, he spoke out of an abundance of knowledge, instead of narrowness, and that he could look with a kind eye also at the mistakes of the people. If I still think he has too great a leaning to the former, and that his humanity is a little too much embittered with spleen, I can still see and respect the vast difference between the spirit which I formerly thought I saw in him, and the little lurking contempts and misanthropies of a naturally wise and kind man, whose blood perhaps has been somewhat saddened by the united force of thinking and sickliness. He wishes us all so well that he is angry at not finding us better. His works occupy the best part of some book-shelves always before me, where they continually fill me with admiration for the author's genius, and with regret for my petty mistakes about it."—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

J. Sinclair—the signature of the venerable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., who has written and edited upwards of 25 useful works.

Caroline Norton—the Honourable Mrs. Norton, author of the "Sorrows of Rosalie," the "Undying One," &c.; and grand-daughter of the late Mr.

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Thomas Sheridan. This signature is from a superb portrait in a recent Number of the *New Monthly Magazine*: a lovelier and more intellectual head and front we never beheld.

B. R. Haydon—peculiarly characteristic of the writer's style of painting—large and bold. Whoever has seen his *Napoleon*, just opened for exhibition, must, we think, acknowledge the above identity. In our next Number we intend to notice the above triumph of art.

Alaric A. Watts—an elegant hand, worthy of the editor of the most elegant of the Annuals: this, however, is not Mr. Watts's ordinary signature.

J. Montgomery.—This hand is far more redundant in ornament than one would have expected from so gentle and talented a Quaker; but the Quaker has been lost in the poet, as an old grey wall is concealed under a luxuriant mantling of ivy. The autograph now engraved is copied from the signature attached to the original of his beautiful poem on Night, beginning—"Night is the time for rest."—*Edinburgh Literary Journ.*

Ch. Maurice de Talleyrand—whose life will hereafter be traced throughout a volume of the history of the last and present century. His age is 77. This signature is copied from the Frontispiece to the last edition to the *Court and Camp of Bonaparte*, in the *Family Library*, which is a fine portrait of Talleyrand, engraved by Finden, from a picture by Girard.

H. Mackenzie—author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c. He died during the past year, in Edinburgh.

Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF HOBART TOWN.

Mr. R. Burford, the most successful panorama painter of his day, has lately completed a View of Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, and the surrounding country, which he is now exhibiting in the Strand. It is not, perhaps, the most striking picture this ingenious artist has produced, yet it is certainly one of the most interesting. The embellishments of books of travels, the sketches of tourists, and the extravagant *annual* prints, have familiarized the stay-at-home reader with almost every city on the European continent; but a view in Van Dieman's Land is much more of a novelty. It is comparatively a *terra incognita*, about which every one must feel some curiosity, though more rationally expressed than that of a King of Persia, who asked what sort of a place America was—"under-ground, or how?" For the purpose of giving a general idea of a country, a panoramic painting is well adapted: the size of the objects is at once natural, there is no straining of eyes to make them out, and the effect of the whole scene is that of being dropped in the midst of the country, and its surface at once spread before us.

Of Hobart Town we quote a brief description from Mr. Burford's pamphlet, or key to the picture:—

"The capital and seat of government of Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, is delightfully situated at the head of Sullivan's Cove, on the south-east side of the river Derwent, about twelve miles from its mouth. The town is built on two small hills and the intermediate valley, the whole gently sloping towards the harbour from the foot of Mount Wellington—a rock which suddenly rears its snow-clad summit to the height of 4,000 feet. Through the centre of the town a rapid stream takes its course, giving motion to several mills, and affording a constant supply of most excellent water for all domestic purposes, as well as increasing the salubrity and beauty of the neighbourhood. From the summit of one of these hills, the present panorama was taken, which, although it does not include the buildings in the lowest part of the valley, exhibits every object particularly deserving notice, as well as the broad expanse of the Derwent, covered with ships, boats, &c. Beyond the town, and on the opposite side of the river, the eye ranges over a vast extent of country, richly variegated and diversified by gently rising hills, broad and verdant slopes, farms, and pasture lands, in the highest state of cultivation, presenting the most agreeable scenes, replete with the useful product of a rich soil and fine climate; the whole bounded by lofty mountains, clothed with rich and almost impervious forests of evergreens, occasionally intermixed with high and nearly perpendicular rocks, whose summits are, for a great part of the year, covered with snow;—the whole forming one of the most agreeable, picturesque, and romantic scenes that can be conceived.

"Van Dieman's Land is, from north to south, one hundred and sixty miles in length; and from east to west, one hundred and forty-five miles in width; being separated from the main land by Bass's Straits, which are nearly one hundred miles across. The whole island, which is, almost without exception, of the most fertile and beautiful description, is divided into two counties—Buckingham and Cornwall—of which Hobart

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Town and Dalrymple are the capitals: the distance between them is one hundred and twenty miles.

"Hobart Town contains at present, upwards of one thousand houses, and has a resident population exceeding seven thousand persons. The town is well planned, and the streets, which intersect each other at right angles, are wide, the law compelling persons who build to leave at least sixty feet in width for carriage and foot ways: they are Macadamized, and are, as well as the numerous bridges over the stream, kept in excellent condition by the chain gangs. The houses are generally built at a short distance from each other, and are partly surrounded with gardens, which, with a very little attention, not always bestowed, become very ornamented and useful, producing, not only the many beautiful trees and shrubs of the country, but every fruit, flower, and vegetable, common in England. The houses are generally of two, sometimes of three, stories in height, well built of brick or stone, and covered with shingles of the peppermint tree; some few are still only weather boarded. The bricks are of a good and durable quality, and the free-stone of a very beautiful description, but exceedingly dear. Many buildings are formed of rough hewn stone, stuccoed with a good white cement, which keeps very clean. Macquarrie-street, running in a straight line from the Pier, contains many very handsome public buildings and private houses, being the residences of the principal settlers, merchants, &c. Rents are in general very high;—a small house of four rooms and a kitchen, will let for sixty or eighty pounds per annum; and a large one, adapted for a store, will obtain from two to three hundred. It cannot be expected at this early period, that the public buildings should display much architectural ornament; it is sufficient that they are large, substantially built, and well adapted for the several purposes for which they were erected.—Besides the church, there is a Scotch church, a neat stone building, near the barracks; a Wesleyan meeting, a stuccoed building in Bathurst-street; and a small Catholic chapel in Patrick-street. There are several excellent academies, and a seminary for young ladies, where first-rate accomplishments are taught, and every possible care taken of the health and morals of their pupils, by Mrs. Midwood and Miss Shartland; there are also day charity schools, on the Lancastrian system, for the children of convicts, labourers, &c. The boarding houses and hotels are well conducted and comfortable; at the latter, every accommodation to be found in one of the best English inns may be had, but at a truly English price; the low public houses and the grog shops are of the vilest description. An active and vigilant police has been recently reorganised, under the superintendence of two officers from England, whose exertions are already attended with the most beneficial results.

"The climate is most salubrious, the mean temperature being 60 deg. Fahrenheit; the extremes, 36 deg. 80 deg. The spring usually commences in September; the summer in December; the autumn in April; and the winter, seven weeks of which is very severe, in June."

The Panorama is well executed throughout, and in parts, with much delicacy and finish. The distant country, bays, and points, are for the most part delightfully painted. Here and there are spots which almost remind us of Virgil's

——— locos lœtos, et amœna vireta,
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas:

and, without any view to a transportable offence, a man might well wish to settle himself here "for life."

Mr. Burford's "Descriptions" are perhaps better drawn up than those of exhibitions in general. In the Key-plate before us, fifty-two points or objects are denoted, and further illustrated by half-a-dozen pages of letter-press.—In the town are seen the barracks; the governor's, commissary's, and judges' residences; hotel, jail, lime-kilns, church, court-house, bank, hospital, treasury, pier, &c., and Mrs. Midwood's seminary. Groups of convicts enliven the picture—we had almost said *enlighten* it, from recollection of the picking propensities to which hundreds of them are indebted for their abode here. They are deplorable specimens of fallen nature—such as may be seen in droves slinking to their work in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, or elsewhere, and still bearing the front of humanity in their begrimed features, but harrowing the spectator with painful recollections of their moral abandonment. One of the groups is a chain gang at work—breaking stones for the road—or, a last effort at self-improvement, by mending the ways of others. How different would these worthies appear in a rabble rout at a London fire, or in all the sleekness of civilization, as exhibited in the sundry avocations of picking a pocket, in easing a country gentleman of his uncrumpled

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or bright dividend, or studying our ease and comfort by helping themselves to all our houses contain without the rudeness of disturbing our slumbers. A neighbouring group of natives, though less sightly than these fallen sons of civilization, in a moral point of view, would be a happy contrast, could we but look into the hearts of both parties, and see what is passing therein.

But we are moralizing, and this may not be the most showy inducement for the reader to visit Mr. Burford's Panorama, and admire its pictorial beauties. Let him do so; and before he leaves the place, turn about, and think for himself, and be assured there is good in every thing.

INK LITHOGRAPHY.

An exquisite specimen of this branch of art, by the ingenious Mr. R. Martin, of Holborn, has hitherto escaped our notice. It was forwarded to us some weeks since, and accidentally mislaid. It is, however, never too late to be just—by saying that the performance before us, in clearness, delicacy, and finish, equals, if not exceeds, every specimen yet produced in this country, or those we have seen on or from the continent. The Drawing is about the size of two pages of the *Mirror*, and exhibits specimens of almost every branch of the art. Thus, there are fruit and flowers—an antique cross—a Gothic tomb—bust and ornamented pedestal—laurel wreath—the Corinthian capital and Egyptian architecture—wood scenery—a beautiful landscape—a portrait of Lord Clarendon—"Portrait of a Lady"—a storm on the sea-coast—anatomical picture—a crouching tiger—a charter, with the seal affixed, the latter extremely fine—a country plan, very delicate and clear—a suit of ancient armour, &c. The etchy spirit of these subjects almost equals the finest work on copper, and its elaborateness proves to how great perfection English artists have already carried the art of drawing on stone. Compared with some of their early productions, the present is a marvel of art: it combines the perspicuity of a pen-and-ink drawing with the freedom and fine effect of chalk drawing. We hope to hear nothing more of the *uncertainty* of lithography.

PHILANTHROPY

Is the only consistent species of public love. A patriot may be honest in one thing, yet a knave in all else;—a philanthropist sees and seizes the *whole* of virtue.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

By a Modern Pythagorean.

One day last summer I happened to be travelling in the coach between Lanark and Glasgow. There were only two inside passengers besides myself; viz. an elderly woman, and a gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, who sported a fur cap, a Hessian cloak, and large moustaches. The former was, I think, about the most unpleasant person to look at I had ever seen. Her features were singularly harsh and forbidding. She was also perfectly taciturn, for she never opened her lips, but left me and the other passenger to keep up the conversation the best way we could. The young man I found to be a very pleasant and intelligent fellow—quite a gentleman in his manners; and apparently either an Oxon or a Cantab, for he talked much and well about the English universities, a subject on which I also happened to be tolerably conversant. But, agreeable as his conversation was, it could not prevent me from entertaining an unpleasant feeling—one almost amounting to dislike and hostility—against the female; whom I regarded, from the first moment, with singular aversion. We were not troubled, however, very long with her company, for she left us at Dalserf, about half way between Lanark and Hamilton.

"It is very curious, sir," said I to the stranger when she had gone, "that I should feel so strangely annoyed as I have been with that woman. I absolutely know nothing about her, and cannot lay a single fault to her charge, but plain looks and taciturnity; and yet I feel as if no inducement would tempt me to step again into a coach where I knew she was to be present. And after all, for any thing I know to the contrary, she may be a very good woman."

"Your feelings, sir," answered he, "are remarkable, but by no means new; for I have myself been subject to a precisely similar train of emotions, and from a cause similar to yours. The thing is odd, I allow—what my friend, Coleridge, would call a psychological curiosity—but, I believe, every human being has at times felt it more or less. The unlucky woman who has proved such a source of annoyance to you, has been none whatever to me. She is plain-looked, to be sure, but it did not strike me that there was any thing peculiarly

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unpleasant in her aspect; and as for her silence, *that*, in my eyes, is no discommendation. So much for the different trains of emotions experienced by different persons from the same cause. There is, in truth, my dear sir, no accounting for such metaphysical phenomena. We must just take them as we find them, and be contented to know the effect while we remain in ignorance of the cause. Now, to show that you do not stand alone in such feelings, I shall, with your permission, relate an event which lately occurred to myself; on which occasion I was horribly annoyed by a circumstance in itself perfectly harmless and trivial, and which gave me much more disturbance than the taciturn lady who has just left us has given to you. My adventure, in truth, was attended with such extraordinary results, both to myself and another individual, that it possesses many of the characters of a genuine romance." Having expressed my desire to hear what he had to relate on such a subject, he proceeded as follows:—

"The circumstance I allude to happened not long ago, while supping at the house of a literary friend in Edinburgh. On arriving, about nine in the evening, I was ushered into his library, where I found him, accompanied by two other friends; and in the short interval which elapsed before supper was announced, we amused ourselves looking at his books, and making comments upon such of them as struck our fancy. Our host was distinguished for learning; he was a man, in fact, of uncommon abilities, both natural and acquired; and the two guests who chanced to be with him were, in this particular, little inferior to himself. Among the other books which we happened to take up, was *Punch and Judy*, illustrated by the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank. While looking at these capital delineations of the characters in the famous popular opera of the fairs, no particular emotion, save one of a good deal of pleasure, passed through my mind. I looked at them as I would do at any other humorous prints; and laying down the volume, thought no more of it at the time.

"In a few minutes the servant girl made her appearance, to announce that supper was ready; and laying hold of the landlord's arm, I went along with him down stairs; his two friends, linked together in the same manner, following close at our heels. On entering the dining-room, there was certainly a very neat repast spread out. I cannot at this moment condescend upon all the viands, but I recollect distinctly of boiled lobsters, devilled fowls, and fried codlings, staring us in the face. There was, however, an individual in the room, and in the act of seating herself at the head of the table, who struck my fancy more forcibly than even the dishes upon the table. This, as I afterwards learned, was Miss Snooks, our entertainer's cousin. I was not exactly prepared to encounter the apparition of a female at our banquet. The landlord was a confirmed bachelor; and I expected to see nothing but myself, and three other *lords of the creation*, for the evening. To tell the truth, (which at the risk of my gallantry must be done,) I was a little disappointed, for I had come thither expecting to enjoy some private talk with the male part of the company, and overhaul some bits of scandal not exactly fitted for a lady's ear. However, there was no help for it. A lady *was* present, and we had just to make up our minds to put a bridle upon our tongues, so long as she pleased to honour us with her company.

"I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room, than Miss Snooks curtsied to me, honoured me with a smile, and requested me to place myself alongside of her. I did so, and had time to contemplate her physiognomy. The first thing which struck me was the immense size of her nose. It stood forward *tremendously prominent;* and behind it —in the shade—was her face. It did not glide gently away from the brow above, and from the cheeks at each side. On the contrary, it jutted out like a promontory, and seemed as bold and defined as Cape Wrath or the Ord of Caithness. It appeared to have sprung out all at once from her face at the touch of some magician's wand, in the same way as Minerva sprung from the head of Jupiter. It had a hump on it, too, like a dromedary; for it was a Roman nose—such as that sported in days of old by Julius Cæsar, and, in modern times, by the Duke of Wellington—only much more magnificent in its dimensions. I feel some difficulty in describing the rest of Miss Snooks, so much was I taken up with this godlike feature. She was tall, thin, wrinkled, fiery-eyed, with a blue silk gown on; and a cap, stiff-starched, and overgrown with a mountain of frills, and indigo-coloured ribbons. Her voice was shrill, almost squeaking; and—with reverence be it spoken—she had a *leetle* bit of a beard—only a few odd hairs growing from her chin and upper

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lip. Her age, I suppose, might be about fifty.

"Now comes the peg 'whereon hangs a tale,' and where my feeling resembled your own. I felt I was to be miserable for the night—at least so long as Miss Snooks favoured us with her company; and that she would favour us with it long enough was evident—for I had a presentiment that she was a *blue-stocking*, and *they* always sit late. Her gown was blue, so were her ribbons, so were her little twinkling eyes, and so was her nose—at least at the point. But there was no help for it. I made up my mind to the worst, and allowed her to help me to a bit of fowl. The landlord, and the two other guests supped on fried codlings. She herself fastened upon a lobster's claw.

"Meanwhile supper proceeded, and the clatter of knives and forks bore testimony that the process of mastication was going on swimmingly. For some time I enjoyed it as much as the rest of the company, as I was rather hungry and the fowl excellent; but my enjoyment was of short duration—for Mr. Hookey, the gentleman who sat opposite to me, on the left hand of Miss Snooks, asked me a question, and on looking up to answer it I saw—not him, but the lady's nose. I speak advisedly: there is no exaggeration in the case. If any part of him was visible, it must have been his body. His face was utterly hid by the tremendous feature which stood between us like an 'envious shade,' and intercepted all vision in that direction. To get out of the influence of this 'baleful planet' I shifted my head aside, and so did he, and we thus got a sight of each other over its peak. From that moment, all idea of eating was gone. The nose stood at first *literally* between my friend and me—and now it stood *metaphorically* between the fowl and my stomach.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hookey, besides being a great talker, was a native of the same part of the country as myself, and having been absent from thence several years, was anxious to hear of any event and change that had taken place since he left it. He accordingly bored me with questions which I could not but answer. I could not answer them decently without raising my head—and I could not raise my head without encountering the nose of Miss Snooks.

"But this was not the worst part of the business. Miss Snooks took it into her head to put questions to me, and thus confronted me still more with her *promontory*. There was no way of evading the annoyance, but by getting to the opposite side of the table—a step which it was impossible to perform with any regard to decency; and I was thus compelled to 'kiss the rod,' and put the best face I could upon the matter.

"Supper being removed, wine was introduced; and I had the honour of pouring out a glass of port to Miss Snooks. She thanked me with an inclination of her head—or rather of her nose—and drank to my health, and to that of the rest of the company. While performing the process of drinking, I could not help gazing upon her, to see how so very remarkable a person would go to work. The peak of her nose actually dipped down over the farthest rim of the glass—spanning it as a rainbow spans the Vale of Glengarry, while the 'limpid ruby' rolled in currents within the embrace of her delighted lips. The more I gazed upon her, the greater did my surprise at this extraordinary feature become.

"It is unnecessary to detail at length, the conversation which ensued. It was tolerably connected, as might be looked for in so small a company, seldom branching out into miscellaneous details, and turning chiefly upon literary matters. But I found it impossible to join in it with any degree of relish. In vain did my opposite neighbour call up before my imagination the scenes of my birthplace; in vain did our landlord crack his jokes—for he was a great humourist—and rally me upon my dulness; in vain did he allege that I was in love, and good-naturedly fix upon two or three girls as the objects of my affections. Worthy man! little did he imagine that I was in love with his cousin's nose.

"In love, yes! I bore the same love towards it, that the squirrel bears to the rattlesnake—when it gets fascinated by the burning eyeballs, horrid fangs, and forked tongue of its crawling, slimy, and execrable foe. Mistake me not, sir, or suppose that I mean to insinuate that Miss Snooks was a rattlesnake. No; the reasoning is purely analogical; and I only wish it to be inferred that *that* nose, humped like a dromedary—prominent as Cape Wrath—nobler than Cæsar's, or the great captain's—had precisely the same influence on me as the envenomed Python of the American woods has upon the squirrel. It fascinated me—threw a spell over me—enchanted my faculties—made me love to gaze upon what I abhorred, and think of nothing but one feature—one nose, which nevertheless held a more

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prominent place in the temple of my imagination, than Atlas, Andes, or Teneriffe, or even the unscalable ridges of Himalaya, where Indra, the god of the elements, is said to have placed his throne. Having meditated for some time in this way, I found that it would never do. There was something inexpressibly absurd in the mood which my mind was getting into; and I resolved to throw off the incubus which oppressed me, and be like other people. Full of this idea, I filled a bumper, and bolted it off—then another—then another. I was getting on admirably, and rapidly recovering my equanimity, when chancing to turn my eyes towards Mr. Hookey, he was nowhere to be seen. He had not gone out; that was impossible; no—he was concealed from me by the mighty nose.

"This event had nearly capsized me, and brought me back into my old way, when I poured out another glass of wine, and hastily swallowed it, which in some measure restored the equilibrium of my faculties. I looked again at Hookey, and saw him distinctly—the shade was gone, for Miss Snooks had leaned back, in a languishing mood, upon her chair, and taken her nose along with her. At this moment I fancied I saw her ogling me with both eyes, and resolved to be upon my guard. I remembered the solemn vows already made to my dear Cecilia; and on this account determined to stand out against Miss Snooks and her nose.

"But this was only a temporary relief. Again did she lean forward, and again was the nose protruded between Hookey and myself. It acted as an eclipse—it annihilated him—made him a mere nonentity—rendered him despicable in my eyes. It was impossible to respect any man who lived in the shade of a nose, who hid his light under such a bushel. Hang the ninny, he must be a sneaking fellow!

"The wine now began to circulate more freely round the table, and the tongues of the company to get looser in their heads. Miss Snooks also commenced talking at a greater stretch than she had hitherto done. I soon found out that she was a poetess, and had written a couple of novels, besides two or three tragedies. In fact, her whole conversation was about books and authors, and she did us the favour of reciting some of her own compositions. She was also prodigiously sentimental, talked much about love, and was fond of romantic scenery. I know not how it was, but although her conversation was far from indifferent, it excited ridiculous emotions in my mind, rather than any thing else. If she talked of mountains, I could think of nothing but the hump upon her nose, which was, in my estimation, a nobler mountain than Helvellyn or Cairngorm. If she got among promontories, this majestic feature struck me as being sublimer than any I had ever heard of—not excepting the Cape of Good Hope, first doubled by Vasco de Gama.—When she conversed about the blue loch and the cerulean sky, I saw in the tip of her nose a complexion as blue or cerulean as any of these. It was at once a nose—a mountain—a cape—a loch—a sky. In short it was every thing. She was armed with it, as the Paladins of old with their armour. Nay, it possessed the miraculous property of rendering a human being invisible, of concealing Mr. Hookey from my eyes; thus rivalling the ring of Gyges, and casting the invisible coat of Jack the Giant-killer into the shade.

"After conversing with her for some time upon indifferent matters, she asked me if I was fond of caricatures, and spoke particularly of the designs of George Cruikshank. Scarcely had she mentioned the name of this artist, than I was seized with a strange shuddering. In one moment I called to mind his illustrations of Punch and Judy, at which we had been looking, before coming down to supper. A clue was now given to the otherwise unaccountable train of feelings, which had possessed me ever since I saw Miss Snooks. From the moment when I first set my eyes upon her, I fancied I had seen her before; but where, when, and upon what occasion I found it impossible to tell. Her squeaking voice, her blue twinkling eyes, her huge frilled cap, and above all, her mighty nose, all seemed familiar to me. They floated within my spirit as a half-forgotten dream; and without daring to whisper such a thing to myself, I still felt the impression that all was not new—that the novelty was not so great as I imagined.

"But Punch and Judy set all to rights. I had seen Miss Snooks in George Cruikshank, and at once all my perplexing feelings were accounted for. *She* was Judy—*she* was Punch's wife. Yes, Miss Snooks, the old maid, was the wife of Mr. Punch. There was no denying the fact. The same small weazel eyes, the same sharp voice and hooked chin, and the same nose—at once mountain, cape, &c. &c. belonged alike to Judy and Miss Snooks. They

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were two persons; the same, yet different—different, yet the same—the one residing in the pages of Cruikshank, or chattering and fighting in the booths of mountebanks at Donnybrook or St. Bartholomew's Fair—the other seated bolt upright, at the head of her cousin's table, beside a small *coterie* of *littérateurs*.

"I know not whether it was the effect of the old port, but, strange to say, I could not for some time view Miss Snooks in her former capacity, but simply as Judy. She was magnified in size, it is true, from the pert, termagant puppet of the fairs, and was an authoress — a writer of tragedies and novels—in which character, to the best of my knowledge, the spouse of Punchinello had never made her appearance, but then the similitude between them, in other respects, was so striking as to constitute identity. Eyes, chin, voice, nose, were all precisely alike, and stamped them as one and the same individual.

"But this strange illusion soon wore away, and I again saw Miss Snooks in her true character. It would perhaps be better if I said that I saw her nose—for somehow I never could look upon herself save as subordinate to this feature. It were an insult to so majestic a promontory to suppose it the mere appendage of a human face. No—the face was an appendage of it, and kept at a viewless distance behind, while the nose stood forward in vast relief, intercepting the view of all collateral objects —casting a noble shadow upon the wall —and impressing an air of inconceivable dignity upon its fair proprietor.

"The first impression which I experienced on beholding the lady was one of fear. I have stated how completely she —or, to speak more properly, her nose —stood between me and Mr. Hookey, and felt appalled in no small degree at so extraordinary a circumstance. There is something inexpressibly awful in a *lunar* eclipse, and a *solar* one is still more overpowering, but neither the one nor the other could be compared to the *nasal* eclipse effected by Miss Snooks. So much for my first impressions: now for the second. They were those of boundless admiration, and ——."

Most unfortunately, just as the gentleman had got to this part of his story, the coach stopped at the principal inn of Hamilton, and he there left it, after bowing politely to me, and wishing me a pleasant ride for the rest of the journey.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SANDY HARG.

The night-star shines clearly,
The tide's in the bay,
My boat, like the sea-mew,
Takes wing and away.
Though the pollock rolls free
Through the moon-lighted brine,
The silver-fum'd salmon
And herling are mine—
My fair one shall taste them,
May Morley of Larg,
I've said and I've sworn it,
Quoth young Sandy Harg.

He spread his broad net
Where, 'tis said, in the brine,
The mermaidens sport
Mid the merry moonshine:
He drew it and laugh'd,
For he found 'mongst the meshes
A fish and a maiden,
With silken eyelashes—
And she sang with a voice
Like May Morley's of Larg,
"A maid and a salmon
For young Sandy Harg!"

Oh, white were her arms,
And far whiter her neck—
Her long locks in armfuls
Overflow'd all the deck:
One hand on the rudder
She pleasantly laid,
Another on Sandy,
And merrily said—
"Thy halve-net has wrought thee
A gallant day's darg—
Thou'rt monarch of Solway,
My young Sandy Harg."

Oh, loud laugh'd young Sandy,
And swore by the mass,
"I'll never reign king,
But mid gowans and grass:"
Oh, loud laugh'd young Sandy,
And swore, "By thy hand,
My May Morley, I'm thine,
Both by water and land!
'Twere marvel if mer-woman,
Slimy and slarg,
Could rival the true love
Of young Sandy Harg."

She knotted one ringlet,
Syne knotted she twain,
And sang—lo! thick darkness
Dropp'd down on the main—
She knotted three ringlets,
Syne knotted she nine,
A tempest stoop'd sudden
And sharp on the brine,
And away flew the boat—
There's a damsel in Larg
Will wonder what's come of thee
Young Sandy Harg.

"The sky's spitting fire,"
Cried Sandy—"and see!
Green Criffel reels round,
And will choke up the sea;
From their bottles of tempest
The fiends draw the corks,
Wide Solway is barmy,
Like ale when it works;
There sits Satan's daughter,
Who works this dread darg,
To mar my blythe bridal."
Quoth young Sandy Harg.

From his bosom a spell
To work wonders he took,
Thrice kiss'd it, and smiled,
Then triumphantly shook
The boat by the rudder,
The maid by the hair,
With wailings and shrieks
She bewilder'd the air;
He flung her far seaward,
Then sailed off to Larg—
There was mirth at the bridal
Of young Sandy Harg.

New Monthly Magazine.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

LEGEND CONCERNING THE PRESERVATION OF THE WELSH PEDIGREES PREVIOUS TO THE FLOOD.

(*For the Mirror.*)

A FIGURE was seen standing on a precipice as the waters of the flood were rising, which waved its hand repeatedly—the waters rose and the figure disappeared. Noah, looking from the deck, was shortly afterwards hailed by the same person amidst the roar of the elements, "Quite full!" exclaimed the patriarch, as the ark lurched deeply. "Full!" exclaimed the voice, which was now close alongside, "Ah! Morgan Jones, is that you?" "We are quite full."—"Then take care of this packet; as for myself never mind, but take care of the packet. The packet was carefully handed aboard, the eyes of Morgan Jones saw the patriarch receive it into his own hands, when the huge ark gave a most terrific lurch, and hitting poor Morgan, he sunk under her counter, was thumped by the keel, and was seen no more; but the packet was received, and proved to be his pedigree from Adam! W. PULLEN.

LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

(*From "After Dinner Chat," in the New Monthly Magazine.*)

H.—How completely a fine poetical thought may be destroyed by the alteration of a single word! I recollect a ludicrous instance of this. I was quoting to M—d—y, who is rather deaf, a line of Campbell's, as being, in my opinion, equal to any that ever was produced:

"And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell."

"I dare say you are right," replied M—d—y; "but it does not quite please me: I must think of it." And he repeated—

"And Freedom *squeak'd*—as Kosciusko fell."

F.—L—ml—y, of the —th Dragoons, was, as you may remember, a great admirer of the "Hohenlinden" of the same poet, and used frequently to recite it; but instead of

"Wave, Manich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy *chivalry*,"—

fancying, no doubt, that the poet, from ignorance of military terms, had committed a blunder, he used invariably to say—

"And charge with all thy *cavalry*."

K.—I once heard two whimsical blunders made in the course of a performance of Macbeth, at a poor little country theatre. The Lady Macbeth—who, not unlikely, had been a laundress—instead of saying merely

"A little water clears us of this deed,"

chose to "make assurance double sure," and said—"A little soap and water." And, presently after, for

"We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it,"

the Thane, looking with an air of profound mystery at his tender mate, whispered her,

"We have *cotch* a snake, and *killed* it."

PARLIAMENT OF BATTS.

GURDON, in his *History of Parliament*, says—"This parliament was summoned in the reign of Henry the Sixth, to meet at Leicester; and orders were sent to the members that they should not wear swords; so they came to parliament (like modern butchers) with long staves, from whence the parliament got the name of *The Parliament of Batts*; and when the batts were prohibited, the members had recourse to stones and leaden bullets. This parliament was opened with the Confirmation of Liberties." P. T. W.

WITENAGEMOTES.

"ALFRED, with the advice and consent of his *Witas*, in *Witenagemote*, made his code of law that was common to the whole nation, and enacted that a *Witenagemote* should be held twice a year, and oftener if need were.—See *Gurdon on Parliament*. P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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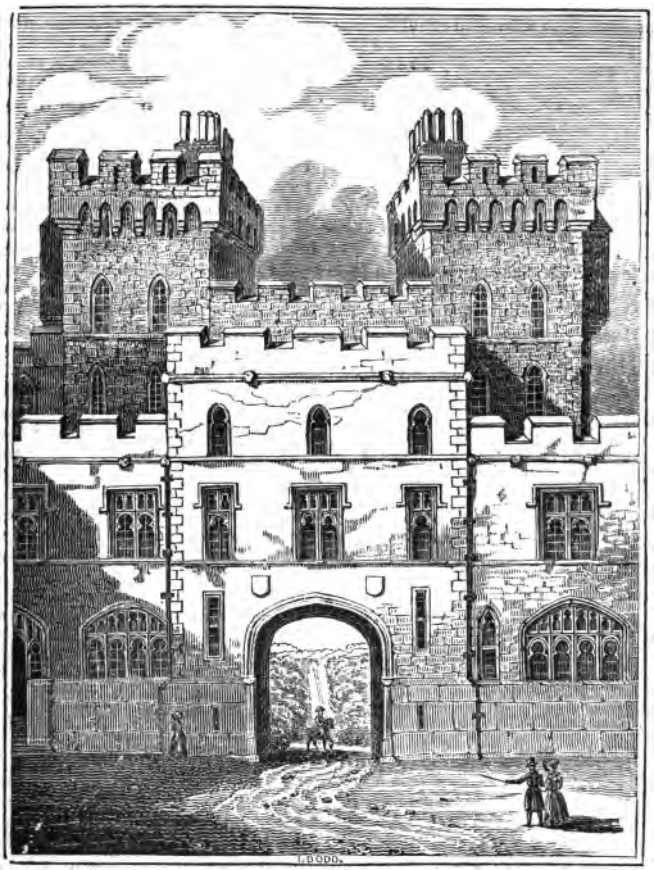

WINDSOR CASTLE.

GEORGE THE FOURTH'S GATEWAY, FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE.

WE wish the reader to consider this Engraving as the first of a Series of Illustrations of Windsor Castle, in which it will be our aim to show how far the renovations lately completed or now in progress are likely to improve the olden splendour of this stupendous pile. This, we are persuaded, would be matter of interest at any time, but will be especially so during the coming summer and autumn, when, it is reasonable enough to expect that Windsor will double its number of curious visiters. During the late King's reign, the Castle more resembled one wide, vast solitude than the abode of a numerous court. An occasional banquet enlivened its halls, though it only rendered more painful the solitariness by which it was succeeded. Affliction too broke in upon the life of the Royal tenant, and stripped regal state of all its mimic joys, till pain and long protracted suffering welcomed the happy sleep of death. An occupant of

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different tastes and habits has succeeded; domestic enjoyment has once more become the characteristic of the British court, and the Sovereign has cherished the affections of his people by admitting them to the enjoyment of certain privileges, which, though unimportant in themselves, have a grateful effect in identifying interests and considerations which were commonly considered as very remote. The terrace and slopes of the Castle have been thrown open to the public, the park grounds are no longer kept clear of visiters, and access to the Castle itself may be much more freely enjoyed than during the late reign. The King and the Queen may be seen daily in the real luxury of conjugal and domestic comfort. Plainness of purpose, and affectionate amiability of manners, have done much towards their popularity; and the love of a good and wise people cannot be better secured than by such fostering consideration from their rulers; nay, its paternal influence is but part and parcel of the grand scheme of civilization and society.

Proceeding to the details of the Print, we may observe that in our eleventh volume we gave three engravings illustrative of the Castle improvements; one of which represented the gateway named after the late Sovereign, and seen from the Long *Walk*. The present Engraving is the other side of the gateway, as seen from the interior of the square or quadrangle. This new gate was externally completed in 1826. The natural application of the fine avenue, called the Long Walk, was thus realized. The gateway consists of two towers the York and Lancaster. The foundations and walls of the York Tower were part of the old building—the Lancaster is entirely new. These towers which have machiolated battlements, are about 100 feet high; the gateway between them is 24 feet high. In our former Engraving, the gateway was in the distance, but the present being a near view, shows the solidity, largeness of proportions, and the boldness of the building, to greater advantage. The appearance of the whole is extremely beautiful, although its newness and cleanness remind us of Mr. Bowles's eccentric observation, that "it looks as if it was washed every morning with *soap and water*."

Here it may be as well to state that Windsor Castle is divided into the upper and lower wards. The lower contains the ecclesiastical portions of the edifice, including St. George's Chapel. The upper ward is formed by the celebrated Round Tower on the west; the state apartments, including St. George's Hall, on the north; and a range of domestic apartments on the east and south, which communicate with the state apartments. The whole building is thus a hollow square, of which the three outer sides on the north, east, and south, are surrounded with a magnificent terrace. The Inner Court, or Quadrangle, is a connected building of three sides, the fourth being formed by the Round Tower, or Keep.

The improvements of the interior of the Quadrangle having been already detailed by us,* we pass on to observe, that the low French windows of St. George's Hall, which faces the side in our Engraving, have been replaced by long pointed arch windows, of elegant proportions. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the look-out from these windows through the arched entrance to the "lengthened vista," or Long Walk, as shown in the Engraving. The interior of the Hall is nearly completed; "the length, 200 feet, is too great for the width;"† the carved ceiling, and the arms of the Knights of the Garter, from the first institution of the order, are exquisitely emblazoned on shields or escutcheons. Beautifully as they are executed, we scarcely like their whole effect, which is undoubtedly marred by the proportions of the hall itself. Perhaps they are too near a blaze of chivalric splendour for these days of cold calculation. The ball-room, adjoining to St. George's Hall, is nearly completed. The decorations are gold and white, in the florid style of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, superb and showy; four pieces of tapestry are let into the walls, which, observes the *Athenæum*, really look like some of Rubens's stupendous works now in the Grosvenor collection. We have not seen these apartments since last summer, when the decorations were in a forward state. We were surprised at the coarseness of the gilding, when examined closely; we saw, too, that where one of the entrances to the Ball-room had been heightened, the original door had been *pieced*, which was a work of economy we did not look for in the repairs of a palace.

It is gratifying to learn that the erection of a colossal statue of George III. on Snow Hill, in the Long Walk, is in progress. This is a testimony of the filial affection of the late King, and should not be overlooked in his character.

* See *Mirror*, vol. xi. p. 2.

† *Athenæum*, No. 180—an opinion to which we beg to subscribe.

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STERNE'S ELIZA.

(To the Editor.)

THOUGH a perusal of your pages evidently shows that you wish more for original communications than to copy from any one, yet the extreme beauty of the following article (which I exactly copy as it appeared translated in the *European Magazine* for March, 1784) makes one hope to see it revived or preserved in the *Mirror*.

A CONSTANT READER.

"For the European Magazine.

"MRS. DRAPER, the lady who has been so celebrated as the correspondent of Mr. STERNE, under the name of ELIZA, will naturally attract the notice of the Public. That she was deserving of the encomiums bestowed upon her by that *admirable writer* will appear from the following eulogium, written by the excellent Abbe RAYNAL, which I transmit to you for publication in your next Magazine.—I am yours, &c. A. T.

"Territory of *Anjengo*,* thou art nothing; but thou hast given birth to Eliza. A day will come, when these staples of commerce, founded by the Europeans on the coasts of Asia, will exist no more. Before a few centuries are elapsed, the grass will cover them, or the Indians, *avenged*, will have built upon their ruins. But if my works be destined to have any duration, the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man. Those who shall read my works, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say—There it is that Eliza Draper was born; and if there be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride—And there it was that she was born of English parents.

"Let me be permitted to indulge my grief, and to give a free course to my tears! Eliza was my friend. Reader, whosoe'er thou art, forgive me this involuntary motion;—let my mind dwell upon Eliza. If I have sometimes moved thee to compassionate the calamities of the human race, let me now prevail upon thee to commiserate my own misfortune. I was thy friend without knowing thee; be for a moment mine. Thy gentle pity shall be my reward.

"Eliza ended her days in the land of her forefathers, at the age of three-and-thirty. A celestial soul was separated from a heavenly body. Ye who visit the spot on which her sacred ashes rest, write upon the marble that covers them: In such a year, in such a month, on such a day, at such an hour, God withdrew his spirit, and Eliza died.

"And thou, *original writer*, her admirer and her friend, it was Eliza who inspired *thy works*, and dictated to thee the most affecting pages of them. *Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more*, and I am left behind. I wept *over thee with Eliza;* thou wouldst weep over her with me: and had it been the will of Heaven that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together upon my grave.

"The men were used to say, that no woman had so many graces as Eliza: the women said so too. They all praised her candour; they all extolled her sensibility; they were all ambitious of the honour of her acquaintance. The stings of envy were never pointed against unconscious merit.

"Anjengo, it is to the influence of thy happy climate that she certainly was indebted for that almost incompatible harmony of voluptuousness and decency which diffused itself over all her person, and accompanied all her motions. A statuary who would have wished to represent Voluptuousness, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served for him who might have had a figure of Modesty to display. Even *the gloomy and clouded sky of England* had not been able to obscure the brightness of that aërial kind of soul, unknown in our climates. In every thing that Eliza did, an irresistible charm was diffused around her. Desire, but of a *timid and bashful cast*, followed her steps in silence. Any man of courteousness alone must have loved her, but would not have *dared* to own his passion.

"I search for Eliza every where; I discern, I discern, some of her features, some of her charms, scattered among those women whose figure is most interesting. But what is become of her who united them all? Nature, who hast exhausted thy gifts to form an Eliza, didst thou create her only for one moment? Didst thou make her to be admired for one instant, and to be for ever regretted?

"All who have seen Eliza regret her. As for myself, my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live. But is this sufficient! Those who have known *her tenderness for me*, the confidence she had bestowed upon me, will they not say to me—She is no more, and yet thou livest.

Eliza intended to quit her country, her relations, her friends, to take up her

* A town of Hindoostan, in Travancore.

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residence along *with me*, and spend her days in the midst of mine. What happiness had I not promised to myself? What joy did I not expect, from seeing her sought after by men of genius, and beloved by women of the nicest taste? I said to myself, Eliza is young, and thou art near thy latter end. It is she *who will close thine eyes*. Vain hope! Fatal reverse of all human probabilities! My old age has been prolonged beyond the days of her youth. *There is now no person in the world existing for me. Fate has condemned me to live, and die alone.*

"Eliza's mind was cultivated, but the effects of this art were never perceived. It had done nothing more than embellish nature; it served in her, only to make the charm more lasting. Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting. Such is the impression she had left in India; such is the impression she made in Europe. Eliza, then, *was very beautiful?* No, she was simply beautiful; but there was no beauty she did not eclipse, because she was the only one that was like herself.

"Eliza has written; and the men of her nation, whose works have been the most abounding in elegance and taste, would not have disavowed the small number of pages she has left behind her.

"When I saw Eliza, I experienced a sensation unknown to me. It was too warm to be no more than friendship; it was too pure to be love. Had it been a passion, Eliza would have pitied me; she would have endeavoured to bring me back to my reason, and I should have completely lost it.

"Eliza used frequently to say, that she had a greater esteem for me than any one else. At present I may believe it.

"In her last moments Eliza's thoughts were fixed upon her friend; and I cannot write a line without having before me the monument she has left me. Oh! that she could also have endowed my pen with her graces and her virtue!—Methinks, at least, I hear her say—'That stern muse that looks at you, is History, whose awful duty it is to determine the opinion of posterity. That fickle deity that hovers o'er the globe, is Fame, who condescended to entertain us a moment about you; she brought me thy works, and paved the way for our connection by esteem. Behold that phœnix immortal amidst the flames: it is the symbol of Genius, which never dies. Let these emblems perpetually incite thee to shew thyself the defender of *humanity*, of *truth*, and of *liberty*.'

"Eliza, from the highest Heaven, thy first, and last country, receive my oath: "*I swear not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised.*"

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BRITANNIA.

(To the Editor.)

I DISCOVERED the following curious information in a Classical Dictionary appended to a very old Latin Thesaurus, written by Cooper, Bishop of Norwich, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth; which, as its authenticity may be relied on, affords an easy solution to a difficulty that has puzzled many. I speak of the origin of the name *Britannia*.

"About 30 yeres sence, it hapned in Wilshire, at Juy Church, aboute two myles from Sarisbury, as men digged to make a foundation, they founde an holow stone couered with another stone, wherin they founde a booke, hauevinge in it little above xx leaves (as they saide) of very thicke vellume, wherin was some things written. But when it was shewed to priests and chanons, whiche were there, they could not reade it. Wherfore after they had tossed it from one to another (by the meanes wherof it was torne) they did neglecte and caste it aside. Long after a peece therof happened to come to my handes: whiche notwithstandynge it was all to rente defaced, I shewed to Maister Richard Pace, than chiefe secretary to the kynges moste royal majestie, wherof he exceedingly rejoysed. But because it was partely rente, partely defaced and blourred with meate (or weate) whiche had fallen on it, he could not finde any one sentence perfect. Notwithstandynge after longe beholdynge, he shewed me, it seemed that the said booke conteined some auncient monument of this yle, and that he perceived this woorde *Prytania*, to be put for *Brytannia*. But at that tyme he sayde no more to me. Afterwarde, I gevyng much study and diligence to the readynge of hystories, consyderynge wherof this woorde *Britannia* first came, fyndynge that all the yles in this parte in the occean, were called *Brittaniæ*, after conjecture of Albion, remebringe (remembering) the sayde wrytynge, and by chaunce fyndyng in Suidas, that *Prytania* in Greeke, with a circumflexed aspiratio (aspiration,) doeth signifie metalles, fayres and markettes, also revenues belongyng to the commune treasure: I then con-

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ceyved this opinion, that the Greekes flourishynge in wisdome, prowesse, and experience, of saylynge, beynge entred into the occean sea, founde in the yles greate plenty of tyn, leade, yron, brasse, and in divers places golde and sylver in great quantitie, they called all those yles (isles) by this generall name Prytania, &c."

I have, with few exceptions, preserved the spelling.

Your constant reader and admirer,

AN ANTIQUARY.

POLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following account of Poland, may be acceptable at the present time, when this heroic people are making a noble effort to throw off the yoke of Russian despotism.

As a kingdom, Poland is swept from the map of nations; but when geographically considered, is of no small importance: it lies between forty-six and fifty-seven degrees of north latitude, and between sixteen and thirty-four degrees east longitude; and is bounded north by Russia, south by Hungary and Turkey in Europe, east by Russia, west by Prussia and Germany. Poland is in general a very level country, (if we except the Carpathian mountains,) fertile in corn, having long furnished Sweden and Holland; its horses are some of the finest in Europe, and its salt-works are very productive; the towns collectively are built of wood; the appearance of the villages very mean.

This was the country of the ancient Vandals; it was made a duchy about the end of the seventh century; in the tenth, Christianity was introduced, and Boleslaus erected it into a monarchy in 999. The form of government was here very singular: it was the only elective monarchy in Europe, and the Poles, in the choice of a king, did not always confine themselves to a countryman; at one time all nations were eligible. The king was elected by the whole body of the nobility and gentry in the plains of Warsaw, and before this choice they obliged him to sign whatever conditions they thought proper. The Polish armies were not paid by the king; every nobleman or gentleman gave his attendance in time of war, at the head of his vassals, and retired from the fatigues of the campaign when it suited his own inclination. In the year 1779, a singularly bold partition of this country was effected by Russia, Prussia, and Austria; Russia laid claim to part of Lithuania, Polesia, Podolia, Volhinia, and part of the Ukraine. This immense tract of country, containing 8,000,000 souls, is become part and parcel of the Russian territory. Prussia claimed Great Poland, the other part of Lithuania, and Polish Russia. The only part of Poland retained by Prussia, is the Grand Duchy of Posen, containing 538 geographical square miles, and 1,051,137 inhabitants. Its chief towns are Bromberg and Posen. Austria siezed on Little Poland and Red Russia, leaving to the King of Poland only Samogitia, Mascovia, and Polachia; even this small territory was wrested from him, and in 1795, he was obliged to resign his crown. That part of Poland which is subject to Austria, bears the designation of the kingdom of Galicia and Lodomiria. Its population amounts to 4,370,000 souls. The present kingdom of Poland is hereditary in the person of the Russian autocrat and his successors, and comprises a superfices of 6,340 square leagues, having a population of 3,850,000 souls. It is divided into eight waiwodeships, namely, Warsaw, Landomir, Kalish, Lublin, Plotzk, Mascovia, Podolachia, and Augustowo. Its rivers are the Vistula, Warte, Bug, Dnieper, Niemen, and Dwina. The national revenues amounted (prior to the present contest) to £2,280,000. sterling, about the seventh part of which was assigned to the civil list. Its military force during the despotic government of the Grand Duke Constantine, was 30,000 infantry, and 20,000 cavalry; at present it is estimated at 70,000 infantry, 20,000 cavalry, and 50,000 men armed with scythes. Warsaw, with 126,433 inhabitants, is its capital, and next stand in succession Landomir, 50,000 inhabitants; Lublin, 12,000; and Kalies, 8,500. The Catholic religion predominates, but the number of Jews and Socinians is great. There are more than 2,000,000 Jews dispersed through Poland, independent of those resident as merchants in the principal towns. Socinius resided many years at Cracow, and married the daughter of a Polish nobleman. According to a distinguished Polish historian, M. Chodzko, the population of the different provinces of Ancient Poland amounted, in 1824, to about 19,000,000 of inhabitants.

W. G. C.

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Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON MUSING AT ST. HELENA.

This picture has, we understand, been painted for Sir Robert Peel, whose taste and munificence in patronizing the fine arts cannot be too highly praised. It is throughout a masterly performance, and one of which the English school of art has just cause to be proud. We intend to let Mr. Haydon describe it in his own vivid style :—

"Napoleon was peculiarly alive to poetical association as produced by scenery or sound; village bells with their echoing ding, dong, dang, now bursting full on the ear, now dying in the wind, affected him as they affect every body alive to natural impressions, and in the eve of all his great battles, you find him stealing away in the dead of the night, between the two hosts, and indulging in every species of poetical reverie.

"It was impossible to think of such a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock, and the solitude with which he was enveloped, I never imagined him but as if musing at dawn, or melancholy at sun-set, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, or meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him: in short Napoleon never appeared to me but at those moments of silence and twilight, when nature seems to sympathize with the fallen and when if there be moments fit, in this turbulent earth, for celestial intercourse, one must imagine these would be the moments immortal spirits might select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted.

"Under such impressions the present picture was produced,—I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff and musing on his past fortunes,—I imagined sea birds screaming at his feet,—the sun just down,—the sails of his guard ship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic, calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive.

"I tried it in a small sketch, and it was instantly purchased,—I published a print and the demand is now and has been incessant; a commission for a picture the full size of life, from one well known as the friend of artists and patron of art followed, and thus I have ventured to think a conception so unexpectedly popular might, on this enlarged scale, not be uninteresting to the public.

"No trouble has been spared to render the picture a resemblance, its height is Napoleon's exact height, according to Constant, his valet, viz. five feet two inches and three quarters, French, or five feet five inches and a half, English; the uniform is that of one of the regiments of Chasseurs, every detail has been dictated by an old officer of the regiment; and his celebrated hat has been faithfully copied from one of Napoleon's own hats now in England.

"The best description I ever saw of Napoleon's appearance was in the letter of an Irish gentleman, named North, published in the *Dublin Evening Post*, and as it is so very characteristic, it may amuse the visiter. He saw him at Elba in 1814, and thus paints him :—

"He but little resembles the notion I had of him, or any other man I ever saw. He is the squarest figure I think I ever remember to have seen, and exceedingly corpulent. His face is a perfect square, from the effects of fat, and, as he has no whiskers, his jaw is thrown more into relief; this description, joined to his odd little three-cornered cocked hat, and very plain clothes, would certainly give him the appearance of a vulgar person, if the impression was not counteracted by his evil soldierly carriage, and the peculiar manner of his walking, which is confident, theatrical and a little ruffian like, for he stamps the ground at every step, and at the same time twists his body a little. He was dressed that day in a green coat, turned up with a dirty white, &c. &c. &c. His neck is short, his shoulders very broad, and his chest open * * * *. His features are remarkably masculine, regular and well formed. His skin is coarse, unwrinkled and weather-beaten, his eyes possess a natural and unaffected fierceness, the most extraordinary I ever beheld: they are full, bright, and of a brassy colour. He looked directly at me, and his stare is by far the most intense I ever beheld. This time, however, curiosity made me a match, for I vanquished him. It is when he regards you, that you mark the singular expression of his eyes —no frown—no ill-humour—no affectation of appearing terrible; but the genuine expression of an iron, inexorable temper."

We have only to remark that the picture appears to us exceedingly well drawn, and equally coloured. Objection has been made to the large size of the epaulettes, and the colouring of the sea. To the first opinion we may subscribe, but doubt whether the objection ought to extend to the latter, especially if we remember the great height of the cliff on which Napoleon stands, and the

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usual sombre appearance of the ocean towards the last minute of sunset. The lower part of the figure, particularly the left leg, half advanced, is admirably drawn.

The effect of the picture, on the spectator entering the room, is one of the most extraordinary character. Its general outline—Napoleon standing on the crest of a tremendous cliff, with his back nearly turned to the spectator, the vast Atlantic, and the parting glow of the sun—the figure too, the size of life—will, in some measure, prepare him for this effect, which we confess ourselves at a loss to describe. Its very grandeur impresses us with awe, and our after thought becomes tinged with melancholy from associating the fate of the illustrious original with the towering cliff,—the vasty sea,—the dying splendour of the sun, and the specky sail of the guard ship fluttering in its last light. Yet how delightful is it to reflect that such effects are within the span of a few square yards of canvass, and how ennobling is the recollection that genius, (ill-fostered as it has been in the case of the painter before us) enables one man to produce such sublime and agreeable impressions on his fellows. To step from the busy *pavé* of New Bond-street and its busy whirl of fashion to this placid meer of reflection is a contrast almost too severe for some of the puling votaries of London gaiety: yet the scene teems with deep-souled poetry. Some such feelings as those so touchingly expressed in Lord Byron's Ode to Napoleon, on his first exile, flit through the memory:—

> Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
> And gaze upon the sea;
> That element may meet thy smile,
> It ne'er was ruled by thee!
> Or trace with thine all idle hand
> In loitering mood upon the sand
> That earth is now as free.

Perhaps we ought not to mention an idea we sometimes entertain—that our readers may imagine we are partial to Mr. Haydon, and that we pay an undue share of attention to his works. The truth, however, is that his pictures always work upon us with greater intensity than those of any other living artist. Further, we know Mr. Haydon but by his works. We are acquainted with the original of Pharaoh, in his great picture of *the Plague*, but this association has nothing to do with our admiration of Mr. Haydon's genius. One of the specimens—*Eucles*—will not soon be absent from our mind's eye; and for days after we first saw it, the sorrowful mother, and the ghastly, falling figure of the warrior, haunted our imagination at every turn.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

This is another volume of the delightful Zoological series of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. We have already a volume and a half of Quadrupeds from the Menageries, a volume of the Transformations of Insects, and another of their Architectural Labours. The present, in well-chosen continuity of a novel plan of illustrating the Animal economy, is devoted to "an examination of Birds in the exercise of their mechanical arts of constructing Nests." "This work," observes the ingenious Editor, "is the *business* of their lives—the duty which calls forth that wonderful ingenuity, which no experience can teach, and which no human skill can rival." The few introductory pages include a rapid sketch of the methods of classifying Birds adopted by some of the most distinguished naturalists, in which their characteristics are stripped of the jargon of technicality and *hard words:* thus, "Diurnal" birds are explained as "preying in the day-time;" "Piscivorous, feeding upon fish;" "Passeres, or Sparrows;" "Columbæ, or Pigeons," &c. An outline of Mr. Vigors's Quinary System, is also given, and the reader referred to proper sources for illustrations. The Editor then, leaving the beaten path of his predecessors, rambles through "fields and forests, unfettered by system, but alive to whatever he meets with likely to interest for its curiosity or its novelty." The birds are classed according their peculiar labours: thus, there are Mining Birds, Ground Builders, Mason and Carpenter Birds, Platform Builders, Basket-making Birds, Weaver Birds, Tailor Birds, Felt-making Birds, Cementers, Dome-builders, and Parasite Birds. Each division is so abundantly attractive to the observer of Nature in field or folio, that we scarcely know how to decide on an extract; and the reader will readily admit this dilemma, if he but recollects the early enthusiasm, wonder, and delight, with which he must have regarded a *Bird's Nest*, unless he has been pent up all his life in the brick and mortar and chimney groves of a metropolis. Even then, the ingenuity of rooks may have occurred to him as not a whit less wonderful than the proud glories of art with which he has been environed. It is, however, time to de-

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termine, and we, accordingly, choose the following:—

The Osprey.

It would appear that the Americans are very fond of these birds, from some prevalent superstition connected with them. "It has been considered," says Dr. S. Mitchill, of New York, "a fortunate incident to have a nest and a pair of these birds on one's farm. They have, therefore, been generally respected, and neither the axe nor the gun has been lifted against them. Their nest continues from year to year. The same couple, or another, as the case may be, occupies it season after season. Repairs are duly made; or, when demolished by storms, it is industriously rebuilt. There was one of these nests, formerly, upon the leafless summit of a venerable chestnut-tree, on our farm, directly in front of the house, at the distance of less than half a mile. The withered trunk and boughs, surmounted by the coarse-wrought and capacious nest, was a more picturesque object than an obelisk; and the flights of the hawks, as they went forth to hunt, returned with their game, exercised themselves in wheeling round and round, and circling about it, were amusing to the beholder, almost from morning till night. The family of these hawks, old and young, was killed by the Hessian jagers. A succeeding pair took possession of the nest; but, in the course of time, the prongs of the trunk so rotted away that the nest could no longer be supported. The hawks have been obliged to seek new quarters. We have lost this part of our prospect, and our trees have not afforded a convenient site for one of their habitations since."*

Herons and Heronries.

The several species of herons may not improperly be ranked among the platform builders; for though they construct a shallow depression in the centre of the nest, which is by all the species, if we mistake not, lined with some sort of soft material, such as dry grass, rushes, feathers, or wool, the body of the nest is quite flat, and formed much in the manner of an eagle's eyry, of sticks crossing one another, and supported upon the branches or between the forks of high trees. All the species also are social, nestling in large communities, after the manner of rooks; though instances are not uncommon of individual pairs breeding solitary. Belon tells us, that "the heron is royal meat, on which the French nobility set great value;" and he mentions it as one of the extraordinary feats performed by the "divine king," Francis I., that he formed two artificial heronries at Fontainbleau;—"the very elements themselves," he adds, "obeying the commands of this divine king (whom God absolve!); for, to force nature, is a work partaking of divinity!"† In order to enhance the merit of these French heronries, he undertakes to assert that they were unknown to the ancients, because they are not mentioned in any of their writings; and for the same reason, he concludes that there are none in Britain. Before Belon's time, on the contrary, and before the "divine" constructor of heronries in France was born, there were express laws enacted in England for the protection of herons, it being a fine of ten shillings to take the young out of the nests,‡ and six shillings and eightpence for a person, without his own grounds, killing a heron, except by hawking or by the long-bow;§ while, in subsequent enactments, the latter penalty was increased to twenty shillings, or three months' imprisonment.‖ At present, however, in consequence of the discontinuance of hawking, little attention is paid to the protection of heronries. Not to know a hawk from a *heron-shaw* (the former name for a heron) was an old adage, which arose when the diversion of heron-hawking was in high fashion. It has since been corrupted into the absurd vulgar proverb, "not to know a hawk from a handsaw!"¶ The flesh of the heron is now looked upon as of little value, and rarely if ever brought to market, though formerly a heron was estimated at thrice the value of a goose, and six times the price of a partridge.**

The heronries recorded to be existing at present in this country are in Windsor Great Park, on the borders of Bagshot Heath; at Penshurst-place, Kent; at Hutton, the seat of Mr. Bethel, near Beverley, in Yorkshire; at Pixton, the seat of Lord Carnarvon; in Gobay Park, on the road to Penrith, near a rocky pass called Yew Crag, on the north side of the romantic lake of Ulswater; at Cressi Hall, six miles from Spalding, in Lincolnshire; at Downington-in-Holland, in the same county; at Brockley Woods, near Bristol;†† at Brownsea Island, near Poole, in Dorsetshire; and, in Scotland, Colonel Montagu mentions

* Wilson, Amer. Ornith. v. 15.

† Oiseaux, p 189.
‡ 19 Henry VII. c. 11.
§ Ibid.
‖ 1 James, c. 27, s. 2.
¶ Pennant, Brit. Zool. ii. 241.
** Northumberland Household Book, p. 104.
†† Jennings Ornithologia, p. 199, note.

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one in a small island, in a lake, where, there being only a single scrubby oak, much too scanty to contain all the nests, many were placed on the ground. *— Besides these, we are acquainted with a small one in the parish of Craigie, near Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire.† We have little doubt but there are several more unrecorded, for the birds may occasionally be seen in every part of the island. In Lower Britany, heronries are frequently to be found on the tall trees of forests; and as they feed their young with fish, many of these fall to the ground, and are greedily devoured by swine, which has given rise to the story that the swine of that country are fattened by fish which drop from the trees like beech-mast."‡

At the close of the volume are a few well-digested observations, which will leave the reader in a delightful train of reflection, impress him with the value of the preceding pages, and enable him to close the volume with gratitude to its author:—

"Although, in the preceding pages, we have considered birds as miners, as ground-builders, as masons, as carpenters, as platform-builders, as basket-makers, as weavers, as tailors, as felt-makers, as cementers, and as dome-builders, we have not dwelt at much length upon any fancied analogies between their arts and those of the human race. The great distinction between man and the inferior animals is, that the one learns almost every art progressively, by his own experience operating with the accumulated knowledge of past generations, whilst the others work by a fixed rule, improving very little, if any, during the course of their own lives, and rarely deviating to-day from the plans pursued by the same species a thousand years ago. It is true that the swallow, which doubtless once built its nest in hollow trees, has now accommodated itself to the progress of human society by choosing chimneys for nestling; and it is also to be noticed, that in the selection of materials a great many birds, as we have already shown, accommodate themselves to their individual opportunities of procuring substances differing in some degree from those used in other situations by the same species. These adaptations only show that the instinct which guides them to the construction of the nests best fitted to their habits is not a blind one; that it is very nearly allied to the reasoning faculty, if it is not identified with it. But that the rule by which birds conduct their architectural labours is exceedingly limited must be evident, from the consideration that no species whatever is in a state of progression from a rude to a polished style of construction. There is nearly as much difference between the comparative beauty of the nests of a wood-pigeon and a bottle-tit, as between the hut of a North American savage and a Grecian temple. But although the savage, in the course of ages, may attain as much civilization as would lead him to the construction of a new Parthenon, the wood-pigeon will continue only to make a platform of sticks to the end of time. It is evident, from a contemplation of all nature, that the faculties of quadrupeds, birds, insects, and all the inferior animals, are stationary: those of man only are progressive. It is this distinction which enables him, agreeably to the will of his Creator, to 'have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.'— But within their limited range the inferior animals perform their proper labours with an unwearied industry, and an unerring precision, which call forth our wonder and admiration. Of these remarkable qualities we have given abundant examples in the preceding pages; and they are not without moral instruction. Elevated as our minds are in the comparative scale of nature, we may still take example from the diligence, the perseverance, and the cheerfulness, which preside over the *Architecture of Birds*."

There are nearly eighty cuts in the present volume—many from specimens, all from excellent authorities, and of any but common-place character.

* Ornith. Dict. Art. Heron. † J. R.
‡ Belon, Oiseaux, p. 189.

TOMB OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Junior lieutenants and midshipmen, and others of the age of romance, always make it a point to visit these tombs as soon as possible after their arrival. If they can only get on shore for a few hours, they hire or borrow horses, and proceed with all haste to the interesting scene. On reaching the spot to which they are directed, they enter a pretty garden, laid out with great care, and are conducted along a walk bordered with bushes, bearing a profusion of roses, and having a stream of the clearest water flowing on each side. At the end of this walk the visiter sees a red, glaring monument, which he is told is the tomb

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of Virginia; at the termination of a similar avenue, on the opposite side of the garden, appears another monument, exactly resembling the first, which is designated the tomb of Paul: a grove of bamboos surrounds each. The traveller feels disappointed on beholding these red masses, instead of elegant monuments of Parian marble, which would seem alone worthy of such a purpose and such a situation. But that is not the only disappointment destined to be experienced by him: after having allowed his imagination to depict the shades of Paul and Virginia hovering about the spot where their remains repose—after having pleased himself with the idea that he had seen those celebrated tombs, and given a sigh to the memory of those faithful lovers, separated in life, but in death united—after all this waste of sympathy, he learns at last that he has been under a delusion the whole time—that no Virginia was there interred, and that it is a matter of doubt whether there ever existed such a person as Paul! What a pleasing illusion is then dispelled! How many romantic dreams, inspired by the perusal of St. Pierre's tale, are doomed to vanish when the truth is ascertained! The fact is, that these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos. Formerly only one was erected; but the proprietor of the place, finding that all the English visiters, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visiters who have been gratified, consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial-place of that unfortunate pair.—These "tombs" are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses and pathetic ejaculations, and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre's story of the lovers is very prettily written, and his description of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even his pen can do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale. It is said, that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France, for education, during the time that Monsieur de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The "Bay of the Tomb," the "Point of Endeavour," the "Isle of Amber," and the "Cape of Misfortune," still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre.—*Recollections of the Mauritius.*

The Cosmopolite.

COINCIDENT POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

In No. 475 of the *Mirror*, p. 98, will be found an article by a correspondent (H.) on "English Superstition," introducing a very interesting Cheshire legend, as a counterpart to a Scottish one, related by the celebrated author of "Demonology and Witchcraft." H. remarks of his tale that "it gives rise to many interesting conjectures respecting the probable causes of such a superstition being believed in countries with apparently so little connexion or intercourse as Cheshire and Scotland." Perhaps it may be as well to refer to what Sir W. Scott has said upon this very subject, in note xi. to canto 4 of his "Lady of the Lake," ere we proceed to offer a few specimens of coincident superstitions:—

"A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century—and that, into the nursery tale of subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other anything intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour."

Sir Walter, in appending this observation to a tradition extracted from "Grahame's Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire," pp. 116-118, remarks—"that this story, translated by Dr. G. from a

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Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury."

Now, it is not a little singular, that of the self-same legend we have also an original edition, received from a Welsh woman, as it is current in Wales, and "believed to be true in the place where it happened"—as she averred—but whereabout in Cambria that was she failed to inform us. Here, then, is her account of a fairy favour:—

"The *accoucheuse* of a small village in Wales was one night aroused by a carriage driving furiously through it, and stopping at her door. A gentleman hastily alighted, entered her humble abode, and, stating that his lady required her assistance, scarcely allowed the good woman time to wrap a few garments around her, ere he hurried her into the carriage, which drove off with both of them, as if coachman and horses were mad. After the lapse of a few minutes the carriage stopped; the good woman was taken out, and ushered into a most splendid mansion—although the midnight darkness was too great to allow of her noticing its exterior and situation. After the infant was born, being about to wash and dress it, a box of some kind of ointment was put into her hands, wherewith she was desired to anoint it all over; and in doing this she happened to rub one of her eyes.—At last, her attendance being no longer required, she was re-conveyed to her own abode, in the same manner as she had been taken from it; but, although she subsequently noticed most particularly all the gentlemen's houses in the vicinity, she was never able to discover that to which she had been taken;—neither did she ever behold the gentleman again, until many months afterwards, being at a wake in the neighbourhood, she saw, to her supreme astonishment, that mysterious stranger, liberally helping himself, without money and without leave, from the stalls!—Averse to noticing the fact, our honest woman resolved, nevertheless, to accost him; and making her way up to where he stood, asked after the health of his lady and child, regretting that she had not been able to call and see them, since she had failed in every endeavour to find the house.

"'They are well,' said the stranger; 'but how came you to know that I was here?'

"'Because, sir, I saw, and do see you,' replied the unsuspecting gossip.

"'With which eye?'

"'With both, to be sure,' said she.

"'I rather think not,' rejoined the gentleman—'try.'

"Upon making the experiment, the poor woman discovered, to her infinite surprise, that she could only see the stranger with that eye which she had accidently rubbed with the unguent;—upon which the enraged fairy—for such he was—spitting into it, deprived it of the faculty of sight for ever!"

Of this story we have reason to believe that there are various readings, besides those of the Scotch and Welsh, and that it may be met with in England and Ireland, with slight variations and interpolations, if in no other countries.

Have our readers ever heard any fearful story of a spirit attesting the reality of its apparition, by leaving a burnt impress of fingers upon whatever it hath touched? We have heard such a tale, or rather such tales (for literally they are "legion") from many lips, the circumstances of each being varied, but the main fact always the same: and, what is most extraordinary, always vouched for as being a portion of family history, attached to families who have not the slightest connexion with each other!—If our memory is not extremely treacherous, we believe that Sir Walter Scott, in one of his works (of which we have not the good fortune to possess a copy)—probably his "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces"—gives such a tale as a German tradition. It is, at least, extremely popular; but the Irish family of the Beresfords lay peculiar and original claim to this singular legend. Who has not heard of "The Beresford Ghost?"—Nay, but we must crave the liberty of re-publishing an oft-told tale, were it only in gratitude to some kind and esteemed Irish friends, who, believing that it might prove a novelty to several English readers, procured for us—from a lineal descendent of the family, and inheriter of the name, &c.—the following genuine and authentic document, concerning the celebrated Beresford Ghost:

"Sir Tristram Beresford was a general, in the service of King George I., who married Lady Hamilton, one of the co-heiresses of Lord Glenawley; and having large estates in the county of Tyrone, the family mansion of which was the Castle of Ballygawley, there Sir Tristram and his lady resided. Sir T. was ordered to join his regiment, then serving in Flanders;—he was severely wounded in an engagement, and reported to be dead. The means of communication with most places being in those days extremely difficult and uncertain, Lady Beresford had no means

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of knowing that the report of her husband's death was premature; but firmly believing it, she married immediately, as it should seem, a young officer named Georges, to whom she had long been greatly attached. The demise of Sir Tristram Beresford did not, in fact, take place till some days after their union; but on the night when it actually occurred, Captain Georges and his lady having retired to rest, a figure resembling Sir Tristram stood beside their bed, and having undrawn the curtains nearest his late wife, upbraided her with the indecent haste she had used in concluding her second marriage, which had caused her, in fact, to be for many days guilty of an adulterous connexion with her present husband.—She asked him, whether he were yet living?—He answered, that he had died that very hour; and also said, that she had made a disastrous choice, for that her husband would prove very unkind to her, and that she should die in giving birth to their fifth child.

"Captain G. had fallen into a profound slumber, from which, although during this conversation his wife made every effort to arouse him, he could not be awakened. She then said to the semblance of Sir Tristram—

"'How shall I know that this is not a trick, and that you are not some person disguised to deceive me?'

"Upon which the spectre took up the curtains of the bed, which were suspended from a ring over the tester, and throwing them from his hand, passed them through the ring thrice, saying—'No human being could do that.'

"'And yet, replied the lady, it is possible that people may say I did it myself. Can you give me no better token?'

"Then the spectre caught her by the wrist, exclaiming—'Unto thee shall this be a token!'—when the sinews of that wrist immediately shrivelled up, and the apparition, laying his hand on an escritoire, vanished!

"Captain Georges instantly awoke; and his lady asking him whether he had seen or heard any thing, he replied in the negative; but the sinews of her wrist were seared and shrunken ever after, and the impression of a hand was burnt into the escritoire.*

"Shortly afterwards accounts arrived, identifying the hour of Sir Tristram's decease with that in which his apparition had appeared to his widow; and she was a second time married to Capt. Georges, with whom she lived some years, and had four children; but as she experienced much ill-treatment from him, they parted: he joined his regiment, and she continued to reside in Ballygawley Castle.

"Some years after this separation, they again became friends. He returned to reside with her; and in giving birth to their fifth child, she died, as had been foretold by the apparition.

"The son of Sir Tristram by this lady was Sir Marcus Beresford, who married the heiress of the estates and title of Le Pen; was created Baron Beresford and Earl of Tyrone; and was father of George Beresford, first Marquess of Waterford, the late Right Hon. John Beresford, William Beresford, late Archbishop of Tuam, Lady Frances Flood, Lady Araminta Monk, Lady Catherine Jones, Lady Glenawley, and Lady Betty Cobbe."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* This escritoire is said to be in the possession of Lady Clanwilliam, at Giltown, her father having married the sister and co-heiress of Lady Beresford; and a picture was lately existing, and may be now, at Catherine Grove (the seat of Richard Georges Meredith, Esq., her grandson on Capt. Georges' side), exhibiting Lady B. with a broad black ribbon round the wrist, which the apparition of Sir Tristram is said to have scorched.

Old Poets.

WILL.

Will puts in practice what the will deviseth,
Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates still,
And as from Wit the power of Wisdom riseth,
All other virtues daughters are of Will.

LODGE.

LOVE.

Where heat of Love doth once possess the heart,
There cares oppress the mind with wondrous ill,
Wit runs awry, not fearing subtil smart,
And fond desire doth ever master will.
The belly neither cares for meat nor drink,
Nor o'erwatched eyes desire to wink.

Footsteps are false and wavering to and fro,
The brightsome flower of beauty fades away,
Reason retires, and Pleasure brings in Woe,
And Wisdom yieldeth place to black decay.
Counsel, and fame, and friendship are condemned,
And bashful shame, and gods themselves contemned.

Watchful suspect is kindled with despair,
Inconstant hope is often drown'd in fears;
What folly hurts not, fortune can repair,
And misery doth swim in seas of tears.
Long use of life is but a living foe,
As gentle death is only end of woe.

WATSON.

PRINCES.

A prince's safety lies in loving people,
His fort is Justice (free from stratagem),
Without the which strong citadels are feeble,
The subjects' love is won by loving them:
Of loving them no oppression is the trial,
And no oppression makes them ever loyal.

SYLVESTER.

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GRIEF.

True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild,
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer, plunging still
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.
SHAKSPEARE.

FAME.

A lofty subject of itself doth bring
Grave words and weighty, of itself divine;
And makes the author's holy honour shine.
If ye would after ashes live, beware
To do like Erostrate, who burnt the fair
Ephesian Temple, or to win a name
To make of brass a cruel calf untame.
KING OF SCOTS.

SPRING.

The Winter with his grisly storms no longer dare abide,
The pleasant grass with lusty green the earth hath newly dyed,
The trees hath leaves, the boughs do spread, new changed is the year,
The water brooks are clean sunk down, the pleasant boughs appear,
The Spring is come, the goodly nymphs now dance in every place:
Thus hath the year most pleasantly so lately chang'd her face.
EARL OF SURREY.

THE SOUL.

——— To show her powerful deity,
Her sweet Endymion more to beautify,
Into his soul the goddess doth infuse
The fiery nature of a heavenly muse;
Which the spirit labouring by the mind,
Partaketh of celestial things by kind:
For why the soul being divine alone,
Exempt from gross and vile corruption,
Of heavenly secrets incomprehensible,
Of which the dull flesh is not sensible,
And by one only powerful faculty,
Yet governeth a multiplicity,
Being essential uniform in all
Not to be severed or dividual;
But in her function holdeth her estate
By powers divine in her ingenerate;
And so by inspiration conceiveth,
What heaven to her by divination breatheth.
DRAYTON.

UNDERSTANDING.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appear,
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks is wisely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy is she,
And the only comfort in calamity;
She arms the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throes of Dolour's darts,
She solaceth with rules of sapience,
The gentle winds in midst of worldly smarts;
When he is sad, she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his spirits when they be weary.
SPENSER.

CARE.

Care, the consuming canker of the mind,
The discord that disorders sweet heart's tune,
The abortive bastard of a coward mind,
The lightfoot lackey that runs post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end;
The busy advocate that sells his breath
Denouncing worst to him who's most his friend.
CONSTABLE.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

OLD PARR AND OLD PEOPLE.

(From "After Dinner Chat," in the New Monthly Magazine.)

N.—Parr was a mischievous old fellow: he has left a pernicious example of longevity behind him. At sixty-nine a man will look with complacency to the approaching termination of his career, as an event to be expected in the ordinary course of Nature. Once allow him to turn seventy, he has then escaped the fatal three-score-and-ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person should he receive notice of ejectment a day short of ninety. Ninety comes, and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on and overlooked him. He asks why Nature so long has delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a Statute of Limitations. In his most rational moments he talks of nothing but Old Parr. He burns his will, marries his housemaid, hectors his son-and-heir, who is seventy, and canes his grand-child (a lad of fifty) for keeping late hours. I called on old S——g a morning or two ago: he is ninety-three. I found him reading his newspaper, and inveighing against the outcry for Reform and short Parliaments—declaring that, rather than be forced down into Cheshire to vote oftener than once in every six or seven years, he, for his part, would sell his franchise for a straw. 'Twas clear he had outlived the recollection of the probability of a visit from one who might deprive him of his franchise upon terms even less advantageous. I took occasion to compliment him upon his fine old age. His reply was an angry growl.—"Ugh! do you want me gone? I'm only ninety-three Ugh! Mr. Parr wouldn't die till he was one hundred and sixty!"

R.—Paying a visit to old P—ke, I found him walking up and down the drawing-room, stamping and raving, and holding a handkerchief to his mouth. I inquired what ailed him. To my astonishment, he complained of *tooth-ache!*—a strange complaint, thought I, for a man of seventy-eight, whom one would hardly expect to find with a single implement of that kind in his head; but, in fact, he was in possession of the whole set, *except two!* His lamentation, which he continued at intervals, ran in this strain—"Seventy-eight!—only seventy-eight, and two teeth gone already!—lost

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one of them sixty years ago, and, as if that were not enough, four years ago I must lose a second;—and now—ah! I suppose I must part with another. And then my eyes! one of my eyes is beginning to fail. Lord help me! for, should it go on at this rate, I shall be in a sad condition before many more years are over my head!"

S.—The unconscionable old rogue! at seventy-eight how many more could he expect?

N.—Rely on it I am right, and that Parr was to blame for this. At seventy, P—ke would have died with grateful thanksgivings on his lips for the blessings of his past life. As it was, had he been allowed to live on till he should have parted with the remainder of his teeth, at the rate of one a year, he would have attempted, when it came to the last, to smuggle a false tooth or two into his jaws.

R.—I think I understand the gist of your complaint: the longer you allow folks to live, the more they won't die. Fie upon them!

S.—I shudder at the contemplation of the consequences of Parr's abominable example. Well had it been for posterity if some one had killed the octsexagenarian at the outset of his wicked career.

K.—Horrible! that would have been *Parr*-icide!

DUELLING.

N.—Apropos of duelling. I hear that General F—rn—r is dead. He was the most celebrated, or, I ought to say, the most notorious duellist in France—at a time, too, when duelling was most the rage. He had been a great favourite of Napoleon's. Having the command of a regiment, upon—I forget what occasion—he led it with such extraordinary bravery to the attack, yet, at the same time, conducted its movements with so total a want of skill and discretion, that, without attaining any good result, his men were nearly all cut to pieces, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. As a reward for his gallantry, his Imperial master promoted him to the rank of general; but, to mark his sense of F—rn—r's total want of "the better part of valour," he never after entrusted him with a command. So fatal was his skill in duelling, that, when I knew him in Paris, he was under an interdiction of the police ever to fight again. The terms of one of the duels in which he had been engaged were, that the parties should fire at eight paces, and that they should alternately advance two paces till the fire of one or both of them should take deadly effect. According to this arrangement, the last advance brought the muzzle of his pistol close to his adversary's breast—he had twice already wounded him slightly, and received one shot himself—he fired, and his adversary fell dead at his feet! This piece of butchery—for as such it must be stigmatized—having been perpetrated under sanction of the articles of the meeting, passed over without receiving any severe notice. No wonder he was an unhappy man. I met him one day at dinner. On that occasion he was boisterous in his mirth, without appearing to be gay.—Suddenly he rose and left the room. Half an hour afterwards we found him in a small *boudoir* at the farther end of the apartment, stretched on a sofa—writhing, grouning, and gnashing his teeth: I thought of Richard in the tent scene. I once heard him say—(I must give part of his expression in his own words, for terrible as they are, they are, at the same time, so simple, that they would lose their force in translation)—"*J'ai la bras fatal!* if I fire at a mark ten to one I miss it: I never miss a man." His look and tone, as he uttered this, were as of one who should speak of an attendant demon, from whose dominion he had no power of escape.

R.—I once was witness to an instance of apathy on the part of a father—your talking of duelling reminds me of it—which is perhaps without a parallel. Walking one day beyond the *Barrière de Clichy*, I saw several persons assembled at a little distance from the roadside. Two gentlemen had just taken their ground—you know that these affairs are not always conducted with the same privacy on the Continent as in England—and received their pistols from the hands of their seconds. They fired at the same instant. One of the combatants, a fine young man of about five-and-twenty, received his adversary's shot in his forehead: it pierced his brain.—He sprang nearly his own height from the ground, and fell dead. He was immediately carried home to his father's house, which was at no great distance from the spot, and I went along with the crowd. He was an only son, mind you, but (so it was said) a *mauvais sujet* of the last degree—indeed the very quarrel which led to the duel had occurred in a gaming-house of which he was a regular frequenter. The body, which I followed into the courtyard of his father's house, was placed on the stones. The father was sent for;—a *scene* was

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naturally to be expected;—and a scene to be remembered there was. The old gentleman came out, looked calmly upon the dead body of his son, deliberately took a pinch of snuff, tapped down the lid of the box, and, saying nothing in the world more than—*Enfin!*—walked in again.

S.—Père Sensible! *Ibid.*

POLITICAL CHANGES.

PRESUMPTUOUS was the wish so patriotically conceived, and so repeatedly extolled, of that pious churchman, who exclaimed, with reference to the constitution of his native country, now no more existing as an independent state, "Esto perpetua!" The ancients, indeed, to secure what might be humanely termed a perpetuity to their laws and edicts, had them graven on brass. But what is the perpetuity even of brass itself, when opposed to the irresistible advance of Time? Even in the very infancy of the world, this question might have been answered, as it was, some few thousand years after its creation, by Old Simonides:

"Who so bold
To uphold
What the Lindian sage* has told?
Who will dare
To compare
Works of man, that fleeting are,
With the smooth perennial flow
Of swift rivers, or the glow
Of the eternal sun, or light
Of the golden orb of night?

Spring renews
The floweret's hues
With his sweet refreshing dews;
Ocean wide
Bids his tide
With returning current glide;
The sculptured tomb is but a toy
Man may fashion, man destroy—
Eternity in stone or brass?
Go, go! who said it was an ass."

Fragm. 10. BRUNCK, *Analect*, tom. i. p. 122.

(From a striking paper entitled "Correction, Melioration, Reformation, Revolution," in *Blackwood's Magazine.*)

* Cleobulus.

OLD PARLIAMENTS.

THERE is nothing in our history more uncertain than their nature and the extent of their power. Blackstone says, that "the original or first institution of parliaments is one of those matters which lie so far hidden in the dark ages of antiquity, that the tracing of it out is a thing equally difficult and uncertain; and how members were returned to the *Michel-Synoth*, or *Michel-Gemote*, or *Wittena-Gemote*, of our Saxon ancestors, it would doubtless puzzle the learning even of Lord John Russell to ascertain. In the simple days of good King Alfred, parliaments were not summoned for "the dispatch of business"—that is, to discuss regulations touching the taxes and the public debt—the Bank affairs—the East India affairs—the West India affairs, and a thousand other concerns of national moment, then lying unborn in the womb of time. In those days, the great council was ordained to "meet twice in the year, or oftener, if need be, to treat of the government of God's people, how they should keep themselves from sin, should live in quiet, and should receive right."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

LENDING BOOKS.

To lend a byeuck is to lose it—and borrowin's but a hypocritical pretence for stealin', and shou'd be punished wi' death.—*Ettrick Shepherd.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

HOW TO ROAST AN ACTOR.

IF he is tall, you may discover that his person is ungraceful, and that he wants the dapper-size of Garrick. If short, he is much under the proper size, and can never play the character of a hero, which is always fixed at five feet ten inches. If his features are small, you can find out that they want expression; if large, his face is vulgar, and his nose too much beyond the dramatic size. If his face be unexceptionable, you may with some pains discover *a something* in his eye. If his eyes are piercing and intelligent, perhaps his features are stiff and unmanageable. His shoulders may be broad; and, if not, it is a thousand to one but he stoops; and if he stoops, and does not turn out his toes, it is impossible he can understand his author. If he is a scholar and a critic, and repeats a line as you never heard it repeated before, he must be a word-catcher. If his manner is graceful, he has studied dancing too much; but if his manner is not graceful, be sure to tell him he must go to the dancing-school. If you can discover no fault, you must prove how much better Garrick, Powel, Holland, or Barry, performed the character; and as nine-tenths of your readers cannot remember those performers, you may easily persuade them that the object of your censure is a blockhead. If he has the art of rapid elocution, tell him he speaks too fast; and if he speaks slowly, and

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with discrimination, say that he only waits to catch applause. If his action is graceful, tell him he makes too much use of his arms and hands; and if his action is moderate, persuade the public that his arms are tied behind him. By these hints you will have *done him* completely on one side, and, if you change your opinion, and praise him, he will be done on the other.—*Old Magazine.*

VALE OF TEMPE.

Dr. Clarke says, "The boasted Vale of Tempe, is a defile; it is something like Matlock, but wilder; more savage than Salvator Rosa, and with nothing of Claude. I cannot tell why the ancients made such a fuss about it; perhaps because half of them never saw it, and took its character from hearsay; the other half, like mankind every where, stupidly admiring what is said to be admirable. It is like a crack in a great wall, at the bottom of which is a river, sometimes inundated, sometimes dry; the passage narrow, the sides craggy, bare, lofty and perpendicular; its whole length not above a mile."

THEATRES.

We find the following sensible observations in a recent work:—

"In the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the golden age of the English drama, London was not a tenth part of its present size, and it contained seventeen theatres. At present (1808) there are but two; more would succeed, and indeed more are wanted; but these have obtained exclusive privileges. Old people say the acting was better in their younger days, because there were more schools for actors; and the theatres being smaller, the natural voice could be heard, and the natural expression of the features seen, and therefore rant and distortion were unnecessary. They, however, who remember no other generation of actors than the present, will not be persuaded that there has ever been one more perfect. Be this as it may, all are agreed that the drama itself has woefully degenerated, though it is the only species of literary labour which is well paid; they are agreed also as to the cause of this degeneracy, attributing it to the prodigious size of the theatres; the finer tones of passion cannot be discriminated, nor the finer movements of the countenance perceived from the front, hardly from the middle of the house. Authors, therefore, substitute what is here called broad farce for genuine comedy; their jests are made intelligible by grimace, or by that sort of mechanical wit which can be seen; comedy is made up of trick, and tragedy of processions, pageants, battles, and explosions."

SCRAPS.

Addison says, that a dog has been the companion of man for nearly 6,000 years, and has learned of him only one of his vices; that is to worry his species when he finds them in distress. Tie a tin canister to a dog's tail, and another will fall upon him; put a man in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him.

Horace Walpole, speaking of the opening of the budget one year, says, "The rest of the night was spent in a kind of avoirdupoise war."

A witness under examination in an Irish court of justice, had just stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the examining counsel, "*Fast asleep,*" replied the witness.

An officer whom Louis XIV. had been strongly solicited to appoint to a certain situation, was presented to him. "This gentleman," said the king, "is too old." "Sire," replied the officer, with much tact, "I am only four years older than your majesty, and I calculate upon serving you for five-and-twenty years to come." The king appointed him to the situation. W. G. C.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 487.] SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1831. [Price 2d.

BIRTHPLACE OF LOCKE.

At the village of Wrington, in Somersetshire, in a cottage by the churchyard, was born John Locke. What a simple, unostentatious record is this of him whom the biographers call "one of the most eminent philosophers and valuable writers of his age and country." Yet the cottage is not preserved with any special care;—there is nothing about it to denote that within its walls the man of whom every Englishman is proud—first drew breath. The house is now divided into tenements; and, fortuitously, one of its rooms is used as a school for young children. It is grateful to know this, even were it only for associating the appropriation of this apartment with the master-mind of Locke, as developed in his "Thoughts on Education," and his perspicuous "Essay on the Human Understanding."

Locke was born August 29, 1632: his father, Mr. J. Locke, who was descended from the Lockes of Charton Court, in Dorsetshire, possessed a moderate landed property at Pensfold and Belluton, where he lived. He was a captain in the Parliamentary army during the civil wars, and his fortune suffered so considerably in those times, that he left a smaller estate to his son than he himself had inherited. It is not our intention to follow the biographers of Locke further than by quoting from the last published Life of the Philosopher* a brief example of his filial affection:—

John Locke, says the biographer, was the eldest of two sons, and was educated with great care by his father, of whom he always spoke with the greatest respect and affection. In the early part of his life, his father exacted the utmost respect from his son, but gradually treated him with less and less reserve, and, when grown up, lived with him on terms of the most entire friendship; so much so, that Locke mentioned the fact of his father having expressed his regret for giving way to his anger, and striking him once in his childhood, when he did not deserve it. In a letter to a friend, written in the latter part of his life, Locke thus expresses himself on the conduct of a father

* The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Commonplace Books. By Lord King. New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.

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towards his son:—"That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers, viz. to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with greater reserve towards them, which usually produces an ill understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequences; and I think fathers would generally do better, as their sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom and friendship as their age and temper will allow." The following letter from Locke to his father, which is without a date, but must have been written before 1660, shows the feeling of tenderness and affection which subsisted between them. It was probably found by Locke amongst his father's papers, and thus came again into his possession:—

"December 20.

"*Most dear and ever-loving Father,*

"I did not doubt but that the noise of a very dangerous sickness here would reach you, but I am alarmed with a more dangerous disease from Pensford, and were I as secure of your health as (I thank God) I am of my own, I should not think myself in danger; but I cannot be safe so long as I hear of your weakness, and that increase of your malady upon you, which I beg that you would, by the timely application of remedies, endeavour to remove. Dr. Meary has more than once put a stop to its encroachment;—the same skill, the same means, the same God to bless you, is left still. Do not, I beseech you, by that care you ought to have of yourself, by that tenderness I am sure you have of us, neglect your own and our safety too; do not, by a too pressing care for your children, endanger the only comfort they have left. I cannot distrust that Providence which hath conducted us thus far, and if either your disappointments or necessities shall reduce us to narrower conditions than you could wish, content shall enlarge it; therefore, let not these thoughts distress you. There is nothing that I have which can be so well employed as to his use, from whom I first received it; and if your convenience can leave me nothing else, I shall have a head, and hands, and industry still left me, which alone have been able to raise sufficient fortunes. Pray, sir, therefore, make your life as comfortable and lasting as you can; let not any consideration of us cast you into the least despondency. If I have any reflections on, or desires of free and competent subsistence, it is more in reference to another (whom you may guess) to whom I am very much obliged, than for myself: but no thoughts, how important soever, shall make me forget my duty; and a father is more than all other relations; and the greatest satisfaction I can propose to myself in the world, is my hopes that you may yet live to receive the return of some comfort, for all that care and indulgence you have placed in,

"Sir, your most obedient son,

"J. L."

Locke, it appears, originally applied himself to the study of physic; and he became essentially serviceable in his medical capacity to Lord Ashley, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom he was introduced in 1666, and who was led to form so high an opinion of Locke's general powers, that he prevailed upon Locke to take up his residence at his house, and urged him to apply his studies to politics and philosophy. This proved the stepping-stone to his subsequent greatness; and it is gratifying to learn that his career, literary and political, was closed as honourably as it had been commenced. His last publications were in a controversy with the celebrated Bishop Stillingfleet, who had censured some passages in Locke's immortal "Essay." The prelate yielded to the more powerful reasoning of the philosopher, yet Locke's writing was uniformly distinguished by mildness and urbanity. At this time he held the post of commissioner of trade and plantations. An asthmatic complaint, with which he had long been afflicted, now began to increase, and, with the rectitude which distinguished the whole of his conduct, he resigned: the sovereign (William) was very unwilling to receive Locke's resignation; but the philosopher, who made his precepts his own rule of life, pressed the point, observing that he could not in conscience hold a situation to which a considerable salary was attached without performing the duties of it. Would that such political philosophy were more common in our days! From this time, Locke lived wholly in retirement, where he applied himself to the study of the Scriptures, till, in 1704, after nearly two years' declining health, he fell asleep. He was buried at Oates, where there is a neat monument erected to his memory, with a modest Latin inscription indited by himself.

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THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(For the Mirror.)

"KNIGHT, a sister's truest love,
This mine heart devotes to thee—
Ask no other love to prove;
Marriage! no, that ne'er can be.
Still unmov'd to all appearing,
Calmly can I see thee fly—
Still break the chain no sorrow fearing,
Save a tear from lover's eye."

This he heard without replying,
Silent woes his bosom wrung;
In his arms he clasp'd her sighing—
On his courser's back he sprung.
Thro' the Switzer's rugged land
Vassals, at their lord's behest,
Sought Judea's sainted strand—
Each the red-cross on his breast.

Mighty deeds all dangers braving
Wrought the Christian hero's arms;
Oft his helmet plumes were waving
High above the Paynim *swarm.**
But tho' Moslem hosts were quaking
At the Toggenburger's name,
Still his breast, with anguish breaking,
Felt its sorrow yet the same:

Felt it till a year departed—
Felt it of all hope bereft;
Restless, joyless, broken-hearted,
Then the warring bands he left;—
Bade on Joppa's sandy shore
Seamen hoist the swelling sail;
Swift the bark to Europe bore
O'er the tide the fav'ring gale.

When the pilgrim, sorrow laden,
Sought the gates he lov'd so well;
From the portals of his maiden
† *Words of thunder* rang his knell:
"She ye seek has ta'en the veil,
To God alone her thoughts are given;
Yestere'en the cloisters pale
Saw the bride betroth'd to heaven."

From the castle of his sires,
Mad with grief, the hero flew;
War no more his bosom fires,
Arms he spurns, and courser true.
Far from Toggenburg alone
Wends he on his secret way,
To friend and foe alike unknown,
Clad in peasant's mean array.

On a mountain's lonesome glade,
Neath a hut he sought repose—
Near where 'mid the lime-tree's shade,
The convent pinnacles arose;
There, from morning's dawn first brightning
Till the ev'ning stars began,
Secret hopes his anguish lightning,
Sate the solitary man.

On the cloister fixed his eye,
Thro' the hours' weary round,
To his maiden's lattice nigh,
Till he heard that lattice sound—
Till that dearest form was seen—
Till she on her lover smil'd—
And the turret-grates between
Look'd devout and *angel-mild*,‡

* Literally translated.
† *Donnerworte.* ‡ *Engelmild.*

There he sate thro' many a day,
Thro' many a year's revolving round—
Alike to hope and grief a prey,
Till he heard the lattice sound.
Years were fleeting; when one morning
Saw a corse the cloister nigh—
To the long-watch'd turret turning
Still its cold and glassy eye. H.

CORFE CASTLE—EDWARD II.

(To the Editor.)

I SHOULD be glad to be informed by your correspondent, *James Silvester, Sen.*, on what authority he grounds his assertion (contained in No. 484.) that it was in the fortress of *Corfe Castle* that the unfortunate Edward II. was so inhumanly murdered. I have always considered it an undisputed fact that the scene of this atrocity was at Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire. Hume states, that while in the custody of Lord Berkeley, the murderers, Mautravers and Gournay, "taking advantage of Berkeley's sickness, *in whose custody he then was, came to Berkeley Castle*, threw him on a bed," &c. &c. giving the particulars of the cruel deed. An abridged history, the only other authority I have at hand to refer to, says, "After these transactions, he was treated with the greatest indignities, and at last inhumanly murdered *in Berkeley Castle*, and his body buried in a private manner in the Abbey Church, at Gloucester." The lines of Gray, in his celebrated poem of "*The Bard*," are familiar to most schoolboys, where he alludes to the cries of the suffering monarch

> "Through *Berkeley's roofs* that ring
> Shrieks of an agonized king!"

Yet as your correspondent, *J. S.* seems of the intelligent kind, he may be in possession of some authority to which he can refer, and thereby prove it is not merely an assertion inadvertently given, to increase the interest of his *Visit to Corfe Castle*. Knowing your wish that the pages of your entertaining *Mirror* should reflect the truth, the insertion of this will oblige your Constant Reader,

W.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

(For the Mirror.)

WHY am I here?—Thou hast not need of me,
Home of the rotting and the rotten dead—
For thou art cumber'd to satiety,
And will be cumber'd—ay, when I am fled!
Why stand I here, the living among tombs?
Answer, all ye who own a grassy bed,
Answer your dooms.

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Thou, massy stone! over whose heart art thou?
The lord who govern'd yonder giant place,
And ruled a thousand vassals at his bow.
Alack! how narrow and how small a space
Of what was human vanity and show
Serves for the maggot, when 'tis his to chase
The greatest and the latest of his race.

One of Earth's dear ones, of a noble birth,
Slumbers e'en *here;* of such supernal charms,
That but to smile was to awaken mirth,
And for that smile set loving fools in arms.
The grave ill balances such living worth,
For here the worm his richest pasture farms,
Unconscious of his harms.

Yon grassy sod, that scarcely seems a grave,
Deck'd with the daisy, and each lowly flower,
Time leaves no stone, recording of the knave,
Whether of humble, or of lordly power:
Fame says he was a bard—Fame did not save
His name beyond the living of his hour—
A luckless dower.

'Tis strange to see how equally we die,
Though equal honour be unknown to light,
The lord, the lady of distinction high,
And he, the bard, who sang their noble might,
Sink into death *alike* and *peacefully;*
Though some may want the marble's honour'd site,
Yet earth holds all that earthliness did slight.

P. T.

ANCIENT BOROUGH OF WENDOVER.

(For the Mirror.)

This borough sent members to parliament in the 28th of Edward I. and again in the 1st and 2nd of Edward II.; after which the privilege was discontinued for above three hundred years. "The intermission, (says Britton,) was attended by the very remarkable circumstance of all recollection of the right of the borough having been lost, till about the period of the 21st of James I. when Mr. Hakeville, of Lincoln's Inn, discovered by a search among the ancient parliament writs in the Tower, that the boroughs of Amersham, Wendover, and Great Marlow, had all sent members in former times, and petitions were then preferred in the names of those places, that their ancient liberty or franchise might be restored. When the King * was informed of these petitions, he directed his solicitor, Sir Robert Heath, to oppose them with all might, declaring, that he was troubled with too great a number of burgesses already." The sovereign's opposition proved ineffectual, and the Commons decided in favour of the restoration of the privilege. Some particulars of this singular case may be found in Willis's *Notitia Parliamentaria.*

* James the First.

The celebrated John Hampden represented this borough in five parliaments.

P. T. W.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

HIPPODROME GAMES.

(For the Mirror.)

The Olympian *Hippodrome*, or horse-course, was a space of ground of six hundred paces long, surrounded with a wall, near the city of Elis, and on the banks of the river Alpheus. It was uneven, and in some degree irregular, on account of the situation;—in one part was a hill of moderate height; and the circuit was adorned with temples, altars, and other embellishments. There was a very famous *hippodrome* at Constantinople, which was begun by Alexander Severus, and finished by Constantine. This circus, called by the Turks *atmeican*, is four hundred paces long, and above one hundred paces wide. At the entrance of the hippodrome there is a pyramidical obelisk of granite, in one piece, about fifty feet high, terminating in a point, and charged with hieroglyphics. The Greek and Latin inscriptions on its base show that it was erected by Theodosius. The machines that were employed to raise it are represented upon it in basso-relievo. We have some vestiges in England of the *hippodromus*, in which the ancient inhabitants of this country performed their races. The most remarkable is that near Stonehenge, which is a long tract of ground, about three hundred and fifty feet, or two hundred Druid cubits wide, and more than a mile and three quarters, or six thousand Druid cubits in length, enclosed quite round with a bank of earth, extending directly east and west. The goal and career are at the east end. The goal is a high bank of earth, raised with a slope inwards, on which the judges are supposed to have sat. The metæ are two tumuli, or small barrows, at the west end of the course. These *hippodromes* were called, in the language of the country, *rhedagua;* the racer, *rhedagwr;* and the carriage, *rheda*—from the British word rhedeg, to run.

One of these *hippodromes*, about half a mile to the southward of Leicester, retains evident traces of the old name, *rhedagua* in the corrupted one of Rawdikes. "There is another of these," says Dr. Stukely, "near Dorchester; and another on the banks of the river Lowther, near Penrith, in Cumberland;

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and another in the valley just without the town of Royston."

WALTER E. C.

Pratt-street, Lambeth.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BEGGAR WOMAN OF LOCARNO.

AT the foot of the Alps, near Locarno, was an old castle, belonging to a marquess, the ruins of which are still visible to the traveller, as he comes from St. Gothard—a castle with lofty and roomy apartments, high towers, and narrow windows. In one of these rooms, an old sick woman was deposited upon some straw, which had been shaken down for her by the housekeeper of the marquess, who had found her begging before the gate. The marquess, who was accustomed to go into this room on his return from hunting, to lay aside his gun, ordered the poor wretch to get up immediately out of her corner, and be-gone.

The creature arose, but slipping with her crutch upon the smooth floor, she fell, and injured her back so much, that it was with great difficulty she got up, and, moving across the room as she had been desired, groaning and crying sadly, sank down behind the chimney.

Several years afterwards, when the circumstances of the marquess had been much reduced by war and the failure of his crops, a Florentine gentleman visited the castle, with the intention of purchasing it, in consequence of the beauty of the situation. The marquess, who was very anxious to have the bargain concluded, gave his wife directions to lodge the stranger in the same upper room in which the old woman had died, it having, in the meantime, been very handsomely fitted up; but, to their consternation, in the middle of the night, the stranger entered their room, pale and agitated, protesting loudly that the chamber was haunted by some invisible being; for that he had heard something rise up in the corner, as if it had been lying among straw, move over the chamber with slow and tottering steps, and sink down, groaning and crying, near the chimney.

The marquess, terrified, though he scarcely knew why, endeavoured to put a fair face upon the matter, and to laugh off the fears of his visiter, telling him he would rise himself, and spend the rest of the night with him in his room; but the stranger begged that he would rather allow him to occupy a couch in the adjoining room; and as soon as morning broke, he saddled his horse, took his leave, and departed. This occurrence, which occasioned much notice, made so unpleasant an impression upon intending purchasers, that not another inquiry was made; and at last, even the servants in the house becoming possessed with the notion that there was something dreadful in the room, the marquess, with the view of setting the report to rest, determined to investigate the matter himself next night. Accordingly, in the twilight, he caused his bed to be brought to the apartment, and waited, without sleeping, the approach of midnight. But what was his consternation, when, on the stroke of midnight, he actually heard some inconceivable noise in the apartment, as if some person had risen up from among straw, which rustled beneath them, walked slowly over the floor, and sank, sighing and groaning, behind the chimney. When he came down the next morning, the marchesa asked him how the investigation had gone on; and he, after gazing about him with wondering glances, and bolting the door, told her the story of the chamber's being haunted was true. She was terrified out of her senses; but begged him, before making any public disclosure, once more to make the experiment coolly in her company. Accompanied by a trusty servant, they accordingly repeated their visit next night, and again heard, as the marquess had done before, the same ghostly and inconceivable noise; and nothing but the anxious wish to get rid of the castle, cost what it would, enabled them to suppress their terrors in presence of the servant, and to ascribe the sound to some accidental cause. On the evening of the third day, when both, determined to probe the matter to the bottom, were ascending with beating hearts the stair leading to the stranger's apartment, it chanced that the house dog, who had been let loose from the chain, was lying directly before the door of the room; and, willing perhaps to have the company of any other living thing in the mysterious apartment, they took the dog into the room along with them. The husband and wife seated themselves on the couch—the marquess with his sword and pistols beside him; and while they endeavoured, the best way they could, to amuse themselves with conversation, the dog, cowering down on the floor at their feet, fell asleep. Again, with the stroke of midnight, the noise was renewed;—something, though what they could not discover, raised itself as if with crutches

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in the corner; the straw rustled as before. At the sound of the first footfall, the dog awoke, roused itself, pricked up its ears, and growling and barking as if some person were advancing towards him, retreated in the direction of the chimney. At this sight, the marchioness rushed out of the room, her hair standing on end; and while the marquess seized his sword, exclaimed "Who is there?" and receiving no answer, thrust like a madman in all directions, she hastily packed up a few articles of dress, and made the best of her way towards the town. Scarcely, however, had she proceeded a few steps, when she discovered that the castle was on fire. The marquess had, in his distraction, overturned the tapers, and the room was instantly in flames. Every effort was made to save the unhappy nobleman, but in vain: he perished in the utmost tortures, and his bones, as the traveller may be aware, still lie where they were collected by the neighbouring peasants—in the corner of the apartment from which he had expelled the beggar woman of Locarno.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal and Gazette.*

Spirit of Discovery.

HYDROSTATICS AND PNEUMATICS.

(*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. xvii.)

This volume is in every respect worthy of standing beside the luminous *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, by Mr. Herschel. It is just in the method that we wish to see all branches of science treated, and it is the only means of rendering such knowledge familiar; and this has only to be known to become popular. We understood this to be the aim of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* at its outset, and the scientific volumes already published are an earnest of the Editor's zeal and success. The best method of illustrating this recommendation, is to seize from the volume a few familiar effects whose causes are imperfectly understood, and thus to show how closely the spread of science is identified with civilization and the common comforts of social life:—

Deceptive appearance of Waves.

If we observe the waves continually approaching the shore, we must be convinced that this apparent motion is not one in which the water has any share: for were it so, the waters of the sea would soon be heaped upon the shores, and would inundate the adjacent country; but so far from the waters partaking of the apparent motion of the waves in approaching the shore, this motion of the waves continues, even when the waters are retiring. If we observe a flat strand when the tide is ebbing, we shall still find the waves moving towards the shore.

Ornamental Fountain Clocks.

It is the same cause (that which produces the deceptive appearance of a progressive motion in the waves of the sea) which makes a revolving cork-screw, held in a fixed position, seem to be advancing in that direction in which it would actually advance if the worm were passing through a cork. That point which is nearest to the eye, and which corresponds to the crest of the wave in the former example, continually occupies a different point of the worm, and continually advances towards its extremity.—This property has lately been prettily applied in ornamental clocks. A piece of glass, twisted so that its surface acquires a ridge in the form of a screw, is inserted in the mouth of some figure designed to represent a fountain. One end of the glass is attached to the axle of a wheel, which the clock-work keeps in a state of constant rotation, and the other end is concealed in a vessel, designed to represent a reservoir or basin. The continual rotation of the twisted glass produces the appearance of a progressive motion, as already explained, and a stream of water continually appears to flow from the fountain into the basin.

Facility of Swimming.

The lighter the body is in relation to its magnitude, the more easily will it float, and a greater proportion of the head will remain above the surface. As the weight of the human body does not always bear the same proportion to its bulk, the skill of the swimmer is not always to be estimated by his success; some of the constituent parts of the human body are heavier, while others are lighter, bulk for bulk, than water. Those persons in whom the quantity of the latter bear a greater proportion to the former, will swim with a proportionate facility.

Common Mistake in Cooling Wine.

When ice is used to cool wine, it will be ineffectual if it be applied, as is frequently the case, only to the bottom of the bottle; in that case, the only part of the wine which will be cooled is that part nearest the bottom. As the application of ice to the top of the bottle

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establishes two currents, upwards and downwards, the liquid will undergo an effect in some degree similar to that which would be produced by shaking the bottle. If there be any deposit in the bottom whose weight, bulk for bulk, nearly equals that of the wine, such deposit will be mixed through the liquid as effectually as if it had been shaken. In such cases, therefore, the wine should be transferred into a clean bottle before it is cooled.

Why Cream collects on the surface of Milk.

There are numerous familiar effects which are manifestations of the principle now explained. When a vessel of milk is allowed to remain a certain time at rest, it is observed that a stratum of fluid will collect at the surface, differing in many qualities from that upon which it rests. This is called *cream;* and the property by which it ascends to the surface is its relative levity; it is composed of the lightest particles of the milk, which are in the first instance mixed generally in the fluid; but which, when the liquid is allowed to rest, gradually arise through it, and settle at the surface.

Directions engraved upon the Common Weather Glasses absurd.

The barometer has been called a *weather glass*. Rules are attempted to be established, by which, from the height of the mercury, the coming state of the weather may be predicted, and we accordingly find the words "Rain," "Fair," "Changeable," "Frost," &c., engraved on the scale attached to common domestic barometers, as if, when the mercury stands at the height marked by these words, the weather is always subject to the vicissitudes expressed by them. These marks are, however, entitled to no attention; and it is only surprising to find their use continued in the present times, when knowledge is so widely diffused. They are, in fact, to be ranked scarcely above the *vox stellarum*, or astrological almanac.

Two barometers, one near the level of the River Thames, and the other on the heights of Hampstead, will differ by half an inch; the latter being always half an inch lower than the former. If the words, therefore, engraved upon the plates are to be relied on, similar changes of weather could never happen at these two situations. But what is even more absurd, such a scale would inform us that the weather at the foot of a high building, such as St. Paul's, must always be different from the weather at the top of it.

It is observed that the changes of weather are indicated, not by the actual height of the mercury, but by its *change* of height. One of the most general, though not absolutely invariable, rules is, that when the mercury is very low, and therefore the atmosphere very light, high winds and storms may be expected.

The following rules may generally be relied upon, at least to a certain extent:

1. *Generally* the rising of the mercury indicates the approach of fair weather; the falling of it shows the approach of foul weather.

2. In sultry weather the fall of the mercury indicates coming thunder. In winter, the rise of the mercury indicates frost. In frost, its fall indicates thaw; and its rise indicates snow.

3. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows a change in the barometer, may be expected to last but a short time. Thus, if fair weather follow immediately the rise of the mercury, there will be very little of it; and, in the same way if foul weather follow the fall of the mercury, it will last but a short time.

4. If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury continually falls, a long continuance of foul weather will probably ensue; and again, if foul weather continue for several days, while the mercury continually rises, a long succession of fair weather will probably succeed.

5. A fluctuating and unsettled state in the mercurial column indicates changeable weather.

The domestic barometer would become a much more useful instrument, if, instead of the words usually engraved on the plate, a short list of the best established rules, such as the above, accompanied it, which might be either engraved on the plate, or printed on a card. It would be right, however, to express the rules only with that degree of probability which observation of past phenomena has justified. There is no rule respecting these effects which will hold good with perfect certainty in every case.

This volume, we should add, is by Dr. Lardner, the editor of the *Cyclopædia*, and is a good model for his collaborateurs.

REFLECTION.

It is better to reflect ourselves, than to suffer others to reflect for us. A philosopher has a system; he views things according to his theory; he is unavoidably partial; and, like Lucian's painter, he paints his one-eyed princes in profile.

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STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

This superb work of modern art stands in one of the finest squares of St. Petersburgh, and of Europe, according to Sir Robert Ker Porter. It was erected by command of the Empress Catherine, and, like all her projects, bears the stamp of greatness. The name of the artist is Falconet: "he was a Frenchman; but," adds Sir R. K. P. "this statue, for genius and exquisite execution, would have done honour to the best sculptors of any nation. A most sublime conception is displayed in the design. The allegory is finely imagined; and had he not sacrificed the result of the whole to the prominence of his group, the grand and united effect of the statue and its pedestal striking at once upon the eye, would have been unequalled in the works of man. A mass of granite, of a size at present most immense, but formerly most astonishing, is the pedestal. A steep acclivity, like that of a rugged mountain, carries the eye to its summit, which looks down on the opposite side to a descent nearly perpendicular. The figure of the hero is on horseback, supposed to have attained the object of his ambition, by surmounting all the apparent impossibilities which so arduous an enterprise presented. The victorious animal is proudly rearing on the highest point of the rock, whilst his imperial master stretches forth his mighty arm, as the father and protector of his country. A serpent, in attempting to impede his course, is trampled on by the feet of the horse, and writhing in all the agonies of expiring nature. The Emperor is seated on the skin of a bear; and habited in a tunic, or sort of toga which forms the drapery behind. His left hand guides the reins; his right is advanced straight forward on the same side of the horse's neck. The head of the statue is crowned with a laurel wreath." It was formed from a bust of Peter, modelled by a young French damsel. The contour of the face expresses the most powerful command, and exalted, boundless, expansion of thought. "The horse, says Sir Robert, is not to be surpassed. To all the beauties of the ancient form, it unites the easy grace of nature with a fire which pervades every line; and gives such a life to the statue, that as you gaze you expect to see it leap from the pinnacle into the air. The difficulty of keeping so great a mass of weighty metal in so volant an attitude, has been admirably overcome by the artist. The sweep of the tail, with the hinder parts of the horse, are interwoven with the curvatures of the expiring snake; and together compose a sufficient counterpoise to the figure and forepart of the animal."*

Our representation of this masterpiece of art is copied from a Russian medallion presented to our ingenious artist, Mr. W. H. Brooke, by M. Francia.

* Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, By Sir Robert Ker Porter, 4to.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FAMILY POETRY.

——— Modo sumptâ veste virili!—Hor.

Zooks! I must woo the Muse to-day,
Though line before I'd never wrote!
"On what occasion?" do you say?
OUR DICK HAS GOT A LONG-TAIL'D COAT!

Not a coatee, which soldiers wear
Button'd up high about the throat,
But easy, flowing, debonair—
In short a *civil* long-tail'd Coat.

A smarter you'll not find in town
Cut by Nugee, that Snip of note;
A very quiet olive-brown
's the colour of Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Gay jackets clothe the stately Pole,
The proud Hungarian, and the Croat,
Yet Esterhazy, on the whole,
Looks best when in a long-tail'd Coat.

Lord Byron most admired, we know,
The Albanian dress, or Suliote;
But then he died some years ago,
And never saw Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Or, past all doubt, the Poet's theme
Had never been the "White Capote,"
Had he once view'd, in Fancy's dream,
The glories of Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

We also know on Highland kilt
Poor dear Glengary used to dote,
And had esteem'd it actual guilt
In "the Gael" to wear a long-tail'd Coat.

No wonder 'twould his eyes annoy,
Monkbarns himself would never quote
"Sir Robert Sibbald," "Gordon," "Roy,"
Or "Stukely" for a long-tail'd Coat.

Jackets may do to ride a race,
Or row in, when one's in a boat;
But, in the Boudoir, sure, for grace
There's nothing like Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Of course, in climbing up a tree,
On terra firma, or afloat,
To mount the giudy top-mast, he
Would doff awhile his long-tail'd Coat.

What makes you simper, then, and sneer?
From out your own eye pull the mote;
A pretty thing for you to jeer!
Haven't *you*, too, got a long-tail'd Coat?

Oh! "Dick's scarce old enough," you mean?
Why, though too young to give a vote,
Or make a will, yet, sure, Fifteen
's a ripe age for a long-tail'd Coat.

What! would you have him sport a chin
Like Colonel Stanhope, or that goat
O'Gorman Mahon, ere begin
To figure in a long-tail'd Coat?

Suppose he goes to France—can he
Sit down at any *table d'hôte*,
With any sort of decency,
Unless he's got a long-tail'd Coat?

Why Louis Philippe, Royal Cit,
There soon may be a *sans culotte;*
And Nugent's self must then admit
The advantage of a long-tail'd Coat.

Things are not now as when, of yore,
In Tower encircled by a moat,
The lion-hearted chieftain wore
A corselet for a long-tail'd Coat.

Then ample mail his form embraced,
Not, like a weazel, or a stoat,
"Cribb'd and confined" about the waist,
And pinch'd in, like Dick's long-tail'd Coat;—
With beamy spear, or biting axe,
To right and left he thrust and smote—
Ah! what a change! no sinewy thwacks
Fall from a modern long tail'd Coat.

For stalwart knights, a puny race
In stays, with locks *en papillote*,
While cuirass, cuisses, greaves give place
To silk-net *Tights*, and long-tail'd Coat.

Worse changes still! now, well-a-day!
A few cant phrases learnt by rote
Each beardless booby spouts away,
A Solon, in a long-tail'd Coat.

Prates of "The march of intellect"—
—"The schoolmaster" a *Patriote*
So noble, who could ere suspect
Had just put on a long-tail'd Coat?

Alack! Alack! that every thick-
skull'd lad must find an antidote
For England's woes, because, like Dick,
He has put on a long-tail'd Coat.

But lo! my rhymes begin to fail,
Nor can I longer time devote;
Thus rhyme and time cut short the *tale*,
The *long tale* of Dick's long-tail'd Coat.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

THE fate of this work was decided like that of many more important things, by a trifle, a word, a pun. A ballad, chanted by a fille-de-chambre, undermined the colossal power of Alberoni; a single line of Frederic the Second, reflecting not on the politics but the poetry of a French minister, plunged France into the seven years' war; and a pun condemned Sir John Hawkins's sixteen years' labour to long obscurity and oblivion. Some wag wrote the following catch, which Dr. Callcott set to music:—

"Have you read Sir John Hawkins's History?
Some folks think it quite a mystery;
Both I have, and I aver
That Burney's History I prefer."

Burn his History was straightway in every one's mouth; and the bookseller, if he did not follow the advice *à pied de la lettre*, actually wasted, as the term is, or sold for waste paper, some hundred copies, and buried the rest of the impression in the profoundest depth of a damp cellar, as an article never likely to be called for, so that now hardly a copy can be procured undamaged by damp and mildew. It has been for some time, however, rising,—is rising,—and the more it is read and known, the more it ought to rise in public estimation and demand.—*Harmonicon.*

ITALIAN, AT THE KING'S THEATRE.

A LIBERAL and sensible correspondent of the *Harmonicon* writes thus:

Mrs. Wood is not the first of our countrywomen who has attained the

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same rank; the names of Billington, Cecilia Davies (called *Inglesina*,) and in remoter times, that of Anastasia Robinson, (afterwards Countess of Peterborough,) will immediately occur to the musical reader; but, with the exception of the latter, who lived at a time when the Italian opera in England was in its infancy, Mrs. Wood is, if I mistake not, the first Englishwoman who has achieved that distinction without a certificate of character from Italy. Even Billington was not thought worthy of our opera stage until she had delighted the audiences of San Carlo, the Scala, and the Fenice. Mrs. Wood, on the other hand, is our own, and wholly our own; she has not basked in the suns of Naples, nor breathed the musical atmosphere of Venice or Milan; yet I, who am an old stager, like Iago, "nothing if not critical," and have heard every *prima donna* from Billington down to this present writing, have seldom uttered any *brava* with more unction than when listening to Mrs. Wood's *Angelina* and *Ottavia*.

My intent is to hail Mrs. Wood's appearance and success at the opera as an *auspicium melioris ævi*, as the dawn of a coming day, when the staple commodity of our Italian opera shall be furnished by our own island, instead of being imported from a country which, I boldly assert, does not produce either superior voices, or better educated musicians than our own—nay, so well educated. Has Italy ever furnished us with such a tenor singer as Braham; the Braham that I am, *per mia disgrazia*, qualified, by age, to remember; the Braham of 1801? Has Italy ever sent us a *prima donna*, considered as a singer only, like Billington? On the contrary, do we not, in gauging our progressive musical importations, subject them to immediate comparison with Billington and Braham? And who, except Catalani and Fodor, Siboni and Donzelli, would bear that comparison? The French, the Germans, cultivate assiduously native talent, and we import, now a Fodor, and now a Sontag; we English alone persist in the sapient policy of making the exclusion of the native artist from the highest point to which his ambition could be directed, the rule; and his admission, the exception which the grammarians say (though my grammar-master never could drive it into my head why) proves the rule.

But I shall be told that few of our native artists can speak the Italian language, or sing Italian music, and more especially recitative. My answer is, let them once know that the mere circumstance of their being English born does not shut the stage-door of the King's Theatre against them, all will look up to its boards as the goal of their ambition, and the study of Italian and recitative will form an important part of every singer's education. Another common objection is, that we cannot acquire the purity of pronunciation required by the refined audience of the King's Theatre. I trust it is no heresy to say that I am somewhat sceptical as to the powers of euphoniacal criticism which that audience possesses. If one in ten, even of the box company, can really distinguish the true *bocca romana* from the patois of the Venetian gondolieri or the Neapolitan lazzaroni, it is, I am persuaded, as much as the truth will justify. In fact it is not the audience that is so critical: it is the associated band of foreign parasites who attach themselves to our aristocracy with the tenacity of leeches, as purveyors *des menus plaisirs*, and whose interests are vitally concerned in excluding English talent, and negotiating the concerns of foreign artists, that raise the cry of "pronunciation." It is these gentry who, in phrase that a Tuscan would spurn at, and in a brogue from which a Roman ear would be averted with disgust, assure our fashionable opera goers that we poor Englishers cannot learn to pronounce Italian.

But, after all, do we, by employing only *foreigners*—for we are not particular, so they be foreigners, as to whether they were born and bred beyond, or on this side the Alps,—do we, by employing only foreigners, secure this essential purity of Italian pronunciation? Will these super-delicate critics favour a plain man, by informing me which of the great singers I have heard for the last thirty years I should select as my canon of true Italian pronunciation—Catalani and Camporese, or Garcia the Spaniard and Begrez the Fleming? There is not more difference between the English, whether we look to phraseology or pronunciation, of a Londoner, a Gloucestershire man, or a Northumbrian, than there is between the Italian of a Tuscan, a Venetian and a Neapolitan. Have the stage lamps of Drury Lane or Covent Garden the virtue of curing the Northumbrian's burr, or correcting the Gloucestershireman's invincible abhorrence of *h*'s and *w*'s? If not, can we expect that even the theatres of Rome and Florence will neutralize at once the provincial accent of a Neapolitan or Venetian? Was it

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in Morelli, the stable-boy, or Ranti, the street ballad-singer, that the beau ideal of pure Italian pronunciation was to be recognised?

But, to be serious. I will venture to affirm that, on this side the Alps, there is no country in Europe whose natives have so little to learn, or to unlearn, in acquiring a good Italian pronunciation, as the English. We have neither the gutturals of the German and the Spaniard, nor the mute vowels and nasal *n*'s of the French to get rid of; there is scarcely a sound in the Italian language which we are not in the daily habit of uttering, and nearly our whole task would be confined to the learning that certain conventional alphabetical symbols, which represent one sound in English, represent another in Italian. Away, then, with the jargonal pretence that English singers cannot acquire a good and pure Italian pronunciation; make it worth their while, open the stage-doors of the King's Theatre to the native artist, and you will soon find talent more than enough.

The Cosmopolite.

COINCIDENT POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

(Continued from page 284.)

Such is the tale, which is either of itself the fragment of some popular superstition, or has given rise to many coincident legends. "I am sure," says the kind friend who furnished us with the narrative, speaking of the Beresford from whom she received it, "that neither he, nor any of his relations, disbelieves the statements recorded." Possibly not; nor dare we profess to be utterly sceptical—simply as Christians—to all narratives of this description; but, allowing the possibility, nay, the necessity in some cases, of supernatural agency, still, a spirit should have some just and striking reason for its permitted appearance; and we cannot exactly discover the object of Sir Tristram's mission. Would it be unfair to hazard a conjecture that the lady, being a Catholic, married in Captain Georges a Protestant (a supposition which the double performance of the marriage ceremony with him seems to favour), whom, being anxious to convert to her own faith, she thought to deceive, by the "cunningly devised fable" of a spirit with a burning hand, into the Papistical tenet of purgatory? and, that by a confusion of real circumstances with her original fiction, is derived the remarkable family tradition recorded? Leaving this speculation for the private rumination of our readers, we proceed:

The stories of the young lady suffocated by accidentally enclosing herself in a chest with a spring lock*—of the girl frightened into complete idiotcy by those who placed a skeleton, or, as some say, a skull only, in her bed†—and of ladies, bishops, &c. obtaining their livelihoods privately by highway robbery‡, with similar narratives, rather romantic than superstitious, are general property, and to be met with under various modifications throughout England. The tale of the King of the Cats,§ a German tradition, has its exact counterpart in an Irish one, related to us as an original Hibernian legend, and published some time since in an excellent work, which having now disappeared, we may perhaps venture to give, as a novelty, the little tradition in these pages:

A man passing, late at night, a ruined house, observed that it was lighted, and heard a great mewing, as of a conclave of cats, within. As he marvelled at the circumstance, a cat jumped upon one of the broken walls, and said—"Tell Dildrum that Doldrum's dead." The man, little dreaming of these words being addressed to him, pursued his way home; where, when he arrived, a good, fire, an excellent supper, and his wife's conversation, seem to have banished for a time from his recollection what he had seen and heard. At last, he began to laugh so heartily that he was nearly choked, and his wife pressed him to tell her the cause of his mirth. This he did; but no sooner had he uttered the words "Tell Dildrum that Doldrum's dead," when his own favourite grimalkin, who had lent an attentive ear to his narrative, whilst demurely basking before the fire, started upon his feet, and exclaiming, "O murder! and is Doldrum dead?" dashed up the chimney, and was never seen more.

A Scottish tradition concerning The Cat o' the Craigs, as given by a correspondent in vol. iv. of the *Mirror*, p. 85, and which has a most fatal termination, is evidently but another version of the same story.

In a little work just published, on "Cambrian Superstitions," by Mr.

* Vide *Mirror*, vol. ii p. 157, for the story of "The Rosewood Trunk."

† Vide *Mirror*, vol. v. p. 93, for the story of "Mary M'Cleod."

‡ Vide *Mirror*, vol. viii. p. 90, for the story of "The Lady of Edenmere"—by the author of this article.

§ Vide *Mirror*, vol xii. p. 267, for the "Ghost Story"—by M. G. Lewis.

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Howells, several are mentioned so exactly similar to those prevalent in Ireland, Scotland, and England, as to leave no doubt of their common origin. The Welsh coast has also its spectre-ships, like America and the seas of the Cape, ere shipwreck.

The *Mirror's* able correspondent VYVYAN has, in vol. xii. p. 408, noticed the connexion between the German Peter Klaus and Emperor Barbarossa, with the oriental Seven Sleepers and the American Rip Von Winkle. We may add, that there is a similar Welsh superstition respecting the enchanted slumber of King Arthur, and his expected reappearance upon earth before the last day, to take part in the holy wars of the times. The Poles and Turks, if we mistake not, have among them a corresponding legend; and whilst Sir W. Scott has given us that of the purchase of horses by Thomas the Rhymour, and the magic slumbers of the gigantic men-at-arms appointed to ride them, in the subterranean mews, H. has rescued very happily from oblivion a coincident English superstition. The legendary lore of mountainous and mining countries, is, with little variation, the same; and whether America, Germany, Sweden, Scotland, Wales, or our own peculiar mining districts in England be the locale of such, still may be discovered, under different names indeed, and circumstances, the demons of the mines, the guardians of hidden treasures, the freakish dwarfs and fays, who delight in unexpectedly enriching the poor and virtuous, whilst they delude most miserably all idle and worthless treasure-seekers, &c. Nay, what, we may inquire, are the oriental genii of kings, and lamps, &c., but modifications of one and the same superstition? And what are the said Ginns—who erect splendid palaces in the course of a few brief hours, and transport them at pleasure from place to place—but the Evil Ones of more modern times and northern countries, who build, according to popular tradition, bridges, and mills, &c.?—who cleave mountains, excavate ditches, and fly away with monasteries and hermitages, in an incredibly short space of time?

However, we have finished; for less than a folio could not do that justice to our subject in its various bearings which it requires;—nor, indeed, would less than an intimate acquaintance with all the tongues and traditions of all nations that are, or ever have been, upon the face of the earth—so intermingled are divine revelations, corrupt mythologies, wild and palpable fictions, fantastic imaginings, exaggerated allegories, poetical machinery, and the very insanity of human hopes, fears, and wishes, &c. &c., in the great and never to be analyzed body of popular superstition!

Can any of the readers of the *Mirror* throw additional light on the subject of coincident traditions?—Can any of its contributors show the connexion which subsists between oriental mythology, allegory, and legendary lore, with that of the Scandinavian nations? This Sir Walter Scott has omitted to do;—but this might afford, even formed of the the materials to be gleaned from various desultory sources, another volume upon "Demonology and Witchcraft."

M. L. B.

Fine Arts.

COLONEL BATTY'S VIEWS OF EUROPEAN CITIES.—NO. IV.

Edinburgh.

"THE Queen of the North" has contributed five majestic views to Colonel Batty's important Series. Each of them is engraved "in the first style of art," as a prospectus would say, and there is no falling off in points of interest from the Parts of this work which have already been laudatorily noticed in the *Mirror*.

The Vignette of this Part is Edinburgh Castle, from the Grass Market, in which the fine old fortress is seen towering in all its picturesqueness and romantic beauty. Here and there it has some of the indistinctness of hoar antiquity: its fadings away are beautifully characteristic. The houses in the Grass Market are boldly contrasted with the Castle, and the "spirit" inscriptions on the Stablers are as distinct as the most panting soul could wish them. The Engraver is R. Brandard.

Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill, is the *first* view. This is, as observed in the letter-press, "the most comprehensive view of Edinburgh, and we may add, one of the grandest and most remarkable scenes in any city of Europe." From this point of view, "both the New and Old Cities, with their communications, come at once under our observation; the neat and handsome modern edifices of the New Town on the right hand, contrast with the old grey piles of building on the left. The bold slopes of the Pentland hills bound the distance on the left, while the more gently undulated Corstorphine hills close the horizon on the right." This description is

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correct in its shades. The murkiness and smoking chimneys of the Old Town are admirably relieved by the splendid vistas of Princes-street and the New Town. Upwards of twenty public buildings, most of them of great beauty, may be distinctly counted in this scene. It is engraved in the best style of Mr. George Cooke, one of the best *view* engravers of the day.

The Calton Hill forms the *second* plate, showing those splendid tributes of Scottish patriotism—the National Monument, Playfair's Monument, and Nelson's Monument. Would that we had some such site in or near our metropolis, whereon we might offer up our tributes to departed genius. What an honourable testimony of national gratitude is the monument to Nelson! and how emblematic of "the Modern Athens" are the fine classic columns of the National Monument. Playfair and the Observatory Entrance remind us of Scotland's meteor-like pride in modern science; and the beetling brows of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags over the lower portion of the Old City in the valley below are well contrasted with these stately embellishments of art. The plate is well engraved by J. H. Kernot.

The New Royal High School, the *third* plate, is a superb building, and merits especial notice, in association with the intellectual character of the city. The Temple of Theseus, at Athens, has furnished models for its beautiful columns. "The Regent Road, forming the new and noble entrance to Edinburgh, serves as a terrace in its front." Here again the indistinctness of the Old Town aids the fine effect of the new buildings. This plate is for the most part brilliantly executed by E. Goodall.

Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Chapel, is the *fourth* plate, and certainly not the least striking of the whole, although its chief merit is in the distance, which, for distinctness and delicacy, is admirable. Holyrood and its decaying Chapel, seen from this point, are beautifully made out, and the picturesque but massy form of the Castle fades away in the extreme distance. The foreground is bold and bright, but the distant details of the view are the charm of the picture. The engraver is W. I. Cooke. "The view of Edinburgh from this point will give a correct idea of the relative situations of the Castle and Calton Hill at opposite extremities of the city."

Edinburgh from the ascent to Anthony's Seat is the *fifth* plate. Here we scarcely know which to admire most, the beautiful work and etchy spirit of the mountainous foreground, the minuteness and delicacy of the distant city, or the actual brightness of the Firth of Forth broken by the "noble breast-work of Salisbury Crags and the point of the Cat's nick." The Crags, it will be recollected, are about 550 feet above the level of the Firth of Forth: a few sheep lie scattered about them, and the part of Arthur's Seat on the left; the straggling pedestrians in the path to the Cat Nick are of emmet-like proportions. This plate is by W. R. Smith.

By the way, what a delightful Series will be these views of European cities for the walls of a cheerful breakfast parlour, or to alternate with well-filled cases of books. How pleasant it will be to sit in one's arm-chair, and look around upon "the principal cities of Europe." We say "for the walls," since these Prints are too valuable to be hid in folios, or pasted in albums. Frame-work, we know, is an expensive affair; but Colonel Batty's Views are worthy of oak and gold; and a good plan is to put them in one broad oak or maple frame, with gold moulding, dividing the views by bar-work. They will be then both elegant and intellectual furniture.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ANGLO-SAXON HISTORY.

It appears that the *Family Library*, as well as the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, is to have its own *History of England*; since the 21st "*Family*" volume is the first of such a History, and comprises the Anglo-Saxon period, from the pen of that distinguished antiquarian scholar, Francis Palgrave, Esq. F.R.S. &c. The portion before us, as our readers may imagine, is extremely interesting: it is well studded or sprinkled with origins and antiquities popularly illustrated, and has little or none of the dryness of an antiquarian pen. We quote two such passages, and especially direct the attention of the reader to our third extract, relative to the early influence of Christianity:—

Stonehenge.

The temples in which the Britons worshipped their Deities, were composed of large, rough stones, disposed in

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circles; for they had not sufficient skill to execute any finished edifices. Some of these circles are yet existing; such is Stonehenge, near Salisbury: the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, grey with age; and the structure is yet sufficiently perfect to enable us to understand how the whole pile was anciently arranged. Stonehenge possesses a stern and savage magnificence. The masses of which it is composed are so large, that the structure seems to have been raised bymore than human power. Hence, *Choir-gaur** was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art. All around you in the plain, you will see mounds of earth or "tumuli," beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Antiquaries have sometimes opened these mounds, and there they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primeval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow-heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber; for the Britons probably believed, that the dead yet delighted in those things which had pleased them when they were alive, and that the disembodied spirit retained the inclinations and affections of mortality.

London in the Seventh Century.

London was quite unlike the great metropolis which we now inhabit. Its extent was confined to what is now termed "the city," then surrounded by a wall, built, as it is supposed, about the age of Constantine, and of which a few fragments are existing. All around was open country. Towards the north-east a deep marsh,—the name is yet preserved in Moorfields,—extended to the foot of the Roman ramparts. On the western side of the city, and at the distance of nearly two miles, the branches of a small river which fell into the Thames formed an island, so overgrown with thickets and brushwood, that the Saxons called it "*Thorney*," or the "Isle of Thorns." The river surrounding Thorney crept sullenly along the plashy soil; and the spot was so wild and desolate, that it is described as a fearful and terrible place, which no one could approach after nightfall without great danger. In this island there had been an ancient Roman temple, consecrated to Apollo. And Sebert, perhaps on account of the seclusion which Thorney afforded, resolved to build a church on the site, and he dedicated the fabric to St. Peter the Apostle. This church is now Westminster Abbey; the busy city of Westminster is old Thorney Island, that seat of desolation; and the bones of Sebert yet rest in the structure which he founded. Another great church was built by Sebert, in the city of London, upon the ruins of the heathen temple of Diana. This church is now St. Paul's Cathedral; and Mellitus being appointed the first Bishop by Ethelbert and Sebert, the succession has continued to the present day.

* The "*Giant's Dance*"—the British name of Stonehenge.

Influence of Christianity.

Before a century had elapsed, Christianity was firmly and sincerely believed throughout Anglo-Saxon Britain; and, in the state of society which then prevailed, the establishment of the true religion became the means of conferring the greatest temporal advantages upon the community. A large proportion of the population consisted either of slaves or of churls or of villains, who were compelled to till the ground for the benefit of their masters. These classes immediately gained the comfort of rest, one day in seven; and they whose labour had hitherto been unremitted, without any pause, except when fainting nature sunk under incessant toil, could now expect the Sabbath of the Lord, as a day of holiness and of repose. So strictly did the temporal laws protect the observance of the seventh day, the right and privilege of the poor, that the master who compelled his slave to work on the Sunday, was deprived of the means of abusing his power,—the slave obtained his freedom.

A tenth part of the produce of the land was set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, and the support of the destitute. Charity, when resulting from the unaided impulses of humanity, has no permanence. Bestowed merely to relieve ourselves from the painful sight of misery, the virtue blesses neither the giver nor the receiver. But proceeding from the love of God, it is steady and uniform in its operation, not wayward not lukewarm, not affected by starts and fancies, and ministering to more than the bodily wants of those who are in need.

Paupers, such as we now see, then rarely existed. Bad as it was, the system of slavery had given a house and a home to the great mass of the lowest orders. And the laws, which placed the middling classes under the protection, and at the same time under the control of the more powerful, prevented all such as really belonged to society, from experiencing any severe privations in those years when the people were

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not visited by any particular misfortunes. But mankind were then subjected to many calamities, which have been moderated in our times. If crops failed, and the earth did not bring forth her fruit, vessels arrived not from distant parts, laden with corn. Hunger wasted the land. Sickness and pestilence followed, and thinned the remnant who had been left. Families were broken up, and the survivors became helpless outcasts; for the people of each country raised only as much grain as was sufficient for their own use, and could not supply their neighbours. War often produced still greater miseries. In all these distresses, the spirit of Christianity constantly urged those who were influenced by this enduring spring of action, to exert themselves in affording relief;—to clothe the naked and feed the hungry,—to visit the sick—and bury the corpses of the departed.

The higher or ruling orders saw, in the plain letter of the Bible, the means of amending the rude and savage laws which had governed their forefathers; and religion also afforded the means of improving the whole fabric of the state. In addition to their piety, the clergy were the depositaries of all the learning of the age. All the knowledge which distinguishes civilization from savage life was entrusted to them. Admitted into the supreme councils of the realm, they became an order, possessing acknowledged rights which could not be lawfully assailed. And though they may occasionally have attempted to extend their privileges beyond their proper bounds, yet, in a monarchy, the existence of any one rank or order invested with franchises which the king must not assail, is in itself a strong and direct protection to the privileges of all other ranks of the community. Powerful as the nobles may have been, it is doubtful whether they could have maintained their ground, had they been deprived of the support which they derived from the Bishops and Abbots, who stood foremost in the ranks, amongst the peers of the monarchy. Many a blow which would have cleft the helmet, turned off without harm from the mitre; and the crozier kept many an enemy at bay, who would have rushed without apprehension upon the spear.

To the successors of the Anglo-Saxon prelates, we mainly owe the preservation of the forms and spirit of a free government, defended, not by force, but by law; and the altar may be considered as the corner-stone of the ancient constitution of the realm.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SERMONS.

Mr. Northcote tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie's declared to him, that he once delivered one of Sir J. Reynolds's discourses to the Royal Academy, from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alteration but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.

SANCTUARY.

What an eccentricity of wickedness was it to appoint any place where a murderer should get shelter—a church too! but such were, and are (abroad) called sanctuaries. Lancaster Church was reserved by Henry VIII. as a sanctuary, after the abolition of that dangerous privilege in the rest of England.

CHINESE INGENUITY.

In making toys, the Chinese are exceedingly expert: out of a solid ball of ivory, with a hole in it, not larger than half an inch in diameter, they will cut from nine to fifteen distinct hollow globes, one within another, all loose, and capable of being turned round in every direction, and each of them carved full of the same kind of open-work that appears on the fans; a very small sum of money is the price of one of these difficult trifles.

LOUIS XI. AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

A fool of Louis XI. to whom he did not attend, as not thinking him capable of making observations, overheard him making this pleasant proposal to our lady of Cleri, at the great altar, when nobody else was in the church. "Ah! my dear lady, my little mistress, my best friend, my only comforter, I beg you to be my advocate, and to importune God to pardon me the death of my brother, whom I poisoned by the hands of that rascal, the Abbot of St. John. I confess this to you as to my good patroness and mistress; I know it is hard, but it will be the more glorious for you if you obtain it, and I know what present I will make you beside." (*See Brantome's Life of Charles VIII.*)

The fool repeated all, word for word, when the king was at dinner, before the whole court.

LOYAL BEQUEST.

Col. Windham, who assisted Charles II. in his escape, is said to have told the king, that Sir Thomas, his father, in

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the year 1636, a few days before his death, called to him his five sons:—"My children," said he, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times under our three last sovereigns; but I must now warn you to prepare for clouds and storms. Factions arise on every side, and threaten the tranquillity of your native country. But, whatever happen, *do you faithfully honour and obey your prince, and adhere to the crown. I charge you never to forsake the crown, though it should hang upon a bush.*"

SHETLAND ISLES.

HERE, on the shortest day, the sun rises 17½ min. past 9 o'clock, and sets 42 min. past 2 o'clock. The nights begin to be very short early in May, and from the middle of that month to the end of July, darkness is absolutely unknown — the sun scarcely quits the horizon, and his short absence is supplied by a bright twilight. Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Shetland Isles.

A SAFE WAY TO OPEN STALE OYSTERS.

THERE is an old proverb, viz. "*The Mayor of Northampton opens oisters with his dagger.*" The meaning of which is, to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose. For this town being eighty miles from the sea, fish may well be presumed stale therein. "Yet I have heard (says Dr. Fuller,) that oisters put up with care, and carried in the cool, were weekly brought fresh and good to *Althrop*, the seat of the *Lord Spencer*, at equal distance; and it is no wonder, for I myself have eaten, in Warwickshire, above eighty miles from London, oisters sent from that city, fresh and good, and they must have been carried some miles before they came there."

P. T. W.

CASTELLAN, in his funeral sermon on the death of his patron, Francis I. modestly expressed his belief that the great prince was in paradise; this gave great offence to the Sorbonne, who complained of it to the court of France. Their remonstrance was coldly received, and Mendoze, who had been steward to Francis, told them, "that he knew the disposition of his old master better than they, that he never could bear to remain long in one place; and that if he had been in purgatory, he stopped there merely to take a little refreshment, and afterwards went on."

J. G. B.

IT is not perhaps generally known that there is a peculiar right in the family of the Campbell's (Duke of Argyle) that when they marry any of their daughters, their vassals are obliged to pay their portions, and are taxed for such, according to the number of their cattle.

This right has not, however, been acted on for a century past. G. K.

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE.

SIR THOMAS L * * D sometimes, though rarely, lest his veracity should be doubted, mentions in society the following singular incident:—He once had upon his estate, rearing with great care and tenderness, a young nyl ghaut, an animal rare in England, and very elegant. One day it was taken from its stable, in order to be exhibited to some of Sir T. L.'s friends, when, escaping from its keeper, it leaped over the park palings, and was never beheld or heard of more. Horsemen were sent in search of it far and wide, and handsome rewards were offered by advertisement for its recovery, but it had not been seen by a single creature in the fields, or on the roads, or in the villages through which it must have passed; and of wood and water there was not a sufficiency for some miles in the vicinity of —— House to conceal it, living or dead. So, after incessant, but fruitless efforts to obtain some intelligence respecting his beautiful and valuable favourite, Sir T. L. was at length obliged to desist in the prosecution of his inquiries altogether.—M.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

This Day is published, price 5*s*.

ARCANA of SCIENCE, and ANNUAL REGISTER of the USEFUL ARTS for 1831.

"The *Arcana of Art and Science* is the fourth volume of a little work of the most useful and entertaining description. It is brimful of all the new facts that have shown themselves above ground in the course of the year. Every page is a volume, and many contain the results of whole years of ingenious labour and experiment. Every description of discovery, invention, experiment, receipt, observation, or memorandum of a remarkable occurrence in nature or art during the year, is here recorded, briefly, but clearly.—It, in fact, is the very essence or extract of the scientific pursuits of the whole world for one year. All this is to be had for five shillings. We recommend it to be laid in every place where a man may possibly lose five minutes for want of mental occupation."—*Spectator, April* 23.

Printed for JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand;—of whom may be had the Volumes for the three preceding years.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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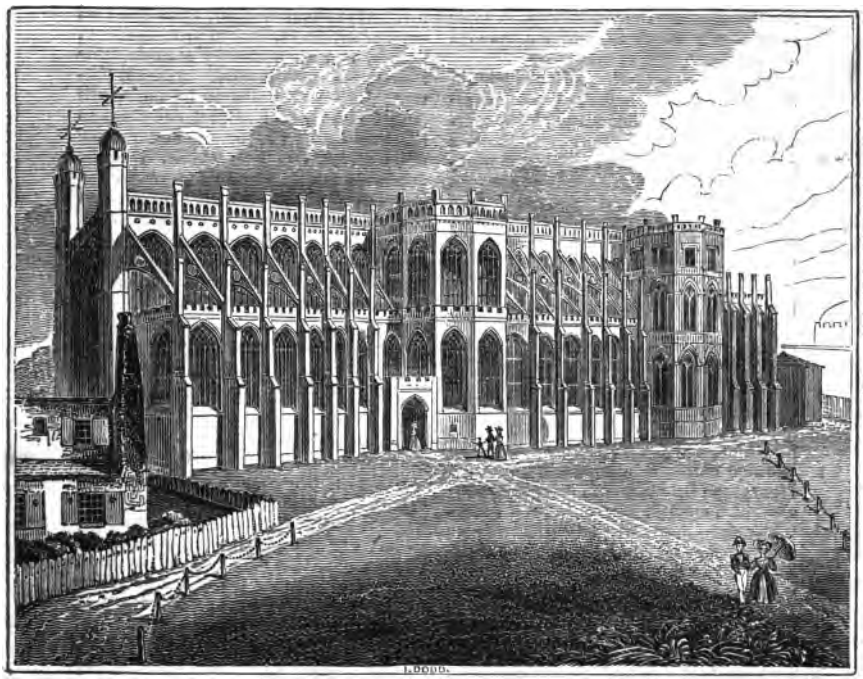
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 488.] SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831. [Price 2*d*.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

This venerable structure, as we explained in No. 486 of *The Mirror*, is situated in the lower ward or court of Windsor Castle. It stands in the centre, and in a manner, divides the court into two parts. On the north or inner side are the houses and apartments of the Dean and Canons of St. George's Chapel, with those of the minor canons, clerks, and other officers; and on the south and west sides of the outer part are the houses of the Poor Knights of Windsor.

The Engraving represents the south front of the Chapel as it presents itself to the passenger through Henry the Eighth's Gateway, the principal entrance to the Lower Ward. The entrance to the Chapel, as shown in the Engraving, is that generally used, and was formed by command of George the Fourth; through which his Majesty's remains were borne, according to a wish expressed some time previous to his death.

The exterior of the Chapel requires but few descriptive details. The interior will be found in our last volume.

It is a beautiful structure, in the purest style of the Pointed architecture, and was founded by Edward the Third, in 1377, for the honour of the Order of the Garter. But however noble the first design, it was improved by Edward the Fourth and Henry the Seventh, in whose reign the famous Sir Reg. Bray, K.G., assisted in ornamenting the chapel and completing the roof. The architecture of the inside has ever been esteemed for its great beauty; and, in particular, the stone vaulting is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship. It is an ellipsis, supported by lofty pillars, whose ribs and groins sustain the whole roof, every part of which has some different device well finished, as the arms of several of our kings, great families, &c. On each side of the choir are the stalls of the Sovereign and Knights of the Garter,

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with the helmet, mantling, crest, and sword of each knight, set up over his stall, on a canopy of ancient carving curiously wrought. Over the canopy is affixed the banner of each knight blazoned on silk, and on the backs of the stalls are the titles of the knights, with their arms neatly engraved and emblazoned on copper.

There are several small chapels in this edifice, in which are the monuments of many illustrious persons; particularly of Edward, Earl of Lincoln, a renowned naval warrior; George Manners, Lord Roos, and Anne, his consort, niece of Edward the Fourth; Anne, Duchess of Exeter, mother of that lady, and sister to the king; Sir Reginald Bray, before mentioned; and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married the sister of King Henry the Eighth.

At the east end of St. George's Chapel is a freestone edifice, built by Henry the Seventh, as a burial-place for himself and his successors; but afterwards altering his purpose, he began the more noble structure at Westminster; and this remained neglected until Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it from Henry the Eighth, and, with a profusion of expense, began here a sumptuous monument for himself, whence this building obtained the name of Wolsey's *Tomb House*. This monument was so magnificently built, that it exceeded that of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey; and at the time of the cardinal's disgrace, the tomb was so far executed, that Benedetto, a statuary of Florence, received 4,250 ducats for what he had already done; and 380*l.* 18*s.* had been paid for gilding only half of this monument. The cardinal dying soon after his disgrace, was buried in the cathedral at York, and the monument remained unfinished. In 1646, the statues and figures of gilt copper, of exquisite workmanship, were sold. James the Second converted this building into a Popish chapel, and mass was publicly performed here. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, and the walls were finely ornamented and painted; but the whole having been neglected since the reign of James the Second, it fell into a complete state of decay, from which, however, it was some years ago retrieved by George the Third, who had it magnificently completed (under the direction of the late James Wyatt, Esq.) in accordance with the original style, and a *mausoleum* constructed within, as a burial-place for the royal family.

Windsor Castle, as the reader may recollect, was magnificently re-built by William of Wykeham, who was Clerk of the Works to Edward the Third, in 1356. Little now remains of Wykeham's workmanship, save the round tower, and this has just been raised considerably. Wykeham had power to press all sorts of artificers, and to provide stone, timber, and all necessary materials for conveyance and erection. Indeed, Edward caused workmen to be impressed out of London and several counties, to the number of five or six hundred, by writs directed to the various sheriffs, who were commanded to take security of the masons and joiners, that they should not leave Windsor without permission of the architect. What a contrast are these strong measures with the scrutinized votes of money recently made for the renovation of the Castle!

ORIGIN OF THE WORD ALBION.

(*To the Editor.*)

To the elucidation of the word Britannia, contained in your 486th number, I beg to add the opinion of the same author on the subject of Albion:—

"Albion (the most ancient name of this Isle) containeth Englande and Scotlande: of the beginning (origin) of which name haue been sundrie opinios (opinions): One late feigned by him, which first prynted the Englishe Chronicle,* wherein is neither similitude of trouth, reasone, nor honestie: I meen the fable of the fiftie doughters of Dioclesian, kyng of Syria, where neuer any other historie maketh mencion of a kyng of Syria, so named: Also that name is Greke, and no part of the language of Syria. Moreouer the coming of theim from Syria in a shippe or boate without any marynours (mariners) thorowe (through) the sea called *Mediterraneum*, into the occean, and so finally to finde this Ile, and to inhabit it, ... is both impossible, and much reproche to this noble Realme, to ascribe hir first name and habitation, to such inuention. Another opinion is (which hath a more honeste similitude) that it was named *Albion, ab albis rupibus*, of white rockes, because that unto them, that come by sea, the bankes and rockes of this Ile doe appeare whyte. Of this opinion I moste mervayle (marvel), because it is written of great learned men, First, *Albion* is no latin worde, nor hath the analogie, that is to saie, proportion or similitude of latine. For who hath founde this syllable *on*, at the ende of a latin woord. And if it should have bæn

* Holinshed.

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(been) so called for the whyte colour of the rockes, men would have called called it (I believe this to be a misprint) *Alba*, or *Albus*, or Album. In Italy were townes called *Alba*,* and in Asia a countrey called Albania, and neither of them took their beginning of whyte rockes, or walles, as ye may read in books of geographie: nor the water of the ryuer called *Albis*, semeth any whiter than other water. But if where auncient remembraunce of the beginning of thinges lacketh, it may be leeful for men to use their coniectures, than may myne be as well accepted as Plinies (although he incomparably excelled me in wisedome & doctrine) specially if it may appeer, that my coiecture (conjecture) shal approch more neere to the similitude of truth. Wherfore I will also sett foorth mine opinion onely to the intent to exclude fables, lackyng eyther honestie or reasonable similitudes. Whan the Greekes began first to prospet, and their cities became populous, and wared puissaunt, they which traualled on the seas, and also the yles in the seas called *Hellespontus*, *Ægeum* and *Cretiou* (m), after that thei knewe perfectly the course of sailynge, and had founden thereby profyte, they by little and little attempted to serch and finde out the commodities of outwarde countrees: and like as Spaniardes and Portugalls haue late doone, they experienced to seeke out countries before unknown. And at laste passynge the streictes of Marrocke (Morocco) they entered into the great eccean sea, where they fond (found) dyvers and many Iles. Among which they perceiuing this Ile to be not onely the greatest in circuite, but also most plenteouse of every necessary to man, the earth moste apte to bring forth," &c.

The learned prelate goes on to enumerate the natural advantages of our country. He continues—"They wandesynge and reioysinge at their good and fortunate arrival, named this yle in Greeke *Olbion*, which in Englishe signifieth happy."

Foley Place. AN ANTIQUARY.

* Alba, the city of Romulus, the founder of Rome, was called so from a white sow found there by Æneas.—Vide Livy, lib. i

Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
Litoreis ingens inventa sub illicibus sus,
Triginta capitum fœtus enixa jacebit,
Alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati;
Is locus urbis erit ei.
Virgil Æneid, lib. iii. v. 390.

When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompassed round;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow:
These on thy city shall their name bestow, &c.
DRYDEN.

LINES.

(For the Mirror.)

"Preach to the storm, or reason with despair,
But tell not misery's son that life is *fair*."
H. K. WHITE.

I MARK'D his eye—it beam'd with gladness,
His ceaseless smile and joyous air,
His infant soul had ne'er felt sadness,
Nor kenn'd he yet but *life was fair*.
His chubby cheek with genuine mirth
Blown out—while all around him smiled,
And fairy-land to him seemed earth,
I envied him, unwitting child.

I look'd again—his eye was flush'd
With passion proud and deep delight,
But often o'er his brow there gush'd
A blackened cloud which made it night,
But still the cloud would wear away,
(His youthful cheek was red and rare,)
And still his heart beat light and gay,
Still did he faucy *life was fair*.

Again I looked—another change—
The darkened eye, the visage wan,
Told me that sorrow had been there,
Told me that time had made him man.
His brow was overcast, and deep
Had care, the demon, furrow'd there,
I heard him sigh with anguish deep,
"*Oh! tell me not that life is fair.*"
COLBOURNE.

BIRTHPLACE OF LOCKE.

(To the Editor.)

THE philosopher was born in the room lighted by the upper window on the right, in your Engraving, No. 487. It is a small, plain apartment, having few indications of former respectability.

In the garden of Barley Wood, near Wrington, the residence of the religious and sentimental Hannah More, stands an urn commemorative of Locke, the gift of Mrs. Montague. with the following inscription:—

To
JOHN LOCKE,
Born in this village.
This memorial is erected
by
Mrs. Montague,
and presented to
HANNAH MORE.

J. SILVESTER.

The Selector
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

WE quote the following "last scene of poor Jack's eventful history" from Capt. Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, a work, observes the *Quarterly Review*, "sure sooner or later, to be in everybody's hands."

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"It need not be mentioned, that the surgeon is in constant attendance upon the dying man, who has generally been removed from his hammock to a cot, which is larger and more commodious, and is placed within a screen on one side of the sick bay, as the hospital of the ship is called. It is usual for the captain to pass through this place, and to speak to the men every morning; and I imagine there is hardly a ship in the service in which wine, fresh meat, and any other supplies recommended by the surgeon, are not sent from the tables of the captain and officers to such of the sick men as require a more generous diet than the ship's stores provided. After the carver in the gun-room has helped his messmates, he generally turns to the surgeon, and says, 'Doctor, what shall I send to the sick?' But, even without this, the steward would certainly be taken to task were he to omit inquiring, as a matter of course, what was wanted in the sick bay. The restoration of the health of the invalids by such supplies is perhaps not more important, however, than the moral influence of the attention on the part of the officers. I would strongly recommend every captain to be seen (no matter for how short a time) by the bed-side of any of his crew whom the surgeon may report as dying. Not occasionally, and in the flourishing style with which we read of great generals visiting hospitals, but uniformly and in the quiet sobriety of real kindness, as well as hearty consideration for the feelings of a man falling at his post in the service of his country. He who is killed in action has a brilliant Gazette to record his exploits, and the whole country may be said to attend his death-bed. But the merit is not less—or may even be much greater—of the soldier or sailor who dies of a fever in a distant land—his story untold, and his sufferings unseen. In warring against climates unsuited to his frame, he may have encountered, in the public service, enemies often more formidable than those who handle pike and gun. There should be nothing left undone, therefore, at such a time, to show not only to the dying man, but to his shipmates and his family at home, that his services are appreciated. I remembered, on one occasion, hearing the captain of a ship say to a poor fellow who was almost gone, that he was glad to see him so cheerful at such a moment; and begged to know if he had anything to say. 'I hope, sir,' said the expiring seaman with a smile, 'I have done my duty to your satisfaction?' 'That you have, my lad,' said his commander, 'and to the satisfaction of your country, too.' 'That is all I wanted to know, sir,' replied the man. These few commonplace words cost the captain not five minutes of his time, but were long recollected with gratitude by the people under his orders, and contributed, along with many other graceful acts of considerate attention, to fix his authority.

"If a sailor who knows he is dying, has a captain who pleases him, he is very likely to send a message by the surgeon to beg a visit—not often to trouble his commander with any commission, but merely to say something at parting. No officer, of course, would ever refuse to grant such an interview, but it appears to me it should always be volunteered; for many men may wish it, whose habitual respect would disincline them to take such a liberty, even at the moment when all distinctions are about to cease.

"Very shortly after poor Jack dies, he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sailmaker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock, and, having placed a couple of cannon-shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package—apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft, and, being placed across the after-hatchway, the union jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half deck; but generally, I think, he is laid where I have mentioned, just abaft the mainmast. I should have mentioned before, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance.

"Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half-hours are struck, is tolled for the funeral, and all who choose to be present, assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers. In some ships—and it ought perhaps to be so in all—it is made imperative on the officers and crew to attend the ceremony. If such attendance be a proper mark of respect to a professional

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brother—as it surely is—it ought to be enforced, and not left to caprice. There may, indeed, be times of great fatigue, when it would harass men and officers, needlessly, to oblige them to come on deck for every funeral, and upon such occasions the watch on deck may be sufficient. Or, when some dire disease gets into a ship, and is cutting down her crew by its daily and nightly, or it may be hourly ravages, and when, two or three times in a watch, the ceremony must be repeated, those only, whose turn it is to be on deck, need be assembled. In such fearful times, the funeral is generally made to follow close upon the death.

"While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main-deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee-gangway. The stanchions for the man-ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the after-end of the hammock netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased arrange themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck and commences the beautiful service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed, never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course, the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. Sailors, with all their looseness of habits, are well disposed to be sincerely religious; and when they have fair play given them, they will always, I believe, be found to stand on as good vantage ground, in this respect, as their fellow-countrymen on shore. Be this as it may, there can be no more attentive, or apparently reverent auditory, than assembles on the deck of a ship of war, on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

"The land service for the burial of the dead contains the following words: 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope,' &c. Every one I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend—and whom will this not include?—must recollect the solemnity of that stage of the ceremony, where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, resembling no other that I know. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and solemn manner:—'Forasmuch,' &c.—'we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come,' &c. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down, and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words 'we commit his body to the deep,' project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and—

'In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.'

"This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something solemn, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along under the main-chains.

"In a fine day at sea, in smooth water, and when all the ship's company and officers are assembled, the ceremony just described, although a melancholy one, as it must always be, is often so pleasing, all things considered, that it is calculated to leave even cheerful impressions on the mind."

(Even Captain Hall, however, admits that a sea-funeral may sometimes be a scene of unmixed sadness; and he records the following as the most impressive of all the hundreds he has witnessed. It occurred in the Leander, off the coast of North America.)

"There was a poor little middy on board, so delicate and fragile, that the sea was clearly no fit profession for him; but he or his friends thought otherwise; and as he had a spirit for which his frame was no match, he soon gave token of decay. This boy was a great favourite with every body—the sailors smiled whenever he passed, as they

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would have done to a child—the officers petted him, and coddled him up with all sorts of good things—and his messmates, in a style which did not altogether please him, but which he could not well resist, as it was meant most kindly, nicknamed him Dolly. Poor fellow!—he was long remembered afterwards. I forget what his particular complaint was, but he gradually sunk; and at last went out just as a taper might have done, exposed to such gusts of wind as blew in that tempestuous region. He died in the morning; but it was not until the evening that he was prepared for a seaman's grave.

"I remember, in the course of the day, going to the side of the boy's hammock, and on laying my hand upon his breast, was astonished to find it still warm—so much so, that I almost imagined I could feel the heart beat. This, of course, was a vain fancy; but I was much attached to my little companion, being then not much taller myself—and I was soothed and gratified, in a childish way, by discovering that my friend, though many hours dead, had not yet acquired the usual revolting chillness.

"In after years I have sometimes thought of this incident, when reflecting on the pleasing doctrine of the Spaniards—that as soon as children die, they are translated into angels, without any of those cold obstructions, which, they pretend, intercept and retard the souls of other mortals. The peculiar circumstances connected with the funeral which I am about to describe, and the fanciful superstitions of the sailors upon the occasion, have combined to fix the whole scene in my memory.

"Something occurred during the day to prevent the funeral taking place at the usual hour, and the ceremony was deferred till long after sunset. The evening was extremely dark, and it was blowing a treble-reefed topsail breeze. We had just sent down the top-gallant yards, and made all snug for a boisterous winter's night. As it became necessary to have lights to see what was done, several signal lanterns were placed on the break of the quarter-deck, and others along the hammock railings on the lee-gangway. The whole ship's company and officers were assembled, some on the booms, others in the boats; while the main-rigging was crowded half way up to the cat-harpings. Overhead, the mainsail, illuminated as high as the yard by the lamps, was bulging forwards under the gale, which was rising every minute, and straining so violently at the main-sheet, that there was some doubt whether it might not be necessary to interrupt the funeral in order to take sail off the ship. The lower deck ports lay completely under water, and several times the muzzles of the main-deck guns were plunged into the sea; so that the end of the grating on which the remains of poor Dolly were laid, once or twice nearly touched the tops of the waves, as they foamed and hissed past. The rain fell fast on the bare heads of the crew, dropping also on the officers, during all the ceremony, from the foot of the mainsail, and wetting the leaves of the prayer-book. The wind sighed over us amongst the wet shrouds, with a note so mournful, that there could not have been a more appropriate dirge.

"The ship—pitching violently—strained and creaked from end to end: so that, what with the noise of the sea, the rattling of the ropes, and the whistling of the wind, hardly one word of the service could be distinguished. The men, however, understood, by a motion of the captain's hand, when the time came—and the body of our dear little brother was committed to the deep.

"So violent a squall was sweeping past the ship at this moment, that no sound was heard of the usual splash, which made the sailors allege that their young favourite never touched the water at all, but was at once carried off in the gale to his final resting-place!"

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

Either shore
Presents its combination to the view
Of all that interests, delights, enchants.—
Corn-waving fields, and pastures green, and slope,
And swell alternate, summits crown'd with leaf,
And grove-encircled mansions, verdant capes,
The beach, the fane, the farm, the mill, the path,
And tinkling rivulets, and waters wide,
Spreading in lake-like mirrors to the sun.

N. T. CARRINGTON.

Swansea Bay:—Scenery and Antiquities of Gower.

THE coast scenery of the western portion of Glamorgan is of singular beauty. We shall ever recall with delight our recollections of Gower, and we believe the future tourist will thank us for the outline of the more prominent beauties in the circle of the district, which we now give. Let us suppose ourselves at Swansea, and start on an excursion to the Mumbles and Caswell Bay. A road has been formed within these few years

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to the village of Oystermouth, about five miles from Swansea. It is perfectly level, bounded by a tram-road, and runs close to the sea-beach, forming the western side of Swansea Bay. The encroachments of the sea have been very extensive here; at high water shipping now traverse what was fifty years ago, we are told, a marshy flat, bordered by a wood near the present road, the stumps of which yet appear on the sandy beach. We have several times on riding to low water mark (about three quarters of a mile out) been nearly involved in a quicksand adventure. Landward, the ground is broken and elevated, and thickly studded with gentlemen's seats the whole distance; many of which are embosomed in wood, and have a beautiful effect. Marino, an extensive new mansion in the Elizabethan or old English style of architecture, belonging to Mr. J. H. Vivian, and Woodlands Castle, the seat of General Warde, which is very picturesque, are particularly deserving of attention. After passing the hamlet of Norton, you near Oystermouth Castle, an extensive and splendid Gothic ruin, in fine preservation, which rears its "ivy-mantled" walls, above an eminence adjoining the road. Some suppose it to have been built by Henry de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, in Henry the First's reign; others ascribe it on better authority to the Lords Braose, of Gower, in the reign of John; it is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort, whose care in its preservation cannot be too much commended. The inspection of this interesting ruin will repay the traveller:

By the grim storm-clouds overcast,
Even like a spectre of the past,—
Of rapine, feudal strife, and blood,
Thou tellest an old, wild, warlike story,
When squadrons on thy ramparts stood,
With spear and shield in martial glory!

DELTA.

The walls are very lofty and not much injured by time; the plan of the various chambers, extensive vaults and chambers in the inner courtyard, can be perfectly distinguished. The general form of the castle, which must once have been very strong, is nearly a square, with a projecting gatehouse to the S.E. which is almost perfect. The keep on the eastern side commands a lovely view. About half a mile further is the village of Oystermouth, clustering with its whitewashed roofs along the foot and declivity of a high mass of rock, which juts boldly out into the sea for half a mile, forming the south-eastern extremity of Gower, and terminating Swansea Bay. The village is celebrated as a bathing place, and for its extensive fishery for oysters, with which it supplies Bristol, Gloucestershire, North Somerset, &c. This trade gives occupation to a considerable number of fishermen who are the chief inhabitants of the place; but in the spring and summer, Oystermouth, in consequence of the great beauty of the situation, and its extreme salubrity, is completely filled with strangers, and high rates are obtained for lodgings; the accommodations are mostly indifferent, though the place is improving fast. The prospect from the summit of the rocks is truly exhilarating and beautiful. On one side, the spectator beholds just below him, the Atlantic rushing with all its majesty up the Bristol Channel—rising over the saxon sands into a really mountainous swell—while on the other, Swansea Bay, glittering with the white sails and varied combinations of a crowd of shipping, seems spread out like a vast and beautiful lake; its eastern shores bounded in the distance by the mountainous and woody scenery of Britton-Ferry, Aberavon, Margam, gradually diminishing towards Pyle.

To the north, beyond the town of Swansea, an immense cloud of smoke is seen suspended over the Vales of Tawy and Neath—an abomination in the face of heaven. Such is the Welsh Bay of Naples, which presents this remarkable appearance at this spot. The anchorage aside this range of cliffs affords, except in an east wind, a very secure road for shipping; sometimes in strong weather there are two or three hundred sail lying here. At the termination of the peninsula are two rocky islands called the Mumbles, and on the farthest is a large light-house; for the support of which a rate is levied on all the shipping up and down channel. Below the light-house an immense cavern called "Bob's Cove" can be seen at low water. We were told that the village under the shadow of the rocks, loses sight of the sun for three months in winter, but this is not "quite correct." Let us proceed westward. About a mile from Oystermouth is Newton; where there are several lodging-houses. There have been many instances of great longevity at this village, which is perhaps the healthiest spot on the coast. The road to Caswell Bay, which passes through Newton, is almost impassable for horses; a new one however is talked of. The rocky valley leading to Caswell Bay, which abruptly comes in sight between two projecting rocks, is singularly wild and romantic. The bay is

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absolutely a mine of the picturesque—the Lullworth Cove of Wales. A day may be spent delightfully among its rocks and caverns—taking care to visit them at low water. A few miles westward is Oxwich Bay, the main attraction of the coast, along the rocky summit of which the pedestrian should "wend his way," with the ocean roaring far beneath him. We will, however, return to Swansea, and endeavour briefly to recall our first excursion into Gower.

Let us fancy ourselves therefore, on a bright April morning, riding along with a friend—a stranger like ourselves—on the high road from Swansea into the interior of the peninsula. After cantering over about seven miles of hill and valley and common, we entered a woody defile, and at last opened, to use a nautical phrase, the "Gower inn," (eight miles) which was built, we were told, expressly for the convenience of tourists. After ascending a tremendous rocky hill, for road it cannot be called, about a mile onwards, Oxwich Bay bursts at last in all its beauty upon our sight. In our inquiries during the day, of the few passengers we met, as to the distance of the village of Penrice, the intended limit of our day's excursion, we were forcibly reminded of the "mile and a bittock" of the north. The country is very thinly populated here: at last we came in sight of the grounds of Penrice Castle, the beautiful mansion of Mr. Talbot, the member for the county; the entrance to the park is between two of the towers belonging to the extensive and picturesque remains of the ancient Castle of Penrice, which stands close to the road. Sixteen miles from Swansea, after "curses not loud but deep" upon Welsh roads, we reached the sequestered village of Penrice, which stands on a wooded eminence of no easy access, overlooking the eastern shore of Oxwich Bay.

(To be continued.)

Spirit of Discovery.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE FOR 1831.

It has been our invariable practice to notice, *by extract only*, such works as we are connected with, or to which we have contributed; and in the present case we shall do little more.

Now, the reader need not be here told that the plan of an Annual Register of Inventions and Improvements originated in *The Mirror* about four years since. Our intention there was to quote an occasional page or two of novelties of popular interest in science and art, and leave more abstruse matters to the journals in which they originally appeared. This plan led us through most of the scientific records of the year, in which we began to perceive that the reduction of all subjects of importance was not compatible within a few pages, and sooner than allow many papers of value to every member of society to be locked under the uninviting denomination of *philosophy*, we undertook the abridgement and arrangement of such papers, upon the plan of an "Annual Register," intending our volume specially to represent the progress of discovery, just as the general "Register" is a contribution to history. The cost of the journals for this purpose proved to be upwards of Twelve Guineas, but this outlay only made us more pleased with the design. A single instance will suffice. The *Philosophical Magazine*, a work of high character, numbers among its purchasers but few general readers: it contains many mathematical, theoretical, and controversial papers, all of which may advance their object, but are not in a form sufficiently tangible for any but the scientific inquirer. Still, in the same Magazine, there may be papers of practical and directly useful character, and of ready application to the arts and interests of life and society. A person wishing to possess these popular papers must therefore purchase with them a quantity of matter which to him would be unintelligible, and the value of which could only be appreciated by direct study, a task of no small import in these days of cheap literature. That the plan has succeeded, and that its intention has been fully recognised, is borne out by the testimony of a score of our contemporaries. Of their praise we have no disposition to make an idle boast; and our only object in the present notice is to do for ourselves what we could not perhaps expect a weekly or monthly critic to do for us, viz. to quote the subjects of a few of the valuable papers in the present volume, and then leave the reader to form his own conclusions of its intrinsic value.

In *Mechanical Science* there are 100 closely-printed pages, or 90 articles. Among these are papers on novel applications of the gigantic power of *Steam* in Navigation and Agriculture, and especially in Railway Carriages; the grand invention of the Air Engine; improvements in Printing; machinery in manufactures; and contributions to experimental as well as practical mechanics.

In *Chemical Science* there are upwards

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of 60 New Facts. Among these is a valuable paper on Arsenic, by Dr. Christison, (from the *Philosophical Magazine ;*) a method of ascertaining the vegeto-alkali in Bark; the influence of the Aurora Borealis on the Magnetic Needle; Lieut. Drummond's Plan for illuminating Light Houses by a ball of lime, (from the *Philosophical Transactions);* Laws of electrical accumulation, and the decomposition of water by atmospheric and ordinary electricity; the new Indigo; the spontaneous inflammation of charcoal; the nitrous atmosphere of Tirhoot, one of the principal districts in India for the manufacture of salt-petre; Discovery of a mass of meteoric iron in Bohemia; the chemical composition of cheese; Berzelius on the power of metallic rods to decompose water after their connexion with the galvanic pile is broken; an alkaline principle in Box-wood; Professor Davy on a new method of detecting metallic poisons; Mr. Bennet's new alloy for the pivot-holes of watches; experiments with Aldini's Fireproof Dresses; Dr. Ure on the composition of Gunpowder, and on Indigo; Dr. Bostock on the spontaneous purification of Thames water; Abstracts of Berzelius' statement of the progress of Chemical Science for 1829; Mr. Broughton on the effects of oxygen gas on various animals, &c.

In *Zoology* are papers—on the Fern Owl; Mr. Rennie's interesting Notes on the Cleanliness of Animals; Mechanism of the Voice in Singing; the Vision of Birds of Prey; New species of British Snake; Animalculæ in Snow; Habits of the Chameleon; Peculiarity of the Negro Stomach; Growth of Spanish Flies; British Pearl Fishery on the Conway; the cause of Goitre; seat of the sense of touch and taste; stones found in the stomach of Pikes; Learned Poodles at Paris; Faculties of Domestic Animals; Increase of Mankind; Larva of the Gad-fly, which deposits its eggs in the bodies of the human species; Luminousness of the Sea, a valuable contribution; Motions in water caused by the respiration of Fishes; Cannibalism in New Guinea; Heron swallowing a Rat; Mr. Vigors on American Quails; Mr. Yarrell's experiments to preserve White Bait; On the fascination of Serpents; Notes on the Zoological Society, &c.

In *Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology,* are—a valuable paper on the Flora of Sicily; Supposed sub-marine banks from Newfoundland to the English Channel: Mr. Bakewell, Jun. on the Falls of Niagara: Mr. Bicheno on the Shamrock of Ireland; Effect of Light on Plants; Immense Tree in Mexico; Mr. Murray on Raining Trees; Forms and Relations of Volcanoes; Cuticular Pores of Plants; Volcano of Pietra Mala; Milk Tree of Demarara; Productiveness of Plants and Animals; Height of the Perpetual Snows on the Cordillera of Peru; Gerard's Botanical Journey in the Himala Mountains; Changes of temperature in Plants; Humboldt's account of the Gold and Platina district of Russia; Sir H. Davy on the durability of Stone; Dr. Hibbert's account of a Natural Rocking-stone; Notices of Fossil Organic Remains discovered within the year; Instructions for collecting Geological specimens, &c.

The *Astronomical and Meteorological* division contains some important observations on Atmospherical Electricity, by Dr. Brewster; a note of the recent Visitation of Greenwich Observatory; Snow of the winters 1829-30; Account of a Water-spout on the Lake Neufchatel; Mr. Herapath and Sir James South on the Comet; On the Rending of Timber by Lightning; Curious account of Hay converted into Glass by Lightning; The Occultation of Aldebaran by the Moon; Aurora Borealis observed during the year; and a Journal of the Weather of the year, by Mr. Tatem, the ingenious meteorologist, which paper we regret is not acknowledged from the *Magazine of Natural History;* appended to this is a tabular Meteorological Summary of 1830, communicated to the *Arcana of Science* by Dr. Armstrong.

In *Rural Economy* there are Abstracts from papers of considerable value and extent—on Pasturages, Chlorides applied to diseased Animals, Quality of Waste Land from the plants growing in it, Malt Duties, Beet Root Sugar, Aliment from Straw, Planting and Pruning, Indian Corn, Mangold Wurzol, &c. In *Gardening* are upwards of 40 similar Abstracts. In *Domestic Economy* are some practical papers on Milk, Bread, Sugar, Storing Fruit, Beer from Sugar, &c. In *Useful Arts* are about half-a-dozen pages. To these heads are added a List of Patents, Notices of Expeditions of Discovery, and a copious Index. The Illustrations, about twenty in number, represent such inventions as are most attractive by their ingenuity; and by way of Synopsis we may state that the whole contents of the volume are nearly 400 abstracts, including probably three times as many *new facts.*

The utility of such a yearly volume

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speaks for itself, and however ungracefully a recommendation might come from our pen we could not refrain from thus introducing it to the readers of the *Mirror* especially as the *Arcana of Science* contain scarcely half-a-dozen pages of facts which have been detailed in our weekly columns.

Notes of a Reader.

CALENDAR OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

This volume professes to be "A Familiar Analysis of the Calendar of the Church of England," by explaining and illustrating its Fasts and Festivals, &c., in the form of Question and Answer. The reader will not look for novelty in such a work. The editors of Time's Telescope, Clavis Calendaria, the Every-day Book, &c., have been too long and too laboriously employed in illustrating every point of the year's history, to lead us to expect any new attraction. Indeed, the preface of the present work does not profess to furnish any such inducement, the editor resting his claim on the cheapness of his book in comparison with the Every-day Book. This is rather an ungracious recommendation: the "Analysis" consists of less than three hundred pages, and is sold for five or six shillings; but these three hundred pages only equal seventy-five pages of the Every-day Book, or less than five sheets, which the public know may be purchased for fifteen-pence. One of the pretensions of the "Analysis" is its condensed form, but we suspect Mr. Valpy's *Epitomizing* press would reduce the editor's three hundred pages to seventy-five. It is a thankless office to be obliged to speak thus of a book on which some pains have been bestowed. Now, had it been printed within the compass of an eighteen-penny or two shilling catechism, the desired object would have been obtained; but, as it appears, in the type of a large church prayer-book, what may have been gained in arrangement, must be paid for in paper and print, so that no good purpose is ultimately effected.

FAMILIAR LAW.

Parts 3 and 4 of the *Familiar Law Adviser* relate to Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes—and Benefit Societies and Savings' Banks—and will be found extremely useful to very different classes. They have in them all the reforming spirit of the times, and must be of essential service everywhere, since *cheap law* is as desirable as any other species of economy. Brevity, too, as recommended in these little books, should be the soul of law as it is of wit, for we all know that as the law lengthens so the cost strengthens. Another advantage will be, that the sooner a man is set right, the more time will he have for increasing his good actions in this life.

DEATH.

Oh God! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single DEATH can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

Glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower,

do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailing, steady—*same* in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and every thing is changed. In a single hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did: it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order;—it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

And yet I often think that that shock which jarred on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration—not its tenderness. And what, perhaps, is better than all, to mourn deeply for the death of another, loosens from ourself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosoper, and view, without shrinking, the coffin and the pall.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SCOTT AND COOPER.

An example of Mr. Cooper's appreciation of his illustrious rival, Sir Walter Scott, occurred while he was sitting for the portrait that accompanied the *New*

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Monthly Magazine for last month.—The artist, Madame Mirbel, requested him, as is usual in such cases, to fix his eye upon a particular point. "Look at that picture," said she, pointing to one of a distinguished statesman.—"No," said Cooper, "if I must look at any, it shall be at my master," directing his glance a little higher, to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

FRANCE.

FRANCE, "with all thy faults I love thee still!" No man should travel from his cradle to his grave without paying thee a visit by the way: with a disposition prone to enjoyment, it lightens the journey amazingly. The French are a kind people, and it must be his fault who cannot live happily with them. Pity it is, possessing, as they do, whatever can contribute to the felicity of a people in a state of peace, that war should be indispensable in order to render their idea of happiness complete. *La gloire* and *la guerre* form the eternal burden of their song—as if the chief business of life were to destroy life. They would fight to-morrow with any nation on earth, for no better an object than the chance of achieving a victory. Laugh at me, if you please, for uttering what you may consider a foolish opinion, but I look upon it as a serious misfortune to them that the two words *Gloire* and *Victoire* rhyme together: they so constantly occur in that portion of their poetry which is the most popular, and the best calculated to excite them in a high degree—their *vaudeville* songs—that the two ideas they express have become identical in their minds; and he will deserve well of his country who shall discover the means of making *glory* rhyme to *peace*.—*Ibid.*

"HELP YOURSELF."

THE custom of HELPING ONESELF has its sanction in the remotest antiquity, and has been continued down to the present day in the highest places, and by those whom it especially behoves to set example to the world. It was clearly never designed that man should regulate his conduct for the good of others, for the first lesson taught to the first of men, was to take care of himself; had it been intended that men should study the good of each other, a number would surely have been simultaneously created for the exercise of the principle, instead of one, who, being alone, was essentially selfish. Adam was all the world to himself. With the addition of Eve, human society commenced; and the fault of our first mother furnishes a grand and terrible example of the mischief of thinking of the benefit of another. Satan suggested to her that Adam should partake of the fruit—an idea, having in it the taint of benevolence, so generally mistaken—whence sin and death came into the world. Had Eve been strictly selfish, she would wisely have kept the apples to herself, and the evil would have been avoided. Had Adam helped himself, he would have had no stomach for the helping of another—and so, on his part, the evil temptation had been obviated.

The HELP YOURSELF principle has at no time been extinct in society, while it is seen to be a universal law of Nature. The wolf *helps himself* to the lamb, and the lamb to the grass. No animal assists another, excepting when in the relation of parent to young, when Nature could not dispense with the caprice of benevolence, which in this instance, be it observed, distresses the parties susceptible of the sentiment; for suckling creatures are always in poor condition. Appropriation is the great business of the universe. The institution of property is, on the other hand, artificial.—*Ibid.*

BALLET OF KENILWORTH, AT THE KING'S THEATRE.

THERE is a very curious and ingenious, though not original, exhibition in this ballet. Among the festivities at Kenilworth Castle, in honour of the royal guests, a pantomimic "masque" of the gods and goddesses of Olympus is introduced. The divinities, instead of appearing in genuine Grecian attire, present themselves in the mongrel costume usual on such occasions in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This is droll enough, but more whimsical still is the style of their dancing. This, too, is meant as an imitation of the limited choregraphic *savoir faire* of the age. It is as if Mons. Deshayes had triumphantly intended to portray the first dawn of an art which he considers to have now reached the summit of perfection. But who knows but the Monsieur *Un tel* of 1931 may, with equal boldness, parody the pirouettes of Monsieur Deshayes? Even the music to this mythological interlude is borrowed from ancient scores; a happy thought, which deserves commendation.—*Ibid.*

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

MR. CAMPBELL, the Poet, has seceded from the *New Monthly Magazine*, and commenced a magazine of his own—*The Metropolitan*. Without prejudice to the first-mentioned work, he has our best wishes for his new undertaking. The New Monthly Magazine has, however, supplied the *Mirror* with brighter columns than any of its contemporaries, and we are mindful of the obligation, especially for that gay and lively description of writing which is really the *patter* of literature. It will soon be seen whether Mr. Campbell and his forces succeed. The Number before us is, for a first, excellent. The Editor's Paper on Ancient Geography, with which it opens, is worth the price of the whole magazine: nay, it is worth more than many a modern quarto. Other papers are attractive; and there is much of the spirit of the times throughout the Number.—Poland, the Political Times, and the Lord Chancellor's Levee—are vividly written. The last is a good specimen of the "keep moving" style of a Magazine. We intend to quote largely from the

Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality,

BY LADY MORGAN:

I AM a native of one of the most splendid regions of the earth, where nature dispenses all her bounties with a liberal hand; and where man and bird are released from half the penalties to which, in other climes, their flesh is heir. I was born in one of those superb forests of fruit and flowers so peculiar to the Brazils, which stood at no great distance from an Indian village, and was not far removed from an European settlement. This forest was impervious to human footsteps. A nation of apes occupied the interior; and the dynasty of the Psittacus Severus, or Brazilian queen macaw, inhabited the upper regions.—Several subject-states of green and yellow parrots constituted our colonial neighbours. My family held the highest rank in the privileged classes of our oligarchy; for our pride would not admit of a king, and our selfishness (so I must call it) would allow of no rights. We talked nevertheless in our legislative assemblies of our happy constitution, which by tacit agreement we understood to mean "happy for ourselves;" but the green and yellow parrots too plainly showed a strong disposition to put another interpretation on the phraseology. My paternal nest was situated in the hollow of one of the most ancient and lofty trees in the forest. It had once been rich in fruit and flowers, gums and odours, and all in the same season; and though it was now scathed at the top, hollow in the trunk, and was threatened with total ruin from the first hurricane, we still preferred it, because it *was* the oldest. I owed all my early impressions, and much of my acquired superiority, to my great grandfather, who lived to an extreme old age, and attained a celebrity, of which we were ourselves at that time unaware. He was the identical bird which was brought from Marignan to Prince Maurice, governor of the Brazils, and whose pertinent answers to many silly questions are recorded in the pages of the greatest of English philosophers. My great grandfather was soon disgusted with the folly and cruelty of what is called civilized life; and having seen an Indian roasted alive for a false religion's sake, he thought that some day they might take it into their heads to do as much by a macaw, for the same reason. So he availed himself of an early opportunity of retiring without leave from the service, and returned to his native forest, where his genius and learning at once raised him to the highest honours of the Psittacan aristocracy. Influenced by his example, I early felt the desire of visiting foreign countries. My mother too (who, though fond and indulgent, like all the mothers of our race, was as vain and foolish as any that I have since met with in human society) worked powerfully on my ambition, by her constant endeavours to "push me up the tree," as she called it, in her way. I was already a first-rate orator, and a member of the great congress of macaws; while in our social re-unions I left all the young birds of fashion far behind me: and as I not only articulated some human sounds picked up from the Indians, but could speak a few words of Portuguese and Dutch, learned by rote from my great grandfather, I was considered a genius of high order. With the conceit, therefore, of all my noble family, I was prompted to go forth and visit other and better worlds, and to seek a sphere better adapted to the display of my presumed abilities, than that afforded by our domestic senate and home-spun society. On one of those celestial nights, known only in the tropical regions, I set forth on my travels, directing my course to the Portuguese settlement, which the

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youthful vigour of my wing enabled me to reach by the break of morning. Having refreshed myself with a breakfast of fruit, after the exhaustion of my nocturnal flight, I ascended a spacious palm tree, which afforded an admirable view of the adjacent country, and a desirable shelter from the ardours of the rising sun. My first impulse was to take a bird's-eye view of the novel scene which lay before me, and I gazed around for some minutes with intense delight; but fatigue gradually obtained the mastery over curiosity, and, putting my head unconsciously beneath my wing, I fell into a profound sleep. How long this continued, I know not; but I was suddenly awakened by a strange muttering of unknown voices. I looked, and beheld two creatures whose appearance greatly surprised me. They had nothing of the noble form and aspect of our Indian neighbours. One of them considerably resembled the preacher-monkey in countenance and deportment; his head was denuded of hair, and his person was covered by a black substance, which left no limb visible except his ancles and feet, which were very much like those of an ape. The other had all the air of a gigantic parrot: he had a hooked bill, a sharp look, a yellow head; and all the rest of his strange figure was party-coloured, blue, green, red, and black. I classed him at once as a specimen of the Psittacus Ochropterus. The ape and the parrot seemed to have taken shelter beneath the palm tree, like myself, for the purposes of shade and repose. They had beside them a basket filled with dead game, fruit, and honey; and the parrot had a long instrument near him on the ground, which I afterwards learned was a fowling-piece. They talked a strange jargon of different intonation, like that of the respective chatter of the grey and the green parrots. Both seemed to complain, and, by the expression of their ugly and roguish faces, to interrogate each other. As soon as they went away, I endeavoured to mutter to myself the sounds they had uttered, but could retain only two phrases. The one had been spoken by the ape, and ran thus—"Shure it was for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel;" the other was—"Eh, sirs, it was aw' for the love of the siller." I was extremely amused by my acquisition; and, being convinced that I was now qualified to present myself at the settlement, was about to descend from my altitude, when the two strangers returned: they had come back for the gun, which they had left behind them. As they picked it up, it went off, and I was startled into one of my loudest screams. The strangers looked at me with great delight, he whom I likened to the parrot exclaiming—"Weel, mon, what brought you here?" I answered in his own words, for want of better—"Eh, sirs, it was aw' for the love of the siller." He dropped his piece, and fled in consternation, calling lustily—"Its auld clooty himsen, mon, its auld Horny, I tell ye; come awa, come awa." His friend, who seemed more acquainted with our species, encouraged him to return; and offering me some fruit from his basket, said—"Why, Poll, you cratur, what brought you so far from home?" I endeavoured to imitate his peculiar tone, and replied—"Why thin it was for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel."—"Why then," said my interlocutor, coolly (for I never forgot his words) "that bird bates cockfighting." They now both endeavoured to catch me. It was all I wanted, and I perched on the preaching-monkey's wrist, while he took up the basket in his left hand, and in this easy and commodious style of travelling, we proceeded. On approaching the settlement, a fierce dispute arose between the friends; of which, by each tearing me from the other, I was evidently the object; and I am quite sure that I should have been torn to pieces between them, but for the timely approach of a person who issued from a lofty and handsome edifice on the road side, attended by a train of preacher-monkeys, of which he was the chief. He was quite a superior looking being to either of my first acquaintance, who cowered and shrunk beneath his eagle look. They seemed humbly to lay their cases before him; when, after looking contemptuously on both, he took me to himself, caressed me, and giving me to an attendant, said—"This bird belongs to neither, it is the property of mother church:" and the property of mother church I remained for some years. Of my two friends of the palm-tree, one, the preacher-monkey, turned out to be a poor Irish lay brother, of the convent of which my new master (an Irishman too) was the superior. My yellow parrot was a Scotch adventurer, who came out to give lectures on *political economy* to the Brazilians: and who, finding that they had no taste for moral science, had become a servant of all-work to the brotherhood. My dwelling was a missionary house of the Propaganda, established for the purpose of converting (i. e. burning) the poor Indians. The Superior, Father Flynn, had recently arrived from Lisbon with

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unlimited powers. He was clever, eloquent, witty, and humorous; but panting for a bishopric in his native country, he was principally employed in theological writings, which might bring him into notice and hasten his recall to Europe.

Next to the servant's hall of a great English family, the first place in the world for completing the education of a macaw of genius, is a convent. Its idleness and ennui render a monkey, or a parrot, a valuable resource; and between what I picked up, and what I was taught by the monks of the Propaganda, my acquirements soon became stupendous. Always following my kind master from the refectory to the church, assisting at mess or at mass, being near him in the seclusion of the oratory, and in the festivities, he frequently held with his more confidential friends; I had loaded my astonishing memory with scraps of theology and of fun. I could sing a French drinking song, taught me by the sub-prior Frère Jacques, and intonate a "Gloria in Excelsis" with a true nasal twang. I had actually learned the Creed in English;* and could call all the brothers by their name. I had even learned the Savoyard's dance from my friend Frère Jacques, and sung "Gai Coco" at the same time, like Scaliger's parrot, from whose history Frère Jacques took the idea of teaching me. I did this, it must be acknowledged, with great awkwardness, turning in my toes, and often tumbling backwards in a clumsy and ludicrous way. But this amused my religious friends more than all the rest; for, like the great, they loved a ridicule as well as a talent; and, provided they were amused, were not nice as to the means. My fame soon began to spread on all sides, and the anecdotes told of the macaw of the Propaganda soon reached the circles of the Governor of the Brazils, who wrote to request the pleasure of my company for a few weeks at the palace. This was a compliment which he had never paid to the learned superior of the order, and my master was evidently hurt. He declined therefore the invitation for me, on the plea that he would soon visit Rio Janeiro himself, when I should accompany him into the vice-regal presence.

This visit shortly took place, not for the object supposed by the community, (who parted with me, even for a short time, with great regret,) but for another purpose. The British ambassador, Lord ——, who had recently arrived at Rio, was a countryman of Father Flynn's. He enjoyed eminent literary celebrity, was a delightful poet, and well acquainted with the Portuguese language. The superior had no doubt that his own literary and theological merits were equally known to his excellency, whom he visited with a view to negotiating a passage in the British man of war; for he had been called on a secret mission to Ireland, and wished to depart without notifying his intention to the subaltern of the Propaganda. I was not included in the muster-roll of this expedition; but anxious to lose no opportunity of seeing the world, and desirous of beholding the Governor, who had shown his taste and politeness by inviting me to his court, I contrived to nestle myself in the carriage without the superior's knowledge, and followed his steps to the very ante-room of the embassy. It was too late to send me back; for I was instantly seized by a company of pretty young animals, the very reverse in appearance of the preacher-monkeys of the Propaganda; they all seemed to find in me a kindred soul: my master was ushered into the cabinet, and I was left with my new acquaintance, who were called "*attachés*," but whom I at once classed with the *secretary-birds*,* while here and there, I thought, was mingled among them a specimen of the booby, or Pelicanus Sula. Two of these mischievous creatures seemed to delight in tormenting me from mere idleness and ennui, which I bore for some time with great patience, as I saw the boobies pay them much respect. One was called Lord Charles, and the other the Hon. Mr. Henry. I learned these names with facility, and contrived to repeat them, as they had been taught me, by the frequent iteration of one of the boobies.

(*To be continued.*)

* Rhodeginus mentions a parrot which could recite correctly the whole of the Apostle's Creed." — Animal Biography, by the Rev. W. Bingley.

* "The Dutch," says Le Vaillant, "give this bird the name of Secretary, on account of the bunch of quills behind its head." — Bingley, Animal Biography.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PRISONS.

We had formerly in the Tower of London, a straight room or dungeon, called, from the misery the unhappy occupiers of this very confined place endured, the Little-Ease. But this will appear a luxurious habitation, when compared with the inventions of Louis XI. of France, with his iron cages, in which

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persons of rank lay for whole years; or his oubliettes, dungeons made in the form of reversed cones, with concealed trap-doors, down which dropped the unhappy victims of the tyrant, brought there by Tristam L'Hermite, his companion and executioner in ordinary; sometimes their sides were plain, sometimes set with knives, or sharp-edged wheels; but in either cases they were complete *oubliettes;* the devoted were certain to fall into the land where all things are forgotten.—(*Pennant's London.*)

When the Bastille of France was demolished, three iron cages were discovered, they were made of strong bars of iron, about eight feet high and six feet wide, and such have been used in other prisons in that country. The Bishop of Verdun, according to Mezeray, was the inventer, and was himself the first man confined in them, and remained a prisoner thus for eleven years, so that he could speak practically as to his own invention.

FEMALE LEANDER.

THE Duchess of Chevereux, who was for the first time at the court of England, in 1638, swam across the Thames, in a frolic, near Windsor. On this occasion some verses were composed by a Sir J. M. containing these lines:—

But her chaste breast, cold as the cloyster'd nun,
Whose frost to chrystal might congeal the sun,
So glar'd the stream, that pilots, there afloat,
Thought they might safely land without a boat;
July had seen the Thames in ice involv'd,
Had it not been by her own beams dissolv'd.

BIRTHDAY PRAYER.

THE observance of a birthday by *prayer* is not altogether incurious in these days of license; and the following specimen, quoted from the *Diary* of that truly good man, JOHN EVELYN, may be entertained as the genuine effusion of piety, unmixed with any alloy of fanaticism, or religious enthusiasm:—

Oct. 31, 1689.—My birthday, being now 69 years old. Blessed Father who hast prolonged my years to this great age, and given me to see so great and wonderful revolutions, and preserved me amidst them to this moment, accept, I beseech thee, the continuance of my prayers and thankful acknowledgements, and grant me grace to be working out my salvation and redeeming the time, that thou mayest be glorified by me here, and my soul immortal saved, whenever thou shalt call for it to perpetuate thy praises to all eternity, in that heavenly kingdom where there are no more changes or vicissitudes, but rest and peace, and joy and consummate felicity for ever. Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for the sake of Jesus thine only Son and our Saviour. Amen.

CURIOUS LETTER,

From a country squire, in the 18th century, to a gentleman in London, who had written to him concerning the character of a Servant.

"SIR—Yours I receiv'd the 24th of this present instant, June, and, at your request, will give you an impartial account of my man, John Grey's character. He is a shoemaker, or cordwainer, which you please to call it, by trade, and now in our town; he is following the cardring business for every one that wants him; he served his time at a town called Binstock, in Northamptonshire; and from thence the Great Addington journeyman, to this occupation, as before mentioned, and used to come to my house, and found, by riding my horses to water, that he rode a horse pretty well; which was not at all mistaken, for he rides a horse well: and he looks after a kennel of hounds very well, and finds a hare very well: he hath no judgement in hunting a pack of hounds now, though he rides well, he don't with discretion, for he don't know how to make the most of a horse; but a very harey-starey fellow: will ride over a church if in his way, though he may prevent a leap by having a gap within ten yards of him; and if you are not in the field with himself, when you are hunting to tutor him about riding, he will kill all the horses you have in the stable in one month, for he hath killed downright, and lamed so that they will never be fit for use, no more than five horses since he has hunted my hounds, which is two years and upwards; he can talk no dog language to a hound; he hath no voice; speaks to a hound such as if his head were in a churn; nor neither does he know how to draw a hound when they are at a loss, no more than a child of seven years old. As to his honesty, I always found him honest till about a week ago. I sent my servant that I have now to fetch some sheep's feet from Mr. Stranjan, of Higham Ferrers, where Gray used to go for feet, and I always send my money by the man that brings the feet; and Stranjan told my man that I have now that I owed him money for feet; and when the man came home he told me, and I went to Stranjan, and then I found the truth of the matter. Gray had kept the money in his hands, and had never paid Stranjan: he had along with me once for a letter, in order for his character, to give

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him one, but I told him I could not give him a good one, so I would not write at all. Gray is a very great drunkard, can't keep a penny in his pocket: a sad notorious lyar. If you send him upon a mile or two from Uphingham, he will get drunk, stay all day, and never come home while the middle of the night, or such time as he knows his master is in bed. He can nor will not keep any secret; neither has he so much wit as other people, for the fellow is half a fool, for if you would have business done with expedition, if he once gets out of the town, or sight of you, shall see him no more, while the next morning he serves me so and so: you must expect the same if you hire him. I use you just as I would be used myself; if I desired a character of you of a servant, that I had design'd to hire of yours, as to let you know the truth of every thing about him.

"I am, sir, your most humble servant to command.

"*Great Addington, June* 28, 1734.

"P.S. He takes good care of his horses, with good looking after as to the dressing of them; but if you don't take care, he will fill the manger full of corn, so that he will clog the horses, and ruin the whole stable of horses."

EPITAPH

Upon two religious disputants who are interred within a few paces of each other.

SUSPENDED here, a contest see,
Of two whose creeds cou'd ne'er agree,
For whether they would preach or pray,
They'd do it in a different way;
And they wou'd fain our fate deny'd,
In quite a different manner dy'd!
Yet think not that their rancour's o'er,
No! for 'tis ten to one, and more,
Tho' quiet now as either lies,
But they've a wrangle when they rise.

LONGEVITY.

IN St. Michael's churchyard, at Litchfield, an ancient tombstone was lately discovered, which had been buried in the earth a great number of years. Upon it are deeply cut the following inscriptions:—

Here lyes the Body
of William Clarke,
who was Clarke of this
Church 51 years, and buried
March 25th, 1525, aged 96.

Here lyes the Body
of William Clarke,
Clarke of this Church 71
years, who died Septem. 26,
1562, and aged 86.

The father lived in the reigns of six different kings, viz. Henry the Sixth, Edwards the Fourth and Fifth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh and Eighth. The son in seven reigns, viz. from Edward the Fourth to Mary the First.

Morning Chronicle, October 8, 1822.

LINES

Written by a ragged Irishman, a passenger on board a vessel with the Archbishop of Tuam.

IF each man had his suum,
You would not have Tuam,
But I should get meum,
And sing a *Te Deum*. G. K.

MAY.

THE following verses were composed by John Barbour, a poet and divine, who was born at Aberdeen in 1330. They afford a specimen of the poetry in his time:—

"This was in midst of month of May,
When birdis sing on ilka spray,
Melland * their notes, with seemly soun,
For softness of the sweet seasoun.

"And leavis of the branchis spreeds,
And blomis bright, beside them, breeds
And Fieldis strawed are with flow'rs
Well savouring of seir † colours;
And all things wor this, blyth, and gay." P. T. W.

* Mingling. † Their.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

This Day is published, price 5*s*.

ARCANA of SCIENCE, and ANNUAL REGISTER of the USEFUL ARTS for 1831.

"This is the fourth annual volume of a most useful compilation of the various discoveries in science or inventions of art during the preceding year. The volume commences, very properly, with an abridgment of what may be termed the greatest work of art which has distinguished the present century—the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Various other improvements in the different departments of the arts which have appeared in the several scientific journals of the last year, are here presented in a condensed form, so as to render the volume, in reality, an excellent book of reference. The object of the editor seems to have been that of blending entertainment with valuable information, the work being illustrated by many neat engravings relating to the popular branches of science. The volume, therefore, contains a very interesting compendium of information for young people."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Printed for JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand;—of whom may be had the Volumes for the three preceding years.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 426, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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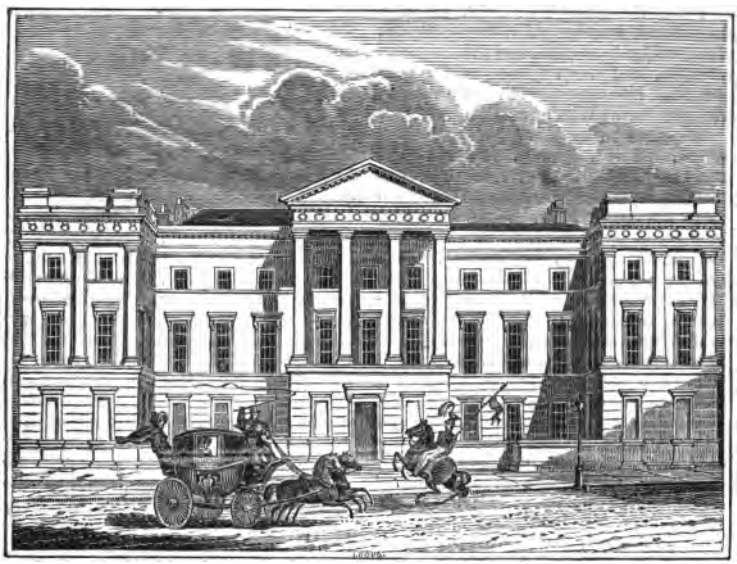
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 489.] SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1831. [Price 2d.



ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

All who enjoy the luxury of doing good (and who does not, in some way or other?) will be happy to learn that the above is the elevation of the new St. George's Hospital, at Hyde Park Corner. It is already a splendid monument of British benevolence; but is only a portion of the original plan, which is to complete another front towards Hyde Park; this will extend even further than the old hospital.

St. George's Hospital, we learn from a printed "Account," "was set on foot soon after Michaelmas, 1733, by some gentlemen who were before concerned in a charity of the like kind, in the lower part of Westminster. They judged this house convenient for their purpose, on account of its air, situation, and nearness to town; procured a lease of it, and opened a subscription for carrying on the charity here. The subscriptions increased so fast, that on the nineteenth of October they were formed into a regular society, and actually began to receive patients on the first of January following." The Establishment was, therefore, prosperous at its commencement, and the same good fortune has subsequently attended its progress. It is supported by Voluntary Contributions. The resources are considerable in property, and have been greatly enriched by legacies. Indeed, the legacies which fell to the Hospital during last year, exceeded 11,000*l.*

The building of the new Hospital, in the Engraving, was first proposed at a meeting held in the year 1827, at which the open-hearted Duke of York was chairman; and at a subsequent meeting, the Archbishop of Canterbury presided. A "Building Fund" was raised, to which the late King munificently contributed £1,000. This Fund is entirely separate from the General Funds of the Hospital: "the sums already subscribed" says the Report of 1830, "have been expended in erecting a part of the building which is now occupied by 140 patients, and the public are earnestly requested to keep in view the importance of continuing their benevolent contributions, until the great object of re-building the entire Hospital has been effected. It is well known that the closeness of the wards in the old building has long been a subject of the deepest regret to the

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physicians and surgeons, who have observed its effect in preventing or retarding the cure of their patients; and this evil must, in some degree, be increased by the new building partially obstructing the ventilation of the old.

From the Report of 1829, we also learn that the subscriptions were £3,439. the Dividends £3,798. and the Legacies £1,781. and the expenses of the year £9,731. including £709. for bedding, &c. for the new building.

The new building is from the designs of W. Wilkins, Esq. R. A. architect of the London University, &c. The Engraving represents the grand front which faces the Green Park, and consists of a centre and two wings, in all 200 feet in length. Part of the north wing, which we have referred to as facing Hyde Park, or stretching towards Knightsbridge, is also erected. The south wing is finished, and occupied by patients, as is also the south end of the east front. The theatre for lectures on surgery and medicine will accommodate 150 students. Immediately adjoining it is the museum of anatomical preparations. The entire edifice is faced with compost, coloured and checkered in imitation of stone. The hospital, when complete, will contain 29 wards, and 460 beds. The contracts for building the whole amount to about £41,000.

The grand front, seen from the Green Park, has a handsome appearance, and the architecture is simply-elegant. Viewed in association with the costly arch entrance to the Gardens of Buckingham Palace, and the classic screen and gates to Hyde Park—the New Hospital gives rise to a grateful recollection of national benevolence as well as cultivation of fine art—of soothing life's ills as well as embellishing its enjoyments—in short, of nurturing the first and best feelings of our nature as well as encouraging taste and talent. May England never halt in raising such monuments of her real greatness!

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

(For the Mirror.)

I've stood to gaze on the sunset hill,
When the winds were hush'd and the waves were still;
As the sun sank slowly down the west,
I thought of the good man dropping to rest,
When his race is run—he yields his breath,
And softly sinks in the slumber of death.

When I gazed on the gorgeous western sky,
I thought of those blissful bowers on high,
Whose brightness—blessedness serene,
Ear hath not heard—eye hath not seen.

When I saw the golden glories die,
I thought on life's uncertainty.
And as night came on in her ebon gloom,
Oh! I thought of the dark and the dreamless tomb,
How soon man's fairest prospects flee,
The curtain drops—"*And where is he?*"

COLBOURNE.

The Novelist.

THE GOLDEN BODKIN.

An Illustration of Sayings and Doings.

(For the Mirror.)

It was the vesper-hour when the lovely Lady Victorine entered the church of St. Genevieve with her liege lord the Marquess de Montespan, and proceeding slowly down a side aisle of that magnificent fane, prostrated herself upon the steps of an altar of black marble, upon which burned in silver cassolettes, two small glimmering fires, sparingly fed with frankincense, and serving rather to render visible, than to illumine the gloom of the niche in which the altar stood; whilst the tapers which twinkled like glow-worms here and there in the body of the spacious temple, indicated the presence of worshippers, who, in the uncertain and vasty darkness, were scarcely beheld. The Marquess de Montespan kneeled beside his fair lady, and a couple of domestics at a respectful distance from the noble pair, whilst the solemn pealing of the organ intermingled with the low murmurings of human voices, and the sweet, full-toned responses of the choir, aided and attested the devotion of those who now attended vespers in the church of St. Genevieve. The sacred service was nearly concluded, when the attention of the congregation was painfully diverted from the solemn duty in which they were engaged, by thrilling shrieks proceeding from one of the side aisles, and an uncommon stir and tumult about the dark oratory of the Montespans, to which, therefore, a crowd was presently attracted. Alas! for the brevity and vanity of human life! The marquess, who had but so short a time since entered the church in manly prime, health, and strength, and in the full flush of happiness and hope, now suddenly, ay, even as he knelt beside his beautiful wife, and even as their spirits mingled in the same acts of devotion, the marquess now, struck by the angel of death, laid cold, senseless, and motionless, in the arms of his servants, who were vainly endeavouring to recall that vital spark which was totally extinct. Victorine, the young and lovely marchioness, thus suddenly and awfully

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reduced to widowhood, had fallen into such violent hysterics, as to render the task of supporting her almost dangerous to a noble youth who had voluntarily undertaken it. The consternation of the spectators at this tragical spectacle may be well imagined; but some two or three of them had, nevertheless, presence of mind sufficient to fetch a physician, and after medical aid had somewhat restored to composure the unhappy Victorine, she, with her deceased husband, upon whom, alas, all efforts of art had been bestowed in vain, was carefully conveyed to the Hotel de Montespan. Upon the breast of the Comte de Villeroi had the head of the afflicted marchioness rested, in the eventful hour of her sad bereavement, and in less than six months did he supply to her the place of her departed lord. This event occurred, it was then deemed, prematurely, and the precise and censorious blamed the indelicate haste with which Victorine had exchanged her weeds for bridal attire; but the kind-hearted observed, "Poor young creature, all Paris knows that Villeroi was the elected of her heart, long ere she was forced into a marriage with Montespan; no wonder therefore is it, that the first act of her recovered liberty should be, that of throwing herself into his arms;" so, "all Paris," after this appeal to its knowledge of private history, and best sympathies, could do no less than take the charitable side of the question, and "Madame la Comtesse de Villeroi was allowed, unmolested by the voice of public censure, to reign awhile as bride and belle in the high circles which her beauty and agreeable qualities so well fitted her to adorn. Ere long, however, it was surmised that Victorine found herself not quite so happy in her union with the object of her first affection as she had anticipated she should be; she was pale, spiritless, and absent; sometimes started when addressed, as if only accustomed to the accents of authority unmingled with kindness; her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunken and rayless, and her smile was the very mockery of mirth; evidently she was not happy, and the apparently affectionate attentions lavished upon her by the comte, tended not to diminish suspicions that he was not altogether so amiable at home, as he took pains to appear in society. However, balls and fêtes followed the union of the young couple very gaily for some months, and everybody said that the Comtesse de Villeroi, rich, beautiful, and beloved, ought to be the happiest creature in existence.

Something more than a year after the demise of the Marquess de Montespan, Paris was thrown into considerable consternation by a report originating with some of the petty officers of the sacred establishment, that the church of St. Genevieve was haunted; old Albert Morel, the sexton, protesting upon the faith of a good Catholic, that he had heard, when occasionally in the church alone, a strange rattling noise proceed from the vaults beneath it. "What this could be," he remarked, "was past comprehension, unless it were ghosts playing at skittles with their own dead bones." Some people laughed at this idea, and some sapiently shaking their heads, declared with ominous looks, that Morel was no fool, but knew what he knew, whilst every one agreed that some foundation, at least there must be, for the fearful tale. At length, in the church of St. Genevieve, it became necessary for the interment of some individual of rank, to open the very vault from whence seemed chiefly or entirely to proceed the strange and alarming sounds, and this happened to be that, in which were deposited the mortal remains of the Marquess de Montespan; from his coffin, (a mere wooden shell,) it was now ascertained that the rattling proceeded, and as upon inspection, a hole was observed to have been drilled in the wood, as if by the teeth of some animal, it was judged expedient to open and examine it further. The remains of the marquess were discovered in a state of dry decomposition, with his head as completely severed from his body as if by the stroke of the axe; but, horror of horrors! that head, that skeleton skull, moved, as those who opened the coffin stood to gaze on its revolting contents, and rolled to and fro by itself! Dismay seized the spectators, who were about to rush in disorder from the spot, when one more courageous than the rest, laying hold of the skull, shook it violently for some moments, when, from one of the eye-sockets dangled the tail of a rat! The cause of the strange sounds heard by Morel and others, connected with the church of St. Genevieve, was now obvious; the voracious animal had entered when lean and small, into the head of the deceased marquess, by the eye, but after revelling upon the brain of the unfortunate defunct for some time, had increased to a size which rendered its exit by the same passage impossible, and its efforts at extrication from horrible thraldom, caused the rattling of the disjoined head in the coffin. It was proposed to saw asunder the skull, in

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order to free the creature, and the advice of Albert Morel, that the operation should be performed by one of the medical fraternity, who might be glad to witness the fact of a rat being imprisoned in a human head, was cheerfully taken. Some, however, objected to its being done, without application for leave having been first made to the Comtesse de Villeroi, as one to whom the proprietorship of her deceased husband's remains naturally and solely appertained, and who might feel it as a cruel insult towards herself, and a sacrilegious violation of the grave of her first lord, the consigning without her knowledge and permission, any part of his body to the hands of a surgeon. "Tush!" quoth old Morel, "all nonsense that! for if one may believe what has long been town-talk, 'tis little that madame will care for her dead husband now she has a living one who pleases her better than ever he could do, poor man!" The sexton's arguments were conclusive, and it was agreed at last, that the skull should be carried to Monsieur Nicolais, the celebrated surgeon, who had unavailingly attempted by bleeding, to recover the late marquess from the apoplexy which carried him off.

A large and brilliant party had assembled at the chateau de Vermont, the residence of the gay and opulent Comte de Villeroi and his lady, to celebrate the christening of their first born, when in the midst of a splendid banquet, an alarm was given that the house was surrounded by police and gens d'armes, who required in the king's name a surrender of the persons of the Comte and Comtesse de Villeroi, they standing attainted of foul and treasonable murder! The confusion and dismay which seized all parties upon this terrible catastrophe, it is impossible to describe; but it suffices to state, that the Comte de Villeroi was impeached for, and fully committed for trial on the charge of having feloniously aided and abetted Victorine de Villeroi, (late Montespan,) in wilfully and maliciously causing the death of her late liege husband, Herbert de Montespan, by thrusting a long pin, or bodkin of gold into his right ear, well knowing that the same entering into his brain, would cause his instantaneous dissolution. Master Nicolais, it appeared, in sawing open the skull of the deceased with anatomical science and precision, had found a pin or Golden Bodkin like that described in the indictment, and like what were at this period much used by ladies in fastening up their hair, bearing the initials, V. M. which he perceived had been violently thrust through the orifice of the ear, into the brain of the unfortunate victim. This inference as to the fiendish murderer was inevitable, and just; and the horror-struck practitioner scrupled not to incite the relations of the late marquess to summon witnesses, and lay a criminal information against Victorine de Villeroi as principal in, and Armand de Villeroi as accessary to, this abominable transaction. Upon trial, the innocence of the Comte, as to the slightest knowledge of his wife's secret and heinous crime, was so apparent that it ensured him an honourable acquittal; but the guilt of that wretched woman being established beyond all doubt by the evidence of the goldsmith who had made for her, and engraved her initials upon, the Golden Bodkin, of the domestics who had seen her when their master fell asleep during the vespers at St. Genevieve, put her hand beneath his head as if with the intent of waking, and raising him up, and subsequently by her own confession, her guilt was thus incontrovertibly established. She suffered those extreme penalties of the law which the heinous nature of her crime demanded, and fully justified.

This historiette, in the leading incidents of which, every Frenchman at all acquainted with the *Causes Cèlèbres* of his country, will detect matters of fact, we have "made a prief of in our note-book," as one of those interesting cases, (not less remarkable because of rather frequent occurrence) which incontestably prove, that under the just government of the Omniscient, who hath willed that "Whosoever sheddeth the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed."—Murder will out! M. L. B.

The Selector
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

POLAND.

Dr. Lardner has commenced a "*Library*," as a kind of succedaneum to his valuable "Cyclopædia." Both are styled *Cabinet*, and the first may be considered an amplification of the second. Two of the Cabinet Library volumes contain a Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831—not a chronology of shreds and patches, but a well-digested review of the great events of the year—and important indeed they are. The work is the quintessence of an "Annual Register:" it is not so porous and

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pursy as the last mentioned book, but is a pleasant volume to put in one's pocket and read inside a coach, if the passengers will allow you to do so; and it seems to be a good book for newspaper readers, to arrange their head-pieces, for they are usually crammed with all kinds of recollections, and have but few right-set views. We do not content ourselves with saying the *Retrospect* is well written, but quote a proof of equal length and interest—for it relates to a country whose fate is anxiously watched by all Europe, nay, by all the world. It is from the author's Chapter on the State of Poland. After some pages on the oppressed Poles, the writer proceeds:—

"Thus the army, both in its numbers and management, was entirely at the mercy and under the direction of Muscovite despotism; the resources of the state were employed, without the legal control of the diet, to strengthen Russian tyranny; the press was enslaved, that no remonstrance might be made against Russian oppression; the citizens were arrested, imprisoned, and punished by a Russian military chieftain, without being brought to trial before the proper native tribunals; the legislative chambers were deprived of their just prerogatives; the national customs, habits, and feelings were hourly insulted; the citizens were beset with an infamous police, and deprived even of the melancholy consolation of complaint; thus, in short, every Polish right was violated—every article of the charter broken—and the whole efforts of an imperial savage, at the head of a strong military force, directed to efface from the countrymen of the Sobieskis and Kosciuszkos all the remains of the Polish character.

"This, it must be allowed, is a picture of tyranny and misgovernment sufficiently appalling to justify the resistance of any people, but more especially that of a people which had long been accustomed to even a licentious freedom; which was proud of its national honour and ancient renown; which entertained such a veneration for its laws and usages as to preserve for two centuries the *liberum veto* and the rights of elective monarchy, the source of all its calamities; and which had the positive stipulations of its sovereign for the preservation of its national rights. But, like most general pictures, its impression may be diminished by its generality. We shall therefore make no apology for introducing, on the authority of an Englishman who had been twelve years in Poland, a few facts to give the character of precision and truth to the outline. In the fortress of Zamosc twelve state prisoners were found, some of whom had been incarcerated for six years without having undergone a trial, and whose names were only known to the commander of the castle. In the dungeons of Marienanski, in Warsaw, was found a victim of the Russian police, who had been kept in solitary confinement for ten years, and whose fate was entirely unknown to his friends and relatives. Respectable inhabitants of Warsaw were often taken and flogged before the grand duke without the formality of a trial, or the specification of a charge. Some were even, in the same unlawful manner, made to break stones or wheel barrows on the streets or highways like galley slaves. Persons of rank were frequently taken from their homes, immured in prison, and dismissed after several weeks' incarceration without knowing what alleged offence had provoked such a wanton exercise of power contrary to the charter and the privileges of Poland; state offenders were carried out of the country to Russian prisons and attempts were made to give them a journey to Siberia, which were only prevented by the threat of suicide on the part of the victims. The resources of the kingdom were squandered entirely for Russian objects; and the people were oppressed to maintain a Polish and a Russian army. Peculation and pillage was the order of the day. The president of the town of Warsaw, with a salary of between 500*l.* and 600*l.* contrived to amass a fortune of 100,000*l.* in fifteen years, besides living in splendour and squandering twice his legal income. The same unprincipled peculation was practised by other municipal or state officers. The Russian generals were in league with the magistrates and billet-master, to divide the booty received from the inhabitants as the price of exemption from the oppressive quartering of troops on their houses. Spies were employed by the police to watch every man of the least consequence in society, and the nobility were often driven to the country to avoid such dangerous intruders. In several instances members of the diet were banished to their estates, and made to pay the troops that guarded them, for having ventured in the assembly, whose discussions ought to have been free, to express a suspicion of the government, or to hint an opinion contrary to the taste of the grand duke.

"The following statement of facts on this head, to which we have seen no

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allusion made in the public prints, but the authenticity of which may be relied on, will give a better idea of the system of Russian government in Poland than any general description could convey. We have received it from the quarter to which we have above alluded :—

"According to the laws of Poland, a commission, chosen by the citizens, has the right of examining and auditing the accounts of the town. From the tyrannical system adopted by the officers who were continually about the person of the grand duke, they dared not perform their duty from fear of his displeasure, and probably, at the instigation of the miscreants around him, being consigned to a prison; remonstrances were, however, generally made at the half-yearly meeting of the commission; though, up to the period immediately before the revolution, nothing was done to check the evil. In the month of September a circumstance occurred, not important in itself, but of great weight in the future course of events. *Janiszewski*, a ci-devant officer in the army, had sent several petitions to the president of the town, which were treated with neglect and insult. He and the president met in the street, when the latter again insulted him. This was immediately resented by the former, who inflicted severe corporal chastisement on the latter. The grand duke refused to interfere in the affair. A trial ensued, in which some abuses of the president were exposed, and *Janiszewski* sentenced only to forty days' imprisonment. This affair, and this decision, created a strong sensation at the time; and emboldened the commission appointed to investigate the affairs of the town-house to insist on their rights. The commission, being at length roused by the numerous abuses that were pressed on their attention, obtained an order from the minister of the interior to proceed in the execution of their duties. They immediately formed themselves into branch committees, each two taking cognizance of a department. The task of investigating the abuses in the quartering of the officers devolved on two citizens, called *Schuch* and *Czarnecki*. They found, on inquiry, that the owners of large houses were induced to compromise with the billet-master for a sum in cash equal to one-fourth, and in some instances to one half of the amount of rent, in lieu of having a general or any number of inferior officers quartered on them. In Warsaw many of the houses contain from fifty to a hundred families; consequently, the billet-compensation money was a grievous tax. The mass of extortions were found to exceed in reality any previous estimate. A new scene now opened to view. Those gentlemen received evidence that the Russian generals *were participators in the pillage of the town*, and in league with the president and billet-master. Feeling that they should be detected in proceedings so disgraceful, they consulted a lawyer *(Wolinski,)* to know if the researches of the committee could not be legally prevented. His opinion was given in the negative; but, in order to divert the public mind from the investigation, he advised *Czarnecki* to provoke one of the commission to strike him, when he should be able to prosecute him for attacking an *employé*, and by that means get rid of the investigation. *Czarnecki* used the most insulting language to Mr. Schuch, and in a fit of desperation seized hold of his arm, with the intention of putting him out of the room by force. The committee-man being on his guard, the manœuvre failed. *Czarnecki*, seeing himself foiled, his iniquity discovered, and his ill-gotten wealth likely to be confiscated, committed suicide, and thus left the president and generals to fight their own battles. The artillery of Messrs. *Schuch* and *Czarnecki* was now directed against the whole of the Russian and two Polish generals, the notorious and unprincipled *Razwieki*, the head of the secret police of the kingdom, and *Kossecki*. Means had in vain been tried to bribe Messrs. *Schuch* and *Czarnecki* through the commissary of the circle, that the investigations should cease, or that the generals should not appear to be implicated in the affair. It was ascertained by the investigation that General *Lewicki*, Russian commander of the town, independently of the lodgings he occupied, received payment for more *than a hundred lodgings;* that General *Gendre* received payment of 212*l.* 10*s.*; that *Philippeus*, cashier to the grand duke, received from the same fund 225*l.* annually, which was sweetened by a prompt payment of 2,500*l.*, being ten years in advance; and that the coachmen and lackeys of the grand duke and generals received money from the same fund, instead of wages from their masters. As the inflexibility and integrity of those gentlemen were proof against all bribes, the generals foresaw the impending storm which threatened to break and overwhelm them. In this critical situation, they conceived one of the most atrocious plots on record. Its object was to create a disturbance, by which

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the town-house should be set on fire, and the documents which implicated them in the pillage should be consumed. They agreed to produce this by arming a number of students; and their agent was an officer in the army, known to belong to the secret societies. The sum of 200 ducats in gold was paid him as a reward for anticipated services, and 200 stand of arms was provided him. For such a project this man seemed a fit agent. He took lodgings in the house where the students met to hold their deliberations, opened to them his revolutionary views, and represented himself as one qualified to rescue their common country from the grasp of despotism. He so far ingratiated himself into their confidence as to obtain some knowledge of the general plan for the freedom of Poland. Circumstances, however, created distrust of this new and overzealous auxiliary; and the students refused to act with him, or to receive the muskets the generals had provided for distribution. Communication having now ceased between Petrikowski and the students, he took lodgings in the next room to that in which they met to hold their deliberations; what he overheard was communicated to the generals; and ten students were in consequence denounced, arrested, and severely flogged (by an arbitrary order of the grand duke,) to make them divulge their associates. Though writhing under the whip of the executioner, not a word escaped their lips to inculpate their friends, or impart a knowledge of the schemes that had so long engrossed their thoughts. The severity of the punishment may be conceived by the fact, that one of the number died soon after its infliction. The students were kept in solitary confinement, and their punishment remained uncertain; universal sympathy was felt for their sufferings by their comrades, coupled with an ardent desire to relieve them; but by this time danger threatened to implicate a great part of their body, and it was ascertained that an order to arrest a great number was to take place on the 30th November. On the 27th November, an order arrived in Warsaw from the emperor, to send to Riga with all possible despatch 42,000,000 of florins, equal to 1,050,000*l.* sterling, of which 2,000,000 were to be furnished from the treasury of the minister of war, 28,000,000 from the government treasury, and 12,000,000 from the bank. These two circumstances concurring, created great activity in all persons connected with the overthrow of despotism and the freedom of their country; and it was determined only on the memorable morning of the 29th to commence their patriotic work in the evening."

The Editor's Conclusion, or Summary of the Year is likewise worthy of extract:

"The curtain of the year 1830 dropped on Europe in a state of ferment and agitation, of which it was impossible to check the progress or to foretell the result. The masses of the population had been stirred up from the bottom by the concussion of the French and Belgic revolutions, and could not be expected for a long time to subside into order, or resume a determinate arrangement according to their weight and affinities. The partition wall of privilege, rank, or subordination, interposed between different classes of the European community, had in some cases been forcibly broken down, and in others had been more silently undermined. Antiquity, custom, usage, or legitimacy, which formerly became a shelter to abuses, could not now protect justice and right from threatened innovation. Everywhere power was challenged on its rounds, and compelled to give the popular watchword before it could be allowed to pass. Whether it was a nation that demanded its independence from a foreign power, as in Belgium and Poland; or a people that cashiered their dynasty, as in France and Saxony; or a parliament that changed its administration for a more popular party, as in England; or republics that liberalized their institutions, as in Switzerland,—all was movement and change. The breath of revolution sometimes blew from the suburbs of a capital, as in France; sometimes from the cottages of the peasant, as in the Swiss mountains; but it was every where powerful. No institution was held venerable, no authority sacred, that stood in the way of the popular will. The people had every where got a purchase against their rulers, and had fixed their engines for a further pull. The power of domestic military protection had diminished, in proportion as rulers required its aid; while, at the same time, all Europe seemed arming for a general trial of strength, or a recommencement of conquest. Every kind of reform was the order of the day; financial reform, legal reform, ecclesiastical reform, and parliamentary reform. The year that has just commenced must resolve the character of many of those vague tendencies to change, to war, and confusion, which alarmed some and inspired hope into others at the close of 1830."

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Notes of a Reader.

THE DRAMATIC ANNUAL.

Mr Frederick Reynolds, the veteran dramatist, has, by the aid of Mr. W. H. Brooke, produced an amusing and elegant volume of a Playwright's Adventures, under the above title. Mr. Brooke's contributions are a plentiful sprinkling of Cuts, full of point and humour, and dovetailed by the Editor with no lack of ingenuity. The Narrative itself purports to be a series of adventures, or a volume of accidents to a young playwright in quest of dramatic fortune, with a due admixture of love and murder, and "a happy union."—These are relieved by pungent attempts at repartee and harmless raillery, so as to make the dialogue portion glide off pleasantly enough. Instead of quoting an entire chapter from the volume, we are enabled to transfer to our pages a few of its epigrammatic illustrations. First, is what Mr. Reynold calls *l'auteur sifflé*, but this, for the sake of comprehensiveness, we style

THE DAMNED AUTHOR.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

'Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?'"

Mr. Reynolds seems to hold with Swift, that the merriest faces are in mourning coaches, for his hero at a funeral introduces one of the best cuts. Thus—

On Vivid's return home, his gratification was soon diminished by the recollections of "existing circumstances," and these caused him to sink into a gloomy and desponding state; when Sam Alltact, rather *mal-apropos*, entered with a black-edged card, inviting his master to the funeral of a deceased acquaintance, an eminent young artist, named Gilmaurs, who, never having been an R.A., but simply an engraver of extraordinary genius, was not to be buried under the dome of St. Paul's, but in a village churchyard.

Vivid could not help remarking to a brother mourner, that, in his opinion, the profession of a painter was as much overrated as that of an engraver was underrated: "for," he added, "what real and unprejudiced connoisseur, while contemplating Woollett's Roman Edifices from Claude, and Sir Robert Strange's Titian's Mistress from Titian, with many others, would not acknowledge, that the copy in many instances so rivalled, if not surpassed, the original, that it became a decided question, which artist ought to carry off the palm?"

"Or, at any rate," cried an odd accordant theatrical companion, "the connoisseur might say, with Shakspeare—

"There is no doubt, that in any school of painting," continued our hero, "such men as Reynolds, West, and Lawrence, cannot be too much upheld whilst living or lauded and regretted when dead. There is likewise Wilkie—another Hogarth——"

"I beg your pardon," rejoined the theatrical gentleman; "but till I can forget the blunderbuss fired from the upsetting coach, the cobweb over the poor's-box, and the gay parson and undertaker at the harlot's funeral, I cannot

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allow of the comparison. Besides, I admire Hogarth for another reason: did *he* consider an engraver's to be an *infra-dig.* profession? No, for he was the engraver of *his own* works."

"True," replied Vivid; "and other painters have been engravers. But to the point: look at the variety of the exquisite engravings in the Annuals; and having compared them with the large, coarse, *mindless* pictures in—what may be called another *annual*—the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, then say, whether you do not prefer the distinct delicate touches of a well-directed *burin*, to the broad, trowel-like splashings of an ill-directed painting-brush?"

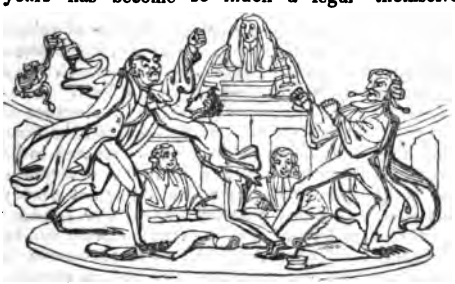
"I do; and whilst I bow down to the excellence of such a portrait as that of Charles the First, by Vandyke, or that of Robin Goodfellow, by Sir Joshua, *cum multis aliis* by painters of the same pre-eminent description—ay, and also whilst I greatly admire numerous pictures still annually exhibited by highly talented living artists, I ask, if I am not to speak my mind relative to that class of painting, which might pass muster outside the inns at Dartford, or Hounslow, or ——. However, 'the lion preys not upon carcasses,' and, therefore, I will leave these canvass-spoilers to the judgment of those, who will show them in their proper light—viz. the hanging-committee."

The funeral being concluded, they return to town, Vivid agreeing with his odd companion in leaving the canvass-spoilers to the *hanging committee.*

Is it not to be hoped that a day may come when a thorough revision and amelioration of our equity laws will be deemed a matter of as great national importance as that chief occupier of the time of our grand *rural Capulets* and *Montagues*, the revision and amelioration of the game laws.

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

"Ay, leave lawyers to wrangle amongst each other—a practice which of late years has become so much a legal fashion, that some of our Westminster Hall heroes, forgetting their clients' quarrels in their own, suddenly convert themselves into a new plaintiff and defendant, and brawl forth such home-coarse vituperations——"



"True;—formerly they used to brow-beat witnesses, now they brow-beat one another, and so defyingly, that ere long, who knows but the *four* courts may resemble, as punsters would say, the *five* courts?"

KICKING THE WORLD.

Every one has heard of kicking the world before them, though, comparatively, so few succeed in the task. The wights in the cut are in an enviable condition.

A sketch of one of those inveterate story tellers which are the standing dishes of a *table d'hôte*, introduces one of the best of the cuts. Mr. Blase Bronzely, *loquitur*:

"Well, gentlemen, as I was saying, when I saw at Stratford-upon-Avon the Shakspearean procession pass in the street, it rained so violently that Caliban and Hamlet's Ghost carried umbrellas, whilst Ophelia——"

"Obvious, my dear Blase; or, as a late premier used to say, 'It can't be missed,' 'Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia:' and, besides, your wet ghost is a mere crib from yourself; for whenever you go hunting in cloudy weather, don't you regularly ride with a smart silver parasol over your dear little head?"

A SEA-SIDE TIME-KILLER—*(Dover.)*

Soon growing tired of lounging in the library, loitering on the pier, and of all the rest of the usual dull sea-side routine, he literally knew so little what to do with himself, that, to kill an hour or two before dinner, he would frequently be seen seated on a tombstone in the churchyard, yawning; staring at the church clock, and comparing it with his own watch;—in short, in some degree resembling

"Patience on a monument."

The reader will conclude by these specimens that fun and frolic are the characteristics of the *Dramatic Annual;* and we have given him a spice of its best humour. These Cuts, by the way, are in a style which all illustrators would do well to cultivate. We have seen much labour expended on illustrations of works of humour, such as fine etchy work, and points wrought up with extreme delicacy. The effect, however, is any but humorous: you think of painstaking and trouble, whereas a few lines vividly dashed off, by their unstudied style, will ensure a laugh, where more elaborate productions only remind us of effort. Hood's pen-and-ink cuts are excellent in their way—as bits of fun, but not of art. Now, Brooke's designs are both works of fun and art.

THE FAMILY CABINET ATLAS

Is completed with the Twelfth Part, in the same style of excellence as it was commenced. In this portion are two plates, exhibiting a comparative view of Inland Seas and Principal Lakes of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres—which alone are worth the price of the Part. Altogether, the uniformity and elegance of this work reflect high credit on the taste and talent of every one concerned in its production; and it really deserves a place on every writing-table not already provided with an Atlas. For constant reference, too, it is well calculated, by its convenient size, and is preferable to the cumbrous folio, as well as the varnished, rustling, roller map.

THE KING'S SECRET.

Hundreds of persons have probably been disappointed by this work—an historical novel, of the time of Edward the Third, by Mr. Power, of Covent Garden Theatre. Scandal-loving people are so fond of concatenation, or stringing circumstances, causes, and effects together, that in the present case they made up

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their minds to some *secret* of our times: some boudoir story of Windsor or St. James's, which might show how royalty loves. On the contrary, "the *secret*" does not come out;—the reader is only tickled, his curiosity excited, and the tale, like an ill-going clock, is wound up without striking.

We attempt something like an outline of the plot, although it is just to induce our reader to turn to the work itself, for we foretel he will be pleased with its details. Artevelde, a beer brewster of Ghent, intrigues with Edward to transfer the coronet of Flanders from Count Lewis to the young Prince of Wales. The scheme fails, and Artevelde perishes in an affray with the citizens. In his negotiations he had employed his daughter, and dispatched her on one occasion, in a private yacht, to the Thames, to confer with the King. In her passage she is observed and recognised by the follower of a Flemish noble, who has a direct interest in defeating Artevelde's scheme for the marriage and settlement of his daughter, who, before she reaches the King, is seized by this noble and his agents, but is rescued by a brave young citizen. Here the love begins. This young citizen is the nephew of a wealthy old goldsmith, but he abominates the traffic and filthy lucre of his uncle's profession—for, it should be added, the goldsmiths were the money-jobbers of those days—and aspires to become a soldier of fortune. London was a fitting place for such ambition, for those were chivalrous times. Artevelde's daughter entrusts the youth with the commission, and dispatches him to the King: he acquits himself with courtly discretion, and, having displayed some prowess in a passage of arms, soon obtains an appointment in the royal service. Edward's interview with the lady determines him to start instantly for Flanders, and the young citizen (Borgia) accompanies him. They fall into the hands of the same Flemish noble who had attacked the heroine; but they are rescued, and land at the Flemish coast.—The scheme fails, as we have said: after Artevelde's death, his daughter becomes the King's ward. The interests of the parties now become too complicated for us to follow: we may, however, state that "the King's Secret" is the parentage of Borgia; it was asserted that he was "the very child reported to have been born during the period of Queen Isabella's romantic love passages with Roger Mortimer, at the court of Hainault."—"Be content, therefore, with that you and all here already are possessed of, since what remains is, and must continue, "*The King's Secret.*"

The heroine is the gemmy character of the story; but, in that of the King so much license has been used as almost to defy its identification with history. Scenes, situations, and sketches, of uncommon interest, abound throughout the work; the manners and customs of the times, and the details of costume and pageant glitter are worked up with great labour—perhaps with more than is looked for or will be appreciated in a novel. Still, they are creditable to the taste and research of the author. Occasionally, there are scenes of bold and stirring interest, just such as might be expected from an actor of Mr. Power's vivid stamp. The storm sketches towards the close of the second volume are even infinitely better than any of John Kemble's shilling waves or Mr. Farley's last scenes. In other portions of the work, bits of antiquarianism are so *stuck on* the pages as to perplex, rather than aid the descriptions, by their technicality. Here and there too the tinsel is unsparingly sprinkled.

Nevertheless, there is a vividness—a freshness—and altogether a superior interest, in all the details which must render "The King's Secret" a favourite work with the fiction-and-fact-reading public. The scenes are so complicated in their interest, that it is scarcely possible to detach an extract.

In the early part of the first volume occurs a passage relative to the resistance of the people of Ghent to the oppression of their rulers, which smacks strongly of the enthusiasm of liberty.

"Whilst impelled on the one hand by the strong desire to regulate the arbitrary and oppressive exactions, which cramped their energies and held them for ever at the mercy of their despot's caprice, and restrained on the other hand by their habitual reverence for their feudal princes. Artevelde stepped forth, and in their startled ears pronounced the word "*Resist!*" His eloquence was well seconded by the grasping severity of a needy and extravagant court, until gradually combining their wrath and intelligence with the energies of the populace jealous of their rights, the merchants and citizens of the cities of Flanders rose upon the bears and butterflies who infested and robbed them, and, thrusting them forth, set modern Europe the first fearful example of a people's strength, and the rottenness of the wooden gods for whom they laboured. Whilst princes, on their parts, learned a lesson they have not since for-

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gotten or ever ceased to practise, and combining their hosts of slaves, lashed them onward to scare this stranger, Freedom, from the earth, even as in our times of intelligence they have done, and will do; and the brainless slaves, so lashed, shouted and went forward to the murderous work which rivetted their own fetters, even as in our time they have done, and will again do in times to come."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TWENTY YEARS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THEY tell me twenty years are past
Since I have look'd upon thee last,
And thought thee fairest of the fair,
With thy sylph-like form and light-brown hair!
I can remember every word
That from those smiling lips I heard:
Oh! how little it appears
Like the lapse of twenty years.

Thou art changed! in thee I find
Beauty of another kind:
Those rich curls lie on thy brow
In a darker cluster now;
And the sylph hath given place
To the matron's form of grace.—
Yet how little it appears
Like the lapse of twenty years.

Still thy cheek is round and fair;
'Mid thy curls not one grey hair;
Not one lurking sorrow lies
In the lustre of those eyes:
Thou hast felt, since last we met,
No affliction, no regret!
Wonderful! to shed no tears
In the lapse of twenty years.

But what means that changing brow?
Tears are in those dark eyes now!
Have my rash, incautious words
Waken'd Feeling's slumbering chords?
Wherefore dost thou bid me look
At yon dark-bound journal-book?—
There the register appears
Of the lapse of twenty years.

Thou hast been a happy bride,
Kneeling by a lover's side;
And unclouded was thy life,
As his loved and loving wife;—
Thou hast worn the garb of gloom,
Kneeling by that husband's tomb;—
Thou hast wept a widow's tears
In the lapse of twenty years.

Oh! I see my error now,
To suppose, in cheek and brow,
Strangers may presume to find
Treasured secrets of the mind:
There fond Memory still will keep
Her vigil, when she *seems* to sleep;
Though composure re-appears
In the lapse of twenty years.

Where's the hope that can abate
The grief of hearts thus desolate?
That can Youth's keenest pangs assuage,
And mitigate the gloom of Age?
Religion bids the tempest cease,
And leads her to a port of peace;
And on, the lonely pilot steers
Through the lapse of future years.

New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE MACAW OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

By Lady Morgan.

(Continued from page 318).

MEANTIME Father Flynn, with a jesuit's adroitness, was endeavouring to gain his object, as I afterwards learned; but on alluding to his works and celebrity, he discovered that the ambassador had never so much as heard of him, though he had heard wonders of his parrot, which he requested might be sent for. I was immediately ushered into the cabinet, as the superior went out, and I never saw my dear master more. Perhaps he could "bear no rival near the throne;" perhaps, in his pre-occupation, he forgot to reclaim me. Be that as it may, he sailed that night, in a Portuguese merchantman, for Lisbon; and I became the property of the representative of his British Majesty. After the first few days of favouritism, I sensibly lost ground with his excellency; for he was too deeply occupied, and had too many resources of his own, to find his amusement in my society. During the few days I sat at his table, I entertained his diplomatic guests with cracking nuts, extracting the kernels, peeling oranges, talking broad Scotch and Parisian French, chanting the "Gloria," dancing "Gai Coco," and, in fact, exhibiting all my accomplishments. I was, however, soon sent to the secretary's office to be taught a new jargon, and to be subjected to tricks from the underlings of the embassy.

Here I picked up but little, for there was but little to pick up. I learned, however, to call for "Red tape and sealing-wax"—to cry "What a bore!" "Did you ever see such a quiz?"—to call "Lord Charles," "Mr. Henry," and pronounce "good for nothing"—a remark applied by the young men to the pens, which they flung away by hundreds, and which the servants picked up and sold, with other perquisites of office incidental to their calling. Whenever I applied these acquisitions with effect, it was always attributed to chance; but I was so tormented and persecuted by Lord Charles and Mr. Henry, who being unpaid *attachés*, had nothing to do, and helped each other to do it, that I took every opportunity to annoy them. One day, when the ante-room was filled with young officers of the British frigate, one of the boobies, pointing to Lord Charles, called to me, "Poll, who is that?" I answered, "Red tape and sealing-wax;" and raised a general shout at the expense of the little diplomatic pedant. An Irish

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midshipman present, a Mr. O'Gallagher, pointing to Mr. Henry, asked me, "Who is that, Poll?" "Good for nothing," I replied; and Mr. Henry flew at me in a rage, swore I had been taught to insult him, and that he would wring my neck off. This he would have done but for the protection of the chaplain, to whose breast I flew, and who carried me away to his own room. In a few days I was consigned to Mr. O'Gallagher, the midshipman, as a present to the chaplain's patroness, a lady of high rank and celebrated sanctity in Ireland, near to whose Propaganda the family of O'Gallagher resided. I was the bearer of a letter of introduction, in which my pious education and saintly acquirements were set forth, my knowledge of the Creed exposed, and myself recommended as a means of aiding her ladyship's proselyting vocation, as animals of less intelligence had done before. I embarked therefore on board the British frigate—an honour which had been refused my old master, and was treated with great care and attention during the voyage. On arriving in a British port, my young protector got leave of absence, and took a passage in a vessel bound for Dublin. On the morning of our coming to anchor, my cage was put on shore on the quay, while O'Gallagher returned to look after his luggage. Thus left to myself, I soon attracted the attention of a wretched, squalid-looking animal, something between a scare-crow and a long-armed gibbon. His melancholy visage dilated into a broad grin the moment he saw me; and coming up, and making me a bow, he said, "Ah! thin, Poll, agrah, you're welcome to ould Ireland. Would you take a taste of potato, just to cure your say-sickness?" and he put a cold potato into my cage, which he had been gnawing with avidity himself. The potato was among the first articles of my food in my native paradise, and the recollection of it awakened associations which softened me towards the poor, hospitable creature who presented it. Still I hesitated, till he said, "Take it, Miss, and a thousand welcomes,—take it, agrah, from poor Pat." I took it with infinite delight; and holding it in my claws, and peeling it with my beak, began to mutter "Poor Pat! poor Pat!" "Oh, musha, musha! oh, by the powers!" he cried, "but that's a great bird, any how—just like a Christian—look here, boys." A crowd now gathered round my cage, and several exclamations, which recalled my old friends of the Propaganda, caught my attention. "Oh! queen of glory!" cried one; "Holy Moses!" exclaimed another; "Blessed rosary!" said a third. I turned my head from side to side, listening; and excited by the excitement I caused, I recited several scraps of litanies in good Latinity.—There was first an universal silence, then an universal shout, and a general cry of "A miracle! a miracle!" "Go to Father Murphy," said one; "Off with ye, ye sowl, to the Counsellor," said a second; "Bring the baccah to him," cried an old woman; "Mrs. Carey, where is your blind son?" said a young one. Could faith have sufficed, I should indeed have worked miracles. In the midst of my triumphs, Mr. O'Gallagher returned, carried me off, put me in a carriage, and drove away, followed by the shouting multitude.—That night we put up at an hotel in Sackville-street, and the next morning the street re-echoed with cries of "Here is a full account of the miraculous parrot just arrived in the city of Dublin, with a list of his wonderful cures, for the small charge of one halfpenny." Shortly after we set off by the Ballydangan heavy fly, for Sourcraut Hall. I was placed on the top of the coach, to the delight of the outside passengers; where I soon made an acquaintance with the customary oratory of guards and coachmen, which produced much laughter. I rapidly added to my vocabulary many curious phrases, among which the most distinct were—"Aisy, now, aisy," "Get along out of that," "All's right," &c. &c. &c. with nearly a verse of "The night before Larry was stretched," tune and all, and the air of "Polly put the kettle on," which the guard was practising on his bugle, to relieve the tedium of the journey. Like all nervous animals, I am extremely susceptible to external impressions; and the fresh air, movement, and company, had all their usual exhilarating effects on my spirits. Our lady of Sourcraut Hall, Lady C——, received myself and my protector with a ceremonious and freezing politeness; asked a few questions concerning my treatment, gentleness, and docility; and desiring my kind companion to put me on the back of a chair, she bowed him out of the room. When he was gone, the lady turned to a gloomy-looking man, who sat reading at a table, and who looked so like one of the Portuguese brothers of the Propaganda, that I took him for a *frate*—"What a poor benighted creature that young man seems to be!" she said. The grave gentleman, who I afterwards found was known in the neighbourhood by the title of her ladyship's

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"moral agent," replied, "What, madam, would you have of an O'Gallagher—a family of the blackest Papists in the county?" My lady shook her head, and threw up her devout eyes.—Dinner was now announced, and the moral agent giving his hand to the lady, I was left to sleep away the fatigue of my journey.

I awoke very hungry, and consequently disposed to be very talkative, but was silenced by finding myself surrounded by a crowd of persons of both sexes, who were eagerly gazing on me. A certain prostrate look of sly, shy humility, lengthened their pale faces, to the exclusion of all intellectual expression. They formed a sort of religious meeting, called a tea-and-tract party; but the open door discovered preparations for a more substantial conclusion to the *obbligato* prayers and lectures of the evening. My new mistress was evidently descanting on my merits, and read that paragraph from the chaplain's letter which described my early associations, my knowledge of the Creed, and announced me as a source of edification to her servants. Two or three words of this harangue operating on my memory, I put forth my profession of faith with a clearness of articulation and fidelity really wonderful for a bird. What exclamations! what turning-up of eyes! I was stifled with caresses, intoxicated with praises, and crammed with sweetmeats. The moral agent grew pale with jealousy, when Doctor Direful was announced. He rushed into the room like a whirlwind, but stood aghast at beholding the devout crowd that encircled me. Instead of the usual apophthegms, and serious discourse, he heard nothing but "Pretty Poll," "Scratch a poll," "What a dear bird," &c. The malicious moral agent chuckled, and explained that the bird had, for the moment, usurped the attention which should exclusively belong to his reverence, who had taken the pains to come so far to enlighten the dark inmates of Sourcraut Hall. Dr. Direful stood rolling his fierce eye (he had but one) on the abashed assembly; and, pushing me off my perch, drove me with his handkerchief into the dense crowd which filled the bottom of the room, and consisted of all the servants of the house, with some recently converted Papists from among the Sourcraut tenantry. All drew back in horror, to let one so anathematised pass without contact. I coiled myself up near a droll-looking little postilion, who, while turning up the whites of his eyes, was coaxing me to him with a fragment of plumb-cake, which he had stolen from the banquet-table. Dr. Direful returned to the centre of the room, and mounted a desk to commence his lecture. The auditory crowded and cowered timidly round him, while he, looking down on them with a wrathful and contemptuous glance, was about to pour forth the pious venom which hung upon his lips, when a sharp cry of "*Get along out of that*" struck him dumb. Inquiry was useless, for all were ready to swear that they had not uttered a word. Dr. Direful called them "blasphemous liars," and proceeded one and all to empty the vials of his wrath through the words of a text of awful denunciation, which I dare not here repeat; but his words were again arrested by the exclamation of, "Aisy now, aisy—what a devil of a hurry you are in!" uttered in quick succession.—He jumped down from his altitude; and, in reply to his renewed inquiries, a serious coachman offered up to the vengeance of this Moloch of methodism the mischievous postilion, who had that morning detected the not always sober son of the whip in other devotions than those to which he professed exclusive addiction. When I saw the rage of all parties, I thought of the roasted Indians of the Brazils, and shuddered for the poor lad. After a short, but inquisitorial examination, in which he in vain endeavoured to throw the blame on me, he was stripped of his gaudy dress, and in spite of his well-founded protestations of innocence, turned almost naked from the house. When peace was restored, a hymn was sung as an exorcism of the evil spirit that had gotten among the assembly; when, being determined to exculpate the poor postilion, I joined with all my force in the chorus, with my Catholic "*Gloria in excelsis*," which I abruptly changed into "Polly put the kettle on." Thus taken in the fact, I was, without ceremony, denounced as an emissary from Clongowes, brought to Sourcraut Hall by the Papist O'Gallagher, with a forged letter, to disturb the community. I was immediately cross-examined by a religious attorney, as if I had been a white-boy or a ribbonman. "Come forward," he said, "you bird of satan!—speak out, and answer for yourself, for its yourself can do it, you egg of the devil! What brought you here?" I answered, "It was all for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel!"—and the answer decided my fate, without more to do. And now loaded with all the reproaches that the *odium theologicum* could suggest, I was cuffed, hunted, and finally driven out of the gates by

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the serious coachman, to perish on the highway. On recovering from my fright, I found myself at the edge of a dry ditch, where the poor shivering postilion sat lamenting his martyrdom. I went up to him, cowering and chattering; and at the sight of me the tears dried on his dirty cheeks—his sobs changed to a laugh of delight; and when I hopped on his wrist, and cried "Poor Pat," all his sufferings were forgotten. While thus occupied, a little carriage, drawn by a superb horse, with the reins thrown loose on his beautiful neck, ascended the hill. At the sight I screamed out "Get along out of that!" which so frightened the high-blooded creature that he started, and flung the two persons in the carriage fairly into the middle of the road. One of them, in a military dress, sprung at once on his feet, and laying the whip across the naked shoulders of the postilion, exclaimed, "I'll teach you, you little villain, to break people's necks." "Oh! murther! murther!" cried the poor boy, "shure, it was not me, plase your honour, only the parrot, Captain." "What parrot, you lying rascal?" "There, Captain, Sir, look forenenst you." The captain did look up, and saw me perched on the branch of a scrubby hawthorn-tree. Surprised and amused, he exclaimed, "By Jove! how odd! What a magnificent bird! Why Poll, what the deuce brought you here?" "Eh, sirs," I replied at random, "it was aw' for the love of the siller." The captain, and his little groom Midge, who had picked himself up on the other side of the cabriolet, shrieked with laughing. "I say, my boy," said the captain, "is that macaw your's?" "It is," said the little liar. "Would you take a guinea for it?" asked the captain. "Troth, would I; two," said the postilion. "Done," said the captain; and pulling out his purse, and giving the two guineas, I suffered myself to be caught and placed in the cabriolet. The young officer sprang in after me, and, taking the reins, pursued his journey. We slept that night at a miserable inn in a miserable town. The next morning we arrived at my old hotel in Sackville-street, and shortly after sailed for England.

The Honourable George Fitz-Forward, my new master, was a younger brother of small means and large pretensions. He had been quartered at Kil-mac-squabble with a detachment, where he had passed the winter in still-hunting, quelling *ructions*, shooting grouse and rebels, spitting over the bridge, and smoking cigars; and having obtained leave of absence, *pour se d'écrasser*, was on his way to London for the ensuing season. We travelled in the cab by easy stages, and halted only at great houses on the road, beginning with Plas Newyd, and ending at Sion House. My master's rank, and my talents, were as good as board wages to us; and as the summer was not yet sufficiently advanced for the London winter, we found every body at home, and had an amazingly pleasant time. My master was enchanted with his acquisition. I made the *fruis* of every society; and my repurtees and bon-mots furnished the Lord Johns and Lady Louisas with subjects for whole reams of pink and blue note-paper. My master frequently said, "That bird is wonderful! he is a great catch!"—and my fame had spread over the whole west end of the town a full week before our arrival in London.

The Metropolitan, No. I.

LONDON LYRICS,

PROVERBS.

My good Aunt Bridget, spite of age,
Versed in Valerian, Dock, and Sage,
Well knew the Virtues of herbs:
But Proverbs gain'd her chief applause,
"Child," she exclaimed, "respect old saws,
"And pin your faith on Proverbs."

Thus taught, I dubb'd my lot secure;
And, playing long-rope, "slow and sure,"
Conceived my movement clever;
When lo! an urchin by my side
Push'd me head foremost in, and cried—
"Keep Moving," "Now or Never,"

At Melton, next, I join'd the hunt,
Of bogs and bushes bore the brunt,
Nor once my courser held in;
But when I saw a yawning steep,
I thought of "Look before you leap,"
And curb'd my eager gelding.

While doubtful thus I rein'd my roan,
Willing to save a fractured bone,
Yet fearful of exposure,
A sportsman thus my spirit stirr'd—
"Delays are dangerous;"—I spurr'd
My steed, and leap'd th' enclosure.

I ogled Jane, who heard me say
That "Rome was not built in a day,"
When lo! Sir Fleet O Grady
Put this, my saw, to sea again,
And proved, by running off with Jane,
"Faint heart ne'er won fair Lady."

Aware "New Brooms sweep clean," I took
An untaught tyro for a cook,
(The tale I tell a fact is)
She spoilt my soup; but, when I chid,
She thus once more my work undid,
"Perfection comes from Practice."

Thus, out of every adage hit,
And, finding that ancestral wit
As changeful as the clime is:
From Proverbs, turning on my heel,
I now cull Wisdom from my seal,
Who's motto's "Ne quid nimis."

New Monthly Magazine.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SHIP LAUNCH.

In a few months a new ship will be launched, called the *Reform*. Admiral, *William the Fourth*—Chief Mate, *Grey*—Pilot, *Brougham*—Purser, *Russell*—*Crew*, the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Bound to Palace Yard, Westminster; freight uncommonly cheap, with good stowage.

N.B. For further particulars inquire of Bob *Oldborough*, at the sign of the *Tumble down* Dick, *Borough*, Southwark. P. T. W.

Gold coins (ix James I.) were raised by proclamation, 2*s*. in every 20*s*.

Groat.—In the Saxon time, we had no silver money bigger than a penny, nor after the conquest till Edward III. who about the year 1351, coined grosses (i. e. groats, or great pieces) which went for 4*d*. a-piece; and so the matter stood till the reign of Henry VII. who in 1504 first coined shillings. G. K.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS REFUSED BY A BURGESS FOR HIS VOTE.

Oldfield, in his *History of Boroughs*, says, "On the death of the late Lord Holmes, a very powerful attempt was made by Sir William Oglander and some other neighbouring gentlemen, to deprive his lordship's nephew and successor, the Rev. Mr. Troughear Holmes, of his influence over the Corporation of Newport, Isle of Wight. The number of that body was at that time *twenty-three*, there being one vacancy amongst the aldermen, occasioned by the recent death of Lord Holmes. Eleven of them continued firm to the interest of the nephew, and the same number was equally eager to transfer that interest to Sir William Oglander and the Worsley family. A Mr. Taylor of this town, one of the burgesses, withheld his declaration, and as his vote would decide the balance of future influence, it was imagined that he only suspended it for the purpose of private advantage. Agreeably to that idea, he was eagerly sought by the agents of each party. The first who applied is said to have made him an offer of 2,000*l*. Mr. Taylor had actually made up his mind to have voted with his party, but the moment his integrity and independence were attacked, he reversed his determination, and resolved to give his suffrage on the opposite side. That party, however, like their opponents, being ignorant of the favour designed them, and of the accident to which they owed it, assailed him with a more advantageous offer. He informed them that he had but just formed the resolution, in consequence of a similar insult from their adversaries, of giving them his support, but since he had discovered that they were both aiming at power by the same means, he was determined to vote for neither of them; and to put himself out of the power of further temptation, he resolved to resign his gown as a burgess of the corporation; which he accordingly did the next day." P. T. W.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Limington, one mile east from Ilchester, in Somersetshire, is noted on account of a school having been kept there by the great Cardinal Wolsey in the early part of his life, who whilst in this situation was, for a misdemeanour, put into the stocks by Sir Amias Pawlett. This indignity was never forgiven by the haughty prelate, who, when in power, made Sir Amias feel the weight of his resentment, by making him dance attendance at the court for many years, whilst soliciting a favour. C. D.

On an unsuccessful Oculist, who became a Tallow Chandler.

So many of the human kind,
Under his hands became stone blind,
That for such failings to atone,
At length he let the trade alone;
And ever after in despite
Of darkness, liv'd by giving light;
But Death who has exciseman's power
To enter houses every hour,
Thinking his light grew rather sallow,
Snuffed out his wick, and seized his tallow. I. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again compelled to remind our Correspondents that by the multiplicity of their well-intended communications, we are unable to answer them individually otherwise than by the insertion of their papers. We receive upwards of 150 letters during the month, and were we to promise replies to all of them, our Editorial duties would be heavy indeed, especially as the correspondence is but one of the many features of the *Mirror*.

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The Mirror

OF

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No. 490.] SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1831. [PRICE 2*d.*

OLD HOUSE IN SOUTHWARK.

THIS crazy, but not unpicturesque building, was taken down in the autumn of last year, in forming an approach to the New London Bridge. It stood on the eastern side of the High-street, and is worthy of record among the pleasing relics of antiquity, which it has ever been the object of *The Mirror* to rescue from oblivion. Its style of architecture—that of the seventh Henry—is interesting: there is a florid picturesqueness in the carvings on the fronts of the first and second stories, and probably this ornament extended originally to the uppermost stories, which had subsequently been covered with plaster.

We remember the house for the last twenty years, but cannot trace this or any other alteration in its front. The windows, it will be seen, are of different periods, those on the right-hand second

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and the left-hand third floor being of the oldest date.

Apart from these attractions, and as a specimen of the olden domestic architecture of the metropolis, the annexed Cut bears an historic interest, in its having been the residence of the ill-starred Anne Boleyn, queen of Henry the Eighth. The interior was in palatial style, having been elaborately finished; and in one of the apartments, we learn that the royal arms were very conspicuous.

In early times, Southwark was one of the most celebrated of the metropolitan suburbs; and it is much to be regretted that the liberality of our times has not encouraged the production of its ancient history. Every one at all familiar with London is aware of the antiquity of St. Saviour's Church, the original foundation of which was from the profits of a ferry over the Thames, whence its original name, St. Mary Overy, or "over the ferry." This was some time before the Conquest; but the church was principally rebuilt in the fourteenth century. We have spoken of its ancient fame elsewhere.* Bankside, its name in spiritual and secular story, is likewise of some note. The early Bishops of Winchester had a palace and *park* here; remains of the former were laid open by a fire about seventeen years since. Then, who does not remember, in the love of sports and pastimes, the bull and bear-baiting theatres, and the uncouth glory of the Globe theatre, associated with the poet of all time—Shakspeare. Southwark was, therefore, a fitting site for a royal palace for occasional retirement, and its contiguity to the Thames must have enhanced its pleasantness.

Miss Benger, in her agreeable *Memoirs of Anne Boleyn*, does not mention the Queen's abode in Southwark; but the date of the architecture of the annexed house, and its closer identification with Queen Elizabeth, render the first mentioned circumstance by no means improbable. Previous to the marriage of Anne Boleyn, we learn that Henry passed not a few of his leisure hours "in the delightful society of Anne Boleyn." "Every day they met and spent many hours in riding or walking together." Her family at this time resided at Durham House, on the site of the Adelphi, and Anne frequently made excursions with Henry in the vicinity of London.

Of the antiquity of this district we could quote more proofs. The *galleried* inn-yards, and among them that at which the Pilgrims sojourned on their road to Canterbury, are among them. In our last volume too, at page 160, we engraved an ancient Vault in Tooley-street, the remains of the "great house, builded of stone, with arched gates, which pertained to the Prior of Lewis, in Sussex, and was his lodging when he came to London." Not far from this was "another great House of Stone and Timber," which, in the thirteenth century, was held of John, Earl Warren, by the Abbot of St. Augustins, at Canterbury." Stowe says—"It was an ancient piece of worke, and seemeth to be one of the first builded houses on that side of the river, over against the city: it was called the Abbot's Inne of St. Augustine in Southwark."

There was also another "Inne" near this spot, which belonged to the Abbey of Battle, in Sussex, and formed the town residence of its Abbots. This stood on the banks of the Thames, between the Bridge House and Battle Bridge, which was so called, "for that it standeth on the ground, and over a watercourse (flowing out of Thames) pertayning to that Abbey, and was therefore both builded and repayred by the Abbots of that house, as being hard adjoyning to the Abbot's lodging." Its situation is known by the landing-place called Battle Stairs. On the opposite side of Tooley-street is a low neighbourhood of meanly-built streets and passages, still denominated the Maze, from the intricacies of a labyrinth in the gardens of the Abbot of Battle's Inn, and which fronted its entrance-gate.

With these few quotations of the ancient importance of Southwark, we can but repeat our regret that no regular history of this district has yet been published. There are three or four gentlemen resident there, whose antiquarian attainments highly qualify them for the task. The public would surely find them patronage.

The Engraving is from an original sketch by an ingenious Correspondent, M.P. of Upton, near Windsor, whom we thank for this specimen of good taste. We are always happy to receive antiquarian illustrations of our Metropolis, and in this instance the zeal of the artist, who resides twenty miles distant, deserves special mention.

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 227. Gower is buried here, Fletcher and Messenger too; and not long since the bones of Bishop Andrews were exhumed, or disturbed, in removing some chapels for the New London Bridge approach.—See also *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 297.

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PARLIAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following particulars, which have been gleaned from several sources, relating to the British Parliament, may be acceptable at the present time, when the English people are in hopes of a renovation of that Constitution which has been, and will still continue to be, the admiration of the civilized world:—

The word Parliament was first used in 1265; and the Commons were admitted at this time, though not regularly represented. The parliament called at Shrewsbury, in 1283, by Edward I., was the first to which cities and towns were summoned to send representatives. It was also the first that granted aids towards the national defence of the three denominations of knights, citizens, and burgesses, as well as by the lords spiritual and temporal. In this parliament the representatives sat in a separate chamber from the barons and knights. The Commons consisted of two knights for each county, two representatives for the city of London, and two for each of the following twenty towns only:—

Winchester,	Canterbury,	Lynn,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne,	Carlisle,	Colchester,
	Norwich,	Yarmouth,
York,	Northampton,	Hereford,
Bristol,	Nottingham,	Chester,
Exeter,	Scarborough,	Shrewsbury,
Lincoln,	Grimsby,	Worcester.

From this it appears that there were not representatives of any towns in the counties of

Westmoreland,	Rutland,	Oxford,
	Suffolk,	Wilts,
Lancaster,	Hertford,	Somerset,
Derby,	Bedford,	Gloucester,
Durham,	Cambridge,	Dorset,
Stafford,	Huntingdon,	Sussex,
Warwick,	Buckingham,	Surrey.
Leicester,	Berks,	

In after times, burghs that were summoned frequently prayed the Crown to be excused from sending representatives, on the account of their being compelled to pay 3*s*. 4*d*. a day to each member for his maintenance, while attending in his place; yet the allowance was made on a plan so strictly economical, that the knights of Berkshire were only allowed for six days, those for Bedfordshire for only five days, and those for Cornwall for only eleven days, when called to a parliament at York. Sheriffs, in their writs for elections to parliament, sometimes omitted one or more burghs in a county, and at other times sent writs to the same burghs—and this, for aught known to the contrary, without instruction from the king or his council. Where burghs were poor, there were many such omissions, by favour of the sheriffs, for a space of nearly three hundred years. Upon petition of the town of Torrington to Edward III., in 1366, he directed a letter to the bailiff and good men of the town, excusing them "from the burden of sending two representatives to parliament, as they had never been obliged so to do till the 24th of his reign, when," says the king, "the sheriffs of Devonshire maliciously summoned them to send two members to parliament."

Writs for the election of members to serve in the House of Commons are issued under different authorities upon a general election, and upon vacancies of particular seats during the continuance of a parliament. In the former case, the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, pursuant to the order in council, causes the writs of elections to be issued for all places in England and Scotland to which such writs are usually sent. By the Articles and Act of Union with Ireland; the Lord Chancellor then, pursuant to the said orders, &c., causes writs to be issued and directed by the Clerk of the Crown in Ireland to the several counties, and such counties of cities and towns as send members to the united parliament.

It is generally supposed that the circumstance of bishops, or other ecclesiastics having seats in the legislature, is peculiar to England. This is a mistake;—it was characteristic of the Scottish constitution for centuries previous to their connexion with England: so far back, indeed, if not much farther, as the twelfth century. It is stated, in ancient documents connected with the history of the county of Elgin, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted, that the Abbey of Kinloss was founded by David I., in January, 1150, and that the abbot was mitred, and had a seat in parliament.

To the passing of a bill, the assent of the knights, citizens, and burgesses must be in person; but the lords may give their votes by proxy; and the reason is, that the barons always sat in parliament in their own right, as part of the *pares curtis* of the king; and therefore, as they were allowed to serve by proxy in the wars, so had they leave to make proxies in parliament; but the commons coming only as representing the barones minores, and the soccage tenants in the country, and as representing the men of the cities, &c., they could not constitute proxies as representatives of others.

When it is the pleasure of the Crown to dissolve a parliament, it is the con-

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stant practice immediately to summon another, and to make the dissolution of the old and the calling of the new simultaneous acts. By the Act of 7 and 8 of William III., c. xxv. s. 1, forty days should intervene between the teste and return of the writs for a new parliament; but a longer time is necessary, and fifty days now intervene.

Parliaments became triennial from the reigns of Edward III., but not until 1694 had any act passed to make such duration legal. In 1716 this was repealed, and the present act passed, making them septennial. W. G. C.

SIMPLE AMBITION.

(To the Editor.)

THE following anecdote was told me last summer, in the cabriolet of a diligence between Pau and Bayonne, and is very much at your service. EGOMET IPSE.

About twenty-three years ago, the vane of Strasbourg Cathedral was struck by lightning, so that it hung on one side, threatening by its fall to endanger the lives of the people below. The alarm was so great, that the authorities, after a special consultation, posted bills about the streets, offering any reward that should be required to any one that would venture to ascend and strike off the vane. While the good citizens were reading this announcement, a peasant from the department of the Landes passed by, and being unable to read, he inquired the purport of the advertisement. When informed, he immediately offered his services for that purpose, and was conducted to the mayor and the bishop, who happened to be both in the Hôtel de Ville at the time. They questioned him, and fully acquainted him with the difficulties of the enterprise—such as the real height, and that the upper part of the spire could only be ascended by ladders on the outside. However, nothing daunted, he persisted in his resolution to perform the feat on the morrow. All Strasbourg was assembled in the open places of the city on the next day; and, although admiring his courage as they saw him ascend, they most prudently refrained from cheering him as he deserved. Few who were then shading their eyes from the sun, in order to gaze on the spire, but must have envied him the scene of surpassing loveliness that was spread below him, although it is probable that neither the green landscape fading into blue distance, the relics of ancient castles, nor the beautiful Rhine glittering in sunshine, detained his regards. He who at home, in his own barren and level sands, had been used to no greater elevations than his stilts, was now mounting like an eagle towards heaven, and admired by thousands. When he reached the summit, he deliberately seated himself on the highest stone, with one leg on each side of the vane; and while his clothes were visibly fluttered in a strong breeze at such an eminence, he, with a hammer and chisel, displaced the cross that had caused such alarm. It flew spinning to the earth, and, borne away by the wind, fell in a neighbouring field, where it sank twenty inches into the soil. The air was now rent with acclamations towards him,

> Cui robur et æs triplex
> Circa pectus erat—

(for, be it remarked, he was the only person who had even proposed to effect its removal). On his descent, he was carried in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Being thanked by the authorities then and there assembled, and assured of their intense anxiety for his life ever since he had quitted the earth, he was asked what was the recompense he demanded? He modestly replied, "that if they were pleased with what he had performed, he hoped they would not think him presumptuous, but he should so much like to walk through the Arsenal, and see all its wonderful stores and docks!"—and they could not prevail upon him to ask more.

A week afterwards he left Strasbourg, with twenty-five Napoleons in his pocket; and declared that he had never before spent his time so agreeably as he did in that city, for he had seen the Imperial Arsenal, the fortifications, and many other fine, as well as useful, sights, and had been continually feasted gratis by the rich and the great folks.

RANSOMS.

(Concluded from page 149.)

THE queen of Edward III., after the battle of Durham, demanded of John Copland, David of Scotland; on his remonstrance that no one but the king had a right to his prisoner, Edward sent for him to Calais, and bestowed on him in return for his captive, £500. in land. The Scottish monarch paid, after an imprisonment of eleven years, 100,000 marks, and was dismissed. Charles de Blois, at the same period paid 700,000 crowns, and left his two sons as hostages. Michael de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, paid £20,000. sterling, when

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only a simple knight. Duc d'Alençon gave for his freedom 200,000 crowns, and actually sold part of his estate to the Duc de Bretagne to pay it. Caprice often caused the detention of men in captivity, from their inability to comply with the absurd demands of their captors. Louis XI. refused to part with Wolfang Poulain, a Burgundian officer, unless he would purchase his redemption with some favourite hounds belonging to the Seigneur de Bossu. As Bossu did not feel sufficiently interested in his friend's welfare to comply with the king's wishes, and part with his dogs, some time elapsed before any treaty could be entered into, to restore Poulain to his country.

This practice, though it undoubtedly contributed to soften the horrors of war, often caused hostilities to be undertaken on the most absurd and frivolous pretences. The English are represented by Comines as rejoicing in a war with France, from a recollection of the prices they obtained from the lords and princes they captured. Another bad effect may be traced to it, in the violations of safe conduct, the seizure of individuals during times of peace, which the middle ages so constantly exhibit. Oliver de Clisson, the Constable of France, on entering into a castle to examine its strength, at the request of the Duc de Bretagne, in 1387, was seized, and at first commanded to be thrown into the sea. The savage Breton afterwards being troubled in conscience, expressed his joy that his order had not been complied with, and released Clisson on the payment of 100,000 livres.

During the wars of Edward III. and Philip, many a soldier of fortune amassed considerable opulence by the ransoming of his prisoners. Croquart, a famous leader of these companies, is related to have become extremely rich by the money he received from the ransoms of castles and towns. In the fourteenth century several Knights of Suabia having associated themselves together for chivalrous engagements, endeavoured to seize a rich Count of Wirtenburg, as *a means of procuring a noble sum of money for the ransom of himself and his family*. For this purpose they attacked him in his castle at Wildbad, but were repulsed. At Poictiers, the King of France was nearly torn to pieces by the soldiers in disputing for their prize. At the Bridge of Luissac, Carlonnet, the French commander, fell into the hands of the enemy, who were about to end the quarrel respecting his possession by putting him to death, when the timely arrival of an English knight rescued him from their power. At Agincourt, eighteen French gentlemen entered into an agreement to direct all their attacks against King Henry, most probably with a view of acquiring a fortune by his capture; hence the contest was the hottest about his person. After the battle of Nanci, and the death of the Duke of Burgundy, by the sword of Charles de Beaumont, the latter is said to have died of regret, when he became aware whom it was he had slain, and the loss he had sustained of a ducal ransom.

Before quitting this subject, it may be observed that the value of a prisoner's liberty was a regularly transferable property. Cœur de Lion was sold to the emperor Henry; Philip Augustus bargained for him; and his ransom reduced England, from sea to sea, to the utmost distress. Louis XI. bought the bastard of Burgundy from Renè, Duc de Lorrain, for 10,000 crowns, and also William of Chalons, Prince of Orange, for 20,000, from Sieur de Grosté. Joan of Arc was sold to the English for 10,000 livres, and a pension of 300. In the case of the Earl of Pembroke, who became the property of Du Guescelin, as part of the purchase-money for some estates in Spain, he had sold to Henry, King of Castile, the constable lost his expected 120,000 livres by the death of his prisoner; as this nobleman was in a bad state of health, his bankers at Bruges wisely declined paying the money until he became *sound and in good condition*. (*Quand il serait sain, et en bon point.*) The earl dying before he left France, Du Guescelin lost both his estates and money. One of the family of the Blois was presented to his favourite, the Duke of Ireland, by Richard II., who disposed of his master's bounty to Oliver de Clisson for 120,000 livres. Zizim, the brother of Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks, after being defeated by his brother in an attempt to seize the throne, fled to the Knights of Rhodes for succour. They, fearing the vengeance of the Sultan, transferred him to Louis XI. who fulfilled his trust faithfully, and kept him for the knights, though offered all the relics that the east abounded with, and even the kingdom of Jerusalem, by Bajazet, for his prisoner. After being given into the custody of the Pope by Louis, and a six years' residence at Rome, he was sent back to France, as the king had found out that he might be of service in his engagements with Constantinople; he was, however, not restored

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to his brother in the condition which the Flemings had stipulated the Earl of Pembroke to be restored; for before his redelivery to the French, he is supposed to have been poisoned. H.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

(To the Editor.)

This stands upon a rock, which was found in a morass near Lachta, in Karelin, at a distance of eleven versts, or about 41,250 English feet. The dimensions of this stone were found to be 21 feet by 42 in length, and 34 in breadth; its weight is calculated at 3,200,000 lbs. or 1,600 tons. The mechanism for its conveyance was invented by Count Carbury, who went by the name of Chevalier Lascuri. A solid road was first made from the stone to the shore; then brass slips were inserted under the stone to go upon cannon balls of five inches diameter, in metal grooves, by windlasses worked by 400 men every day, 200 fathoms towards the place of destination. The water transport was performed by what are called camels in the dockyards of Petersburgh and Amsterdam.

E. A. B

SONNET TO HOPE.

(For the Mirror.)

As some lone pilgrim through Night's dreary scene,
With cautious steps scarce venturing on his way,
Views the chaste orb of Evening's soft-eyed Queen
Gild the blue east, and scare those mists away
Which from his sight each faithful light obscur'd,
And led him wildering, sinking pale with fear!
Not he more bless'd by Cynthia's light allur'd,
Onward his course with happier thoughts doth steer,
Than I, O Hope! blest cheerer of the soul!
Who, long in Sorrow's darkening clouds involv'd,
When black despair usurp'd mild Joy's control,
Saw thee, bright angel, fram'd of heavenly mould,
Dip thy gay pallet in the rainbow's hue,
And call each scene of Peace and Mirth to view.

The Author of "A Tradesman's Lays."

The income of a Russian metropolitan does not exceed 800*l.* a-year; that of an archbishop, 600*l.*; and of a bishop, 500*l.*; sums apparently as small as persons of their rank can possibly subsist on, even in Russia. They are, however, allowed a considerable sum annually for purposes of charity.

The Sketch-Book.

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.
Lord Byron.

"And so the Fernlands is to be sold at last," I said, casually meeting Mr. Nibble, our under-sheriff—"Poor N—, I am grieved for him, he has struggled hard against oppression."

"It is quite true, sir," replied the man of the law, "a horning came down last night, but it will answer no end—for Messrs. Sharke and Scrapepen, have advertised the whole of the property for public roup on Tuesday next."

The Fernlands estate had been the family property of the N—s since the conquest for aught I know. The present representative, after having sent his sons out into the world, as all Scotchmen do, to fight their way, (one of whom by the by was accumulating a snug fortune in India) got involved in some commercial speculation, for which he was wholly unfitted, being anything but a business man. He was a worthy unsuspecting fellow, but at last saw his way clearer, and as he thought got out, though a very heavy loser. In consequence of this scrape he wrote to his son in India, to say, that unless he could remit him a large sum, which he named, it would be impossible to keep his ground at Fernlands.

Very soon afterwards his late partner, who was a good sort of fellow too, failed, and N— was paralyzed on receiving a letter from the attorney to the assignees to say, that not having regularly gazetted his retirement from the concern, he had rendered himself legally liable to the creditors of the late firm of —— and Co., and unless N— paid the balance which remained due after the assets of the bankrupt's estate had been ascertained, that immediate steps would be resorted to, to compel him. The matter soon got abroad, and all N—'s other creditors also pressed forward to crush him—well, to make a disagreeable story short, the end is as I have previously related. Poor N— is to be ruined to pay another man's debts, after a vast deal to do with law and lawyers, and much heat on both sides.

I had taken great interest in the matter from the first, and it was with deep feelings of sorrow that I saw this excellent family likely to be driven from the home of their forefathers, by the merciless and often unjust hand of the law. N— was, I believe, generally liked, and no

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person in need, in the district where he resided, looked up to the *Laird* for advice or assistance in vain. You may judge therefore of the public sensation. While these matters were pending, N— looked with the deepest anxiety for the arrival of a letter from his son in India; and every day did he send his servant express to the little post-office at ——, but in vain.

At last the fatal day of sale arrived. N—, in the depth of his distress had early sent for me to consult whether even at the eleventh hour something could not be done to avert the calamity. A sinking man catches at a straw. It wanted less than three hours of the time of sale when I entered the grounds of Fernlands. The gate was half off its hinges, the posts plastered with advertisements of the sale; and people, as always happens in such cases, were already pouring towards the house more from a motive of curiosity than from an intention of purchasing anything. As I advanced towards the scene of action, I could observe that the shrubberies were injured, and the rare plants and flowers which both N— and his wife had valued so much—for they were fond of the study of nature—exhibited evident tokens of the mischief of the careless multitude thronging to the show. The day was clear and beautiful, the breeze played through the leafy wilderness with a joyous effect; the contrast between the peace and harmony of nature, and the discord and tumult of man and his deeds, was affecting. But such thoughts were soon chased away from my mind, as I advanced over a portion of the lawn towards the stables, I saw N—'s favourite mare, and the old pony, Jack, (whom I recollected as the companion of N—'s boys, and as tractable as a dog,) in the hands of a rascally sheriff's officer, who was showing them to a horse-dealer from a neighbouring town. The lawn in the front of the house was covered with straggling groups of people, either discussing the event of the day, or examining some of the furniture which was strewed there.

"Eh, sirs!" said an old man, brushing a tear from his eye, "I never thought to ha' seen the like o' this day's wark—I and my forbears have had a bit o' farm under the laird's a hundred an' saxteen year, and better nor kinder folk to the puir man never lived."

Mr. Nibble, who was Messrs. Sharke's agent, was bustling about, and I found him engaged with a fat, pompous little fellow, the auctioneer, from a neighbouring town.

"Sad business this, Mr. ——," said he, "Fernlands is in a sad taking about it, I believe, but things of this kind will occur, you know; and I always say what can't be cured must be endured, eh."

I turned with an ill-concealed expression of disgust from this man, and entered the house in search of my friend, for N— would not quit the old place to the last. There is something melancholy in viewing a sale at any time—the disarrangement of the furniture—the cheerless and chilling aspect of the rooms—the dirt, the bustle, and the heartless indifference one witnesses to the misfortunes of others—all come home forcibly to the feelings. After stumbling and striking my shins amongst piles of chairs, and furniture, and carpets, disposed in lots over the now comfortless apartments, I at last reached the study door where I had spent many a happy hour with N—. I entered; the room was stripped of part of its furniture, the books lying dispersed in heaps over the floor or on the massive table, at the side of which N— was seated on the only chair left in the apartment. He was at first unconscious of my entrance.

"My dear sir, this is kind indeed," he said as I advanced, struggling with his feelings, "but take a chair," and he glanced round the room with a bitter smile, as he observed there was none, "my friends are kind you see, they think chairs are useless things....."

The loss of his land affected him more than I can describe. He had been brought up upon it, and it had become as it were part and parcel of himself; it was not an ordinary loss. The noise and bustle in the house and sundry interruptions from inquisitive eyes, warned us, as N— said, that "we must jog." As we were rising, I accidentally inquired whether he had received his letters that morning. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I totally forgot, and poor Andrew I fancy is too much occupied in bemoaning the fate of the horses, to have thought of it; but we can get them when I return with you this afternoon."

"Delays are dangerous," I replied, "we will not throw a chance away."

We hastened to the stable, and I despatched the servant on my own horse, with the utmost expedition to the post-office at ——.

N— sauntered through a private path in the shrubbery towards the entrance of the grounds, and I made my way through the careless throng, who had no thought what their own fate might be perhaps

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to-morrow—to Mr. Nibble, and urged him to delay the sale for an hour, but he said it was impossible, he would not hurry it for half an hour or so, but that they were already pressed for time. The landed property was first to be brought to the hammer. I mechanically followed the steps of N—, and when I overtook him, we saw through a break in the wood, from the increased density of the mob and the elevation of the auctioneer, that the sale was commencing.

We gave up all for lost. At this moment I fancied I heard the noise of a horse urged to full gallop. The blood rushed to our hearts; we sprung through the trees towards the road; in another moment Andrew was in sight, urging his horse to his utmost speed. The instant he saw us he waved his hat, "A packet from abroad, sir," he sung out as he approached, "from our young master, I'm sure."

"God be praised, you are saved," was all I could utter; poor N— was faint with sudden joy and hope. We tore open the envelope, which contained bills from his son in India to a large amount. I saw N— was unable to think, and without more ado, I squeezed his hand, seized the letter, and put spurs to my horse. The bidding had commenced when I reached the wondering crowd, who rapidly fell back as they saw me approach. But why should I tire you any longer; in a couple of hours Fernlands remained unpolluted by one of the mob, or legal harpies who had invaded it. You may guess the rest...

A friend related the preceding incident to me; the reader may suppose him to be addressing myself. The leading circumstances are strictly true, the names and some trifling matters alone being altered. The story is invested with interest from its great similarity to a portion of the plot of the "Antiquary;" I have the strongest reason to believe, from the intimate acquaintance the great novelist possessed with the country, that he drew Sir Arthur Wardour's similar escape from ruin, from a recollection of the event briefly related above. VYVYAN.

Select Biography.

PAGANINI, THE VIOLINIST.

By aid of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, we are enabled to submit to our readers the following very interesting Memoirs of this eccentric genius.

By the way, we are happy to find that the above work is enabled to maintain the high character with which it started. It argues well for the literary taste of this country, by cherishing acquaintance with continental literature, and thus strengthening our resources at home.

Nicolo Paganini was born at Genoa, in February, 1784. We are not informed as to his father's profession, if indeed he had any: all that we are told is, that his chief pursuit was to improve his circumstances, which were not the best in the world, by speculating in the lottery, so that when his little son, Nicolo, began at an unusually early age to give strong indications of musical talent, it seemed to him as if the wheel of fortune had at last been propitious, and he accordingly lost no time in setting to work to make the most of his prize. Having some skill on the violin himself, he resolved to teach him that instrument; and as soon as he could hold it, put one into his hands, and made him sit beside him from morning to night, and practise it. The incessant drudgery which he compelled him to undergo, and the occasional starvation to which he subjected him, seriously impaired his health, and, as Paganini himself asserts, laid the foundation of that valetudinarian state which has ever since been his portion, and which his pale, sickly countenance, and his sunk and exhausted frame so strongly attest. As his enthusiasm was such as to require no artificial stimulus, this severe system could only have been a piece of cool and wanton barbarity. He already began to show much promise of excellence, when a circumstance occurred which not only served to confirm these early prognostications, but to rouse him to exert all his energies. This was no other than a dream of his mother, Theresa. An angel appeared to her; she besought him to make her Nicolo a great violin player; he gave her a token of consent;—and the effect which this dream had upon all concerned, we sober-minded people can have no idea of. Young Paganini redoubled his perseverance. In his eighth year, under the superintendence of his father, he had written a sonata, which, however, along with many other juvenile productions, he lately destroyed; and as he played about three times a week in the churches and at private musical parties, upon a fiddle nearly as large as himself, he soon began to make himself known among his townsmen. At this time he received much benefit from one Francesco Gnecco, who died in 1811, and whom he always speaks highly of.

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In his ninth year, being applied to by a travelling singer to join him in a concert, he made his first public appearance in the great theatre at Genoa, and played the French air "La Carmagnole," with his own variations, with great applause.

His father now resolved to place him under the tuition of the well-known composer, Rolla, and for that purpose took him along with him to Parma. The particulars of their interview afford a striking proof of the proficiency which he had by this time acquired. As Rolla happened to be ill and lying in bed, the party were shown into the ante-chamber, when, observing upon the table one of the composer's newest concertos, the father beckoned to his son to take up his violin and play it, which he did at sight, in such a way that the sick man immediately started up, demanded who it was, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to believe that the sounds had proceeded from a little boy, and his intended pupil; but as soon as he had satisfied himself that that was really the case, he declined to receive him. "For God's sake," said he, "go to Paer, your time would be lost with me, I can do nothing for you."

To Paer accordingly they went, who received him kindly, and referred him to his own teacher, the old and experienced "Maestro di Capella" Giretti, from Naples, who gave him instructions for six months, three times a-week in counterpoint. During this period he wrote twenty-four Fugues for four hands, with pen, ink, and paper alone, and without any instrument, which his master did not allow him, and, assisted by his own inclination, made rapid progress. The great Paer also took much interest in him, giving him compositions to work out, which he himself revised: an interest for which Paganini ever afterwards showed himself deeply grateful.

The time was now come when Nicolo was destined, like other youthful prodigies, to be hawked about the country, to fill the pockets of his mercenary father, who managed to speculate upon him with considerable success in Milan, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and most of the upper and central towns of Italy, where his concerts were always well attended. Young Paganini liked these excursions well enough, but being now about fifteen years of age, he began to be of opinion that they would be still more agreeable if he could only contrive to get rid of the old gentleman, whose spare diet and severe discipline had now become more irksome to him than ever. To accomplish this desirable object, an opportunity soon offered. It was the custom of Lucca, at the feast of St. Martin, to hold a great musical festival, to which strangers were invited from all quarters, and numerous travellers resorted of their own accord; and as the occasion drew near, Nicolo begged hard to be allowed to go there in company with his elder brother, and after much entreaty, succeeded in obtaining permission. He made his appearance as a solo player, and succeeded so well, that he resolved now to commence vagabondizing on his own account—a sort of life to which he soon became so partial, that, notwithstanding many handsome offers which he occasionally received to establish himself in several places, as a concerto player or director of the orchestra, he never could be persuaded to settle any where. At a later period, however, he lived for some time at the court of Lucca, but soon found it more pleasant and profitable to resume his itinerant habits. He visited all parts of Italy, but usually made Genoa his head-quarters, where, however, he preferred to play the part of the dilletante to that of the virtuoso, and performed in private circles without giving public concerts.

It was not long before he had amassed about 20,000 francs, part of which he proposed to devote to the maintenance of his parents. His father, however, was not to be put off with a few thousands, but insisted upon the whole.—Paganini then offered him the interest of the capital, but Signor Antonio very coolly threatened him with instant death unless he agreed to consign the whole of the principal in his behalf; and in order to avert serious consequences, and to procure peace, he gave up the greater part of it.

It was early in 1828 when Paganini arrived at Vienna, where he gave a great many concerts with a success equal, if not superior, to any which had hitherto attended his exertions. His performance excited the admiration and astonishment of all the most distinguished professors and connoisseurs of this critical city. With any of the former all idea of competition was hopeless; and their greatest violinist, Mayseder, as soon as he had heard him, with an ingenuousness which did him honour, as we ourselves have reason to know, wrote to a friend in London, that he might now lock up his violin whenever he liked.

In estimating the labour which it

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must have cost a performer like Paganini to have arrived at such transcendent excellence, people are often apt to err in their calculations as to the actual extent of time and practice which has been devoted to its acquisition. That the perfect knowledge of the *mechanique* of the instrument which his performance exhibits, and his almost incredible skill and dexterity in its management must necessarily have been the result of severe discipline, is beyond all question; but more, much more, in every case of this kind, is to be ascribed to the system upon which that discipline has proceeded, and to the genius and enthusiasm of the artist. The miraculous powers of Paganini in the opinion of his auditors were not to be accounted for in the ordinary way. To them, it was plain that they must have sprung from a life of a much more settled and secluded cast than that of an itinerant Italian musical professor. It was equally clear, from his wild, haggard, and mysterious looks, that he was no ordinary personage, and had seen no common vicissitudes. The vaults of a dungeon accordingly were the local habitation which public rumour, in its love of the marvellous, seemed unanimously to assign to him, as the only place where "the mighty magic" of his bow could possibly have been acquired. Then, as to the delinquency which led to his incarceration, there were various accounts: some imputed it to his having been a captain of banditti; others, only a carbonaro; some to his having killed a man in a duel; but the more current and generally received story was, that he had stabbed or poisoned his wife, or, as some said, his mistress; although, as fame had ascribed to him no fewer than four mistresses, it was never very clearly made out which of his seraglio it was who had fallen the victim of his vengeance. The story not improbably might have arisen from his having been confounded with a contemporary violin-player of the name of Duranowski, a Pole, to whom in person he bore some resemblance, and who, for some effence or other having been imprisoned at Milan, during the leisure which his captivity afforded, had contrived greatly to improve himself in his art; and when once it was embodied into shape, the fiction naturally enough might have obtained the more credence, from the fact that two of his most distinguished predecessors, Tartini and Lolly, had attained to the great mastery which they possessed over their instrument during a period of solitude—the one within the walls of a cloister, the other in the privacy and retirement of a remote country village. At all events, the rumours were universally circulated and believed, and the innocent and much injured Paganini had for many years unconsciously stood forth in the eyes of the world as a violator of the laws, and even a convicted murderer—not improbably, to a certain extent, reaping the golden fruits of that "bad eminence;" for public performers, as we too often see, who have once lost their "good name," so far from finding themselves, in the words of Iago, "poor indeed," generally discover that they have only become objects of greater interest and attraction. How long he had lived in the enjoyment of this supposed infamy, and all the benefits accruing from it, we really cannot pretend to say; but he seems never to have been made fully aware of the formidable position in which he stood until he had reached Vienna, when the Theatrical Gazette, in reviewing his first concert, dropped some pretty broad hints as to the rumoured misdeeds of his early life. Whereupon he resolved at once publicly to proclaim his innocence, and to put down the calumny; for which purpose, on the 10th of April, 1828, there was inserted in the leading Vienna journals a manifesto, in Italian as well as German, subscribed by him, declaring that all these widely-circulated rumours were false; that at no time, and under no government whatever, had he ever offended against the laws, or been put under coercion; and that he had always demeaned himself as became a peaceable and inoffensive member of society; for the truth of which he referred to the magistracies of the different states under whose protection he had till then lived in the public exercise of his profession.

The truth of this appeal (which it is obvious no delinquent would have dared to make) was never called in question, no one ever ventured to take up the gauntlet which Paganini had thrown down, and his character as a man thenceforward stood free from suspicion.

His whimsicalities, his love of fun, and many other points of his character, are sometimes curiously exemplified in his fantasias. He imitates in perfection the whistling and chirrapping of birds, the tinkling and tolling of bells, and almost every variety of tone which admits of being produced; and in his performance of *Le Streghe* (The Witches) a favourite interlude of his, where the tremulous voices of the old women are given with a truly singular and laugha-

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ble effect, his *vis comica* finds peculiar scope.

His command of the back-string of the instrument has always been an especial theme of wonder and admiration, and, in the opinion of some, could only be accounted for by resorting to the theory of the dungeon, and the supposition that his other strings being worn out, and not having it in his power to supply their places, he had been forced from necessity to take refuge in the string in question; a notion very like that of a person who would assert, that for an opera dancer to learn to stand on one leg, the true way would be—to have only one leg to stand upon. We shall give Paganini's explanation of this mystery in his own words:

"At Lucca, I had always to direct the opera when the reigning family visited the theatre; I played three times a week at the court, and every fortnight superintended the arrangement of a grand concert for the court parties, which, however, the reigning princess, Elisa Bacciochi Princess of Lucca and Piombino, Napoleon's favourite sister, was not always present at, or did not hear to the close, as the harmonic tones of my violin were apt to grate her nerves, but there never failed to be present another much esteemed lady, who, while I had long admired her, bore (at least so I imagined) a reciprocal feeling towards me. Our passion gradually increased; and as it was necessary to keep it concealed, the footing on which we stood with each other became in consequence the more interesting. One day I promised to surprise her with a musical *jeu d'esprit*, which should have a reference to our mutual attachment. I accordingly announced for performance a comic novelty, to which I gave the name of 'Love Scene.' All were curiously impatient to know what this should turn out to be, when at last I appeared with my violin, from which I had taken off the two middle strings, leaving only the E and the G string. By the first of these I proposed to represent the lady, by the other the gentleman; and I proceeded to play a sort of dialogue, in which I attempted to delineate the capricious quarrels and reconciliations of lovers—at one time scolding each other, at another sighing and making tender advances, renewing their professions of love and esteem, and finally winding up the scene in the utmost good humour and delight. Having at last brought them into a state of the most perfect harmony, the united pair lead off a *pas de deux*, concluding with a brilliant finale. This musical scena went off with much eclat. The lady, who understood the whole perfectly, rewarded me with her gracious looks; the princess was all kindness, overwhelmed me with applause, and, after complimenting me upon what I had been able to effect upon the two strings, expressed a wish to hear what I could execute upon one string. I immediately assented—the idea caught my fancy; and as the emperor's birthday took place a few weeks afterwards, I composed my Sonata 'Napoleon' for the G string, and performed it upon that day before the court with so much approbation that a cantata of Cimarosa, following immediately after it upon the same evening, was completely extinguished, and produced no effect whatever. This is the first and true cause of my partiality for the G. string; and as they were always desiring to hear more of it, one day taught another, until at last my proficiency in this department was completely established."

We know no one who has been more cruelly misrepresented than the subject of this notice. In reality a person of the gentlest and most inoffensive habits, he is any thing rather than the desperate ruffian he has been described. In his demeanour he is modest and unassuming; in his disposition, liberal and generous to a fault. Like most artists, ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, and in his actions very much a creature of impulse; he is full of that unaffected simplicity which we almost invariably find associated with true genius. He has an only son, by a Signora Antonia Bianchi, a singer from Palermo, with whom he lived for several years until the summer of 1828, when he was under the necessity of separating from her in consequence of the extreme violence of her temper; and in this little boy all his affections are concentrated. He is a very precocious child, and already indicates strong signs of musical talent. Being of a delicate frame of health, Paganini never can bear to trust him out of his sight. "If I were to lose him," says he, "I would be lost myself; it is quite impossible I can ever separate myself from him; when I awake in the night, he is my first thought."—Accordingly, ever since he parted from his mother, he has himself enacted the part of the child's nurse.

Why is Mr. Whitbread in his brewery like the Jerusalem coffee-house? Because *He-brews* drink therein.

W. G. C.

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The Naturalist.

THE SUSTILLO.

A CATERPILLAR, which the Indians name sustillo, and by which a paper is fabricated, very similar to that made in China, is bred in the pacae, a tree well known in Peru. In proportion to the vigour and majestic growth of this tree, is the number of the insects it nourishes, and which are of the kind and size of the bombyx, or silk-worm. When they are completely satiated, they unite at the body of the tree, seeking the part which is best adapted to the extension they have to take. They then form, with the greatest symmetry and regularity, a web which is larger or smaller, according to the number of the operators; and more or less pliant, according to the quality of the leaf by which they have been nourished, the whole of them remaining beneath. This envelope, on which they bestow such a texture, consistency, and lustre, that it cannot be decomposed by any practicable expedient, having been finished, they all of them unite, and ranging themselves in vertical and even files, form in the centre a perfect square. Being thus disposed, each of them makes its cocoon, or pod, of a coarse and short silk, in which it is transformed from the grub into the chrysalis, and from the chrysalis into the papilio, or moth. In proportion as they afterwards quit their confinement, to take wing, they detach wherever it is most convenient to them, their envelope, or web, a portion of which remains suspended to the trunk of the tree, where it waves to and fro like a streamer, and which becomes more or less white, according as the air and humidity of the season and situation admit. This natural silk paper has been gathered measuring a yard and a half, of an elliptical shape, which is peculiar to all of it. W. G. C.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTIFUL TREE.

By John F. M. Dovaston, Esq. A. M., of Westfelton, near Shrewsbury.

"*Hamlet.* Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see."
Hamlet.

"You cannot see the wood for trees."
Ray's Proverbs.

IT was now the middle of May; the trees had fully put forth their bright, fresh leaves, and the green fields were luxuriant in a profusion of flowers. We had travelled through a fine country; when, descending the slope of a wooded valley, we were struck with delight and admiration at a tree of extraordinary appearance. There were several of the sort, dispersed singly, and in groups over the plains and grassy knolls. One we shall attempt to describe, though well aware how feeble is the most florid description to depict an idea of so magnificent an object. In height it exceeded 50 ft., the diameter of its shade was nearly 90 ft., and the circumference of the bole 15 ft.: it was in full leaf and flower, and in appearance at once united the features of strength, majesty, and beauty; having the stateliness of the oak, in its trunk and arms; the density of the sycamore, in its dark, deep, massy foliage; and the graceful featheriness of the ash, in its waving branches, that dangled in rich tresses almost to the ground. Its general character as a tree was rich and varied, nor were its parts less attractive by their extreme beauty when separately considered. Each leaf was about 18 in. in length; but nature, always attentive to elegance, to obviate heaviness, had at the end of a very strong leaf-stalk divided it into five, and sometimes seven, leafits, of unequal length, and very long oval shape, finely serrated. These leafits were disposed in a circular form, radiating from the centre, like the leaves of the fan palm, though placed in a contrary plane to those of that magnificent ornament of the tropical forests. The central, or lower, leafits were the largest, each of them being 10 in. in length, and 4 in. in breadth, and the whole exterior of the foliage being disposed in an imbricated form, having a beautifully light and palmated appearance. The flowers, in which the tree was profuse, demand our deep admiration and attention: each group of them rose perpendicularly from the end of the young shoot, and was in length 14 in., like a gigantic hyacinth, and quite as beautiful, spiked to a point, exhibiting a cone or pyramid of flowers, widely separate on all sides, and all expanded together, principally white, finely tinted with various colours, as red, pink, yellow, and buff, the stamina forming a most elegant fringe amid the modest tints of the large and copious petals. These feathery blossoms, lovely in colours and stately in shape, stood upright on every branch all over the tree, like flowery minarets on innumerable verdant turrets. We had thus the opportunity of ascertaining that it belonged to that class of Linnæus consisting entirely of rare plants the Heptándria, and the order Monogynia; the natural order Trihilàtæ; and the *A*cera of Jussieu.

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The natives informed us that the fruit ripens early in autumn, and consists of bunches of apples, thinly beset with sharp thorns, each when broken producing one or two large kernels, about 2 in. in circumference, of the finest bright mahogany colour without, and white within; that the tree is deciduous, and just before its fall changes to the finest tints of red, yellow, orange, and brown. When divested of its luxuriant foliage, the buds of the next year appear like little spears, which through the winter are covered with a fine glutinous gum, evidently designed to protect the embryo shoots within, as an hybernaculum, from the severe frosts of the climate, and which glisten in the cold sunshine like diamonds. It has the strange property of performing the whole of its vigorous shoot, nearly a yard long, in the short space of three weeks, employing all the rest of the year in converting it into wood, adding to its strength, and varying its beauty. The wood when sawn is of the finest snowy whiteness. The tree is easily raised; indifferent as to soil, climate, or situation; removed with safety, of quick growth, thrives to a vast age and size; subject to no blight or disease; in the earliest spring bursting its immense buds into that vigour, exuberance, and beauty, which we have here feebly attempted to describe. The natives said it was originally brought from the east of Asia, but grows freely in any climate, and in their tongue its name is designated by a combination of three words, signifying separately, a noble animal, an elegant game, and a luscious kernel. Had Linnæus seen this tree, he would have assuredly contemplated it with delightful ecstacy, and named it the *Æsculus Hippocástanum.*—*Magazine of Natural History.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CIGAR-SMOKING.

THE Surgeon-General of the Forces has recently made public his belief, that never, till within the last twenty years, did he see so many young men with pale faces and emaciated figures, and he attributes the existence of the evil to the use of Cigars. The unreflecting servility with which men adopt new and foreign practices, is fully exemplified in the present case; for it is notorious that the practice of cigar-smoking, the modern foppery from Regent-street to Cheapside and Cornhill, was an importation of the Peninsular War; the imitation having been begun by the Spaniards, whose models are what are usually called the *savages* of America. The dietetic mischief, and consequent paleness of complexion and emaciation of muscle, which are attributable to the use of cigars, belong, no doubt, to an injury inflicted, perhaps, in more ways than one upon the aids and organs of digestion; nor is that hypothesis at all inconsistent with what we hear from so many cigar-smokers, namely, that their cigar is their dependence for digestion! That, after having impaired the organ, or weakened its tone, or dried up the salival menstruum, they should need a stimulant, even in the very form of the bane which injures them, is only of a piece with all that has been said of drinking, and especially of dram-drinking, with which latter debauch, the debauch of cigar-smoking has the closest possible alliance. We never pass one of those stifling rendezvous in the metropolis—a cigar-shop, open till the latest hours — without mentally classing it with the gin-shops, its only compeers!

Exclusive of the low habit of imitation, a dulness and feebleness of understanding, an absence of intellectual resources, a vacuity of thought is the great inducement to the use of this, as of all other drugs, whether from the cigar-shop, or the snuff-shop, or the gin-shop, or the wine-cellar; a truth by no means the less certain, because it happens that men of the highest powers of mind are drawn into the vice, and made to reduce themselves, by their adoption and dependence upon it, to the lowest level of the vulgar; but, at the same time, it is not to be denied, that a great support in defence of cigar-smoking is found in the medical opinions sometimes advanced as to its salutary influence. Now, if we admit, broadly and at once, that there may be times and circumstances in which the inhaling the hot smoke of a powerful narcotic drug is useful to the human body, must it follow that the habitual resort to such a practice, and this under all circumstances, is useful also, and even free from the most serious inconveniences?

It is the admitted maxim, that if smoking is accompanied by spitting, injury results to the smoker; and the reason assigned is, that the salival fluid, which should assist digestion, is in this manner dissipated, and taken from its office. But may not the habitual application of the narcotic influence to the nervous system have its evils also? May it not weaken or deaden the nervous and

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muscular action which is needful to digestion? And may not even the excessive quantity of the matter of heat, thus artificially conveyed into the body, tend to a desiccation of the system, as injurious under general circumstances, as it may be beneficial under particular ones?

Smoking invites thirst; and there is little risk in advancing, that whatever superinduces an unnatural indulgence in the use of liquids is itself, and without farther question, injurious, even if the liquids resorted to are of the most innocent description; but, in point of fact, the cigar-smoker will usually appease his thirst by means of liquors in themselves his enemies!

It is said, however, that the use of cigars is beneficial when we find ourselves in marshy situations, with a high temperature, and generally, whenever the atmosphere inclines to the introduction of putridity and fever into the system. We believe this; and perhaps a useful theory of the alternate benefit and mischief of cigar-smoking may be offered upon the basis of that proposition. When and wherever the body requires to be *dried*, cigar-smoking may be salutary; and when and wherever that *drying*, or desiccation, is injurious, then and there cigar-smoking may be to be shunned. We know that, while surrounded by an atmosphere overcharged, or even only saturated with moisture, moist bodies remain moist, or do not part with that excess of moisture from which a drier atmosphere would relieve them; and that living bodies, so circumstanced, are threatened with typhus and typhoid fever. It is highly probable, therefore, that narcotics, in such cases, may allay a morbid irritability of the nerves, or effect a salutary diminution of healthful sensibility; under such circumstances, the desiccating and sedative effects of tobacco-smoking may prove beneficial; while, in all ordinary states of the system and of the atmosphere, the same desiccative and sedative influences may produce immediate evil consequences, more or less readily perceptible, and undermine, however gradually, the strength of the constitution.—*United Service Journal.*

THE NEW COINAGE.

WHY does not some man of public research enlighten the public on the proceedings at the Mint? The whole system is as little comprehensible by the uninitiated as the philosopher's stone. The cost of the Mint is prodigious—the machinery is all that machinery can be; yet we have one of the ugliest coinages of any nation of Europe. A new issue of coin is about to be commenced.

"It appears, from the king's proclamation, that the new coinage will consist of double sovereigns, to be each of the value of 40*s.*; sovereigns, each of 20*s.*; and half-sovereigns, 10*s.*; silver crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. The double-sovereigns have for the obverse the king's effigy, with the inscription, 'Gulielmus IIII. D. G. Britanniarum Rex. F. D.;' and for the reverse, the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in a shield, encircled by the collar of the Order of the Garter, and upon the edge of the piece the words 'Decus et Tutamen.' The crowns and half-crowns will be similar. The shilling has on the reverse the words 'One Shilling,' placed in the centre of the piece, within a wreath, having an olive-branch on one side, and an oak-branch on the other; and the sixpences have the same, except the word 'Sixpence' instead of the words 'One Shilling.' The coppers will be nearly as at present."

Now we must observe, what the master of the Mint and the people about him ought to have observed before, that there is in the first instance a considerable expense incurred in the coinage of the double-soverigns, without any possible object, except the expense itself may be an object, which is not impossible. We shall have in this coin one of the most clumsy and useless matters of circulation that could be devised. The present sovereign answers every purpose that this clumsy coin can be required for, and even the single sovereign would be a much more convenient coin for circulation if it were divided, as every one knows who knows the trouble of getting change. The half-sovereign is in fact a much more convenient coin. But on this clumsy coin we must have a *Latin* inscription, as if it were intended only for the society of antiquaries, or to be laid up in cabinets, which we acknowledge would be most likely its fate, except for the notorious bad taste of the British coinage. Of much use it is to an English public to have the classical phraseology of Gulielmus Britanniarum Rex, put in place of the national language. Then too we must have the collar of the Order of the Garter to encircle the national arms, of which this Order is nonsensically pronounced "Decus et Tutamen." The Glory and Protection. The Order of

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the Garter the *glory and protection* of England! We are content to let this absurdity stay in Latin or Sanscrit; English would be shamed by it. The Order of the Garter which goes round the knee of any man, who comes with the minister's fiat on the subject, and which has no more relation to British glory or British defence than the Order of the Blue Button or the Yellew frog of his majesty the Emperor of China; and this is to go forth on our national gold coin! and for fear that the folly would not be sufficiently spread, it is to be stamped on our crowns and half-crowns! The shillings and sixpences luckily escape: plain English will do for them. And all this goes on from year to year, while we have in the example of France a model of what a mint ought to be. Every foreigner makes purchases at the French mint; and the series of national medals executed there is a public honour and a public profit too. But whoever thinks of purchasing English mintage except for bullion?—With a history full of the most stirring events, we have not a single medallic series—we have scarcely a single medal. But we have in lieu of those vanities a master of the mint, who is tost new into the office on every change of party, who has probably in the whole course of his life never known the difference between gold and silver but by their value in sovereigns and shillings; but who, in the worst of times, shows his patriotism by receiving a salary of no less than five thousand pounds a year?

Monthly Magazine.

Spirit of Discovery.

HYDROSTATICS AND PNEUMATICS.

(*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. xvii.)

Easier to swim in the Sea than in a River.

Sea water has a greater buoyancy than fresh water, being relatively heavier; and hence it is commonly said to be much easier to swim in the sea than in a river: this effect, however, appears to be greatly exaggerated. A cubic foot of fresh water weighs about 1,000 ounces; and the same bulk of sea water weighs 1,028 ounces; the weight, therefore, of the latter exceeds the former by only 28 parts in 1,000. The force exerted by sea water to support the body exceeds that exerted by fresh water by about one thirty-sixth part of the whole force of the latter.—*By Dr. Lardner.*

Ice lighter than Water.

It is known that in the process of congelation, water undergoes a considerable increase of bulk; thus a quantity of water, which at the temperature of 40 deg. measures a cubic inch, will have a greater magnitude when it assumes the form of ice at the temperature of 32 deg. Consequently ice is, bulk for bulk, lighter than water. Hence it is that ice is always observed to collect and float at the surface.—A remarkable effect produced by the buoyancy of ice in water is observable in some of the great rivers in America. Ice collects round stones at the bottom of the river, and it is sometimes formed in such a quantity that the upward pressure by its buoyancy exceeds the weight of the stone round which it is collected—consequently it raises the stone to the surface. Large masses of stone are thus observed floating down the river at considerable distances from the places of their formation.—*Ibid.*

Domestic Use of the Hydrometer.

The adulteration of milk by water may always be detected by the hydrometer, and in this respect it may be a useful appendage to household utensils. Pure milk has a greater specific gravity than water, being 103, that of water being 100. A very small proportion of water mixed with milk will produce a liquid specifically lighter than water.—Although the hydrometer is seldom applied to domestic uses, yet it might be used for many ordinary purposes which could scarcely be attained by any other means. The slightest adulteration of spirits, or any other liquid of known quality, may be instantly detected by it; and it is recommended by its cheapness, the great facility of its manipulation, and the simplicity of its results.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied provided it was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling?"

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SCRAPS.

THE *Court Journal*, describing a Study in Windsor Castle, says—"The first of a series in the plain *English* style. The ceiling is white, with a cornice of simple *Grecian* design!"

According to a recent traveller, fat sheep are so plentiful in the Brazils that they are used as *fuel* to feed their lime-kilns.

Supposing the productive power of wheat to be only six-fold, the produce of a single acre would cover the whole surface of the globe in fourteen years.

A Philadelphia Paper announces the arrival of the Siamese Twins in that city, in the following manner:—"*One* of the Siamese twins arrived here on Monday last, accompanied by his brother."

The term Husting, or Hustings, as applied to the scaffold erected at elections, from which candidates address the electors, is derived from the Court of Husting, of Saxon origin, and the most ancient in the kingdom. Its name is a compound of *hers* and *ding*; the former implying a house, and the latter a thing, cause, suit, or plea; whereby it is manifest that *husding* imports a house or hall, wherein causes are heard and determined; which is further evinced by the Saxon *dingere*, or *thingere*, an advocate, or lawyer. [*Hus* and *thing* (thong) a place enclosed, a building roped round.]—*Atlas*.

Segrais says, that when Louis XIV. was about seventeen years of age, he followed him and his brother, the Duke of Orleans, out of the playhouse, and that he heard the duke ask the king what he thought of the play they had just been seeing, and which had been well received by the audience: "Brother, (replied Louis,) do not you know that I never pretend to give my opinion on any thing that I do not perfectly understand."

ELECTIONEERING ADVICE.

AMONG the curious *Autograph Letters*, at Sotheby's late sale, there was a curious one of *Sarah*, Duchess of Marlborough, dated August 16th, 1740, viz. A canvassing letter in favour of two Members for Reading; with the following electioneering advice:—"*Nothing but a good Parliament can save England next Session; they are both very honest men, and will never give a vote to a Placeman or a Pensioner.*"

P. T. W.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

GEORGE the Third came to the throne in 1760, and found the national debt 120 millions; he reigned 59 years, and left the national debt 820 millions, 700 millions more than at his accession, increasing on the whole period about 36 thousand per day, or nearly 23 pounds per minute. At the beginning of his reign the taxes amounted annually to 6 millions; at the ending 60 millions.

PLURALITIES.

IN the year 1238, it was agreed in an assembly of divines at Paris, that none could without forfeiture of eternal happiness, possess two benefices at the same time; one being worth fifteen livres Parisis, each about 2*s*. 6*d*. sterling.

N.B. There does not appear to be any such decision by any assembly of divines in England, at least not since the reformation. G. K.

COMPUNCTIOUS VISITINGS.

IT is said of a certain physician that he never passed the churchyard of the place where he resided, without pulling forth his handkerchief from his pocket, and hiding his face with it. Upon this circumstance being noticed by an acquaintance, he apologized for it by saying, "You will recollect, sir, what a number of people there are who have found their way hither under my directions. Now, I am always apprehensive lest some of them recognising my features should lay hold of me, and oblige me to take up my lodging along with them."

IMPROMPTU ON THE BURIAL OF SHUTER, THE ACTOR.

ALAS! poor Ned!
He's now in bed,
Who seldom was before;
The revel rout,
The midnight shout,
Shall never know him more.

Entomb'd in clay,
Here let him lay,
And silence ev'ry jest;
FOR life's poor play
Has past away,
And here he sleeps in rest.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRU[illegible]

No. 491.] SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.

AMPTHILL HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF LORD HOLLAND.

THIS is a delightful retreat for the statesman and man of letters—distinctions which its illustrious occupant enjoys with high honour to his country and himself.

Ampthill is throughout a never-tiring region of romantic beauties. These were sung in some lines of great sweetness and poetical feeling, a few years since by Mr. Luttrell, who appears to have taken his muse by the arm, and "wandered up and down," describing the natural glories and olden celebrity of Ampthill. We remember to have read his "Lines" with unmixed pleasure.

The Engraving is copied from one of a Series of "Select Illustrations of Bedfordshire;" the letter-press accompaniments being neatly written by the Rev. I. D. Parry, M. A. author of the "History of Woburn." Ampthill follows.

Ampthill House, now the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Holland, is a plain but very neat edifice, built of good stone. It was erected by the first Lord Ashburnham, then the possessor of the estate, in 1694. It is situated rather below the summit of a hill, which rises at some little distance behind, and much less elevated than the site of the old castle, but has still a commanding situation in front, and is sufficiently elevated to possess a great share of the fine view over the vale of Bedford. It is also well sheltered by trees, though the passing traveller would have no idea of the magnificent lime alley, which is concealed behind it. The house has a long front, abundantly furnished with windows, and has two deep and projecting wings. In the centre is a plain angular pediment, bearing the late Lord Ossory's arms, and over the door is a small circular one, pierced for an antique bust, and supported by two three-quarter Ionic pillars. In this house is a small collection of paintings, &c., principally portraits.

At the foot of the staircase is a large painting, formerly *in fresco* at Houghton House, which was taken off the wall, and put on canvass by an ingenious process of the late Mr. Salmon. It represents a gamekeeper, or woodman, taking aim with a cross-bow, full front. with some curious perspective scenery,

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6 feet by 9½ feet. We have heard a tradition, that it is some person of high rank in disguise; some say James I., who was once on a visit at Houghton. From the propensities of "gentle King Jamie," this is not unlikely.

The pleasure ground at the back of the house, commands a pleasing, extensive view; beyond this is the lime walk, which is certainly one of the finest in England.—It is upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, the trees in some parts, finely arching; and may be pronounced, upon the whole, superior to any walk in Oxford or Cambridge.

The park in which this house stands, is well known, from many descriptions, to be a singularly picturesque and pleasing one. It is, at the same time, a small one, but the dimensions are concealed by the numerous and beautiful groups of trees with which it is studded. The oaks are particularly celebrated for their great size and age, several of them are supposed to be upwards of 500 years old, and some do not hesitate to say 1,000 years; the girth of many of them is ten yards, or considerably more. A survey of this park, by order of the Conventional Parliament, in 1653, pronounced 287 of these oaks as being hollow, and too much decayed for the use of the navy. The whole of these remain to this day, and may, perhaps, continue two or three centuries longer; some few of them have been scathed by lightning.

Behind the house, near the entrance of the park from the turnpike-road, are some ponds, similar in appearance to those frequently seen adjoining ancient mansions; above these, at the edge of a precipice, was the front of the ancient castle. This building is doubtless that erected by Lord Fanhope, at the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was used as a royal resort by Henry VIII., who was often here, and by Queen Catherine, who resided here some time previous, and during the time her divorce was in process at Dunstable. There are, in the possession of Lord Holland, two ground plans of this castle, which, by the late Lord Ossory, were supposed to have been taken about the year 1616, at which time it was supposed the castle was demolished. From these, the following particulars of this building are collected:—The area was a square of about 220 feet; in front was a large court, 110 feet by 120; behind this were two very small ones, each 45 feet square; and between these was an oblong courtyard. Between the front and back courts, the building had two small lateral projections, like the transepts of a church. In front were two square projecting towers; and round the building, at irregular distances, were nine others, projecting, of different shapes, but principally five-sided segments of octagons—if this description be intelligible. It was, probably, from the general appearance of the plan, intended more as a residence for a nobleman or prince, than a fortress, although the situation was favourable for defence. The view in front is extremely beautiful for this part of the country.

Lord Ossory planted a grove of firs at the back of this spot, and erected, in 1773, in the centre, a monument, consisting of an octagonal shaft raised on four steps, surmounted by a cross, bearing a shield with Queen Catherine's arms, of Castile and Arragon. This was designed by Mr. Essex, the improver of King's College, Chapel, and is very neat, but of small dimensions. On a tablet inserted in the base of the cross, is the following inscription, from the pen of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, which when read on the spot, excites some degree of interest:—

In days of yore, here Ampthill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injured queen;
Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
And Love avenged a realm by priests enslav'd;
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from lawless Henry's bed.

The possessors of Ampthill are thus traced by Mr. Parry:—

The survey of Ampthill Park, made by order of Parliament, 1649, speaks of the castle as being long ago totally demolished.* There was, however, what was called the Great Lodge, or Capital Mansion. King James I. gave the Honour of Ampthill to the Earl of Kelly. It soon reverted to the Crown. In 1612, Thomas, Lord Fenton, and Elizabeth his wife, resigned the office of High Steward of the Honour of Ampthill to the King. The following year the custody of the Great Park was granted to Lord Bruce, whose family became lessees of the Honour, which they kept till 1738. In the 17th century, the Nicholls's became lessees of the Great Park under the Bruces, who reserved the office of Master of the Game. The Nicholls's resided at the Capital Man-

* In Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," is a list of salaries paid in Queen Elizabeth's time to the Keepers, &c. of all the Royal Palaces and Castles. At Ampthill they were as follow: Keeper of the Manor House, 2l. 13s. 4d., Great Park, 4l., with herbage and pannage, 10l.; Paler of the Park, 4l. 11s. 4d., herbage and pannage, 15l.

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sion. After the Restoration, Ampthill Great Park was granted by Charles II. to Mr. John Ashburnham, as some reward for his distinguished services to his father and himself (*vide* Hist. Eng.) The first Lord Ashburnham built the present house, in 1694. In 1720 it was purchased of this family by Viscount Fitzwilliam, who sold it in 1736 to Lady Gowran, grandmother of the late Lord Ossory, who in 1800, became possessed of the lease of the Honour, by exchange with the Duke of Bedford. His family name, an ancient one in Ireland, was Fitzpatrick; he was Earl of Upper Ossory in Ireland, and Baron of the same in England. He died in 1818, and was succeeded by Lord Holland, the present possessor, who has also a fine old mansion at Kensington.*

The present Lord Holland, Henry Richard Vassal Fox, Baron Holland of Holland Co. Lincoln, and Foxley, Co. Wilts, Recorder of Nottingham, F. R. S. A.; was born November 23, 1773, succeeded to the title in 1774; married, 1797, Elizabeth, a daughter of Richard Vassal, Esq.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD ALBUM.

(For the Mirror.)

"Here's a gem of beauty!
It sparkles with a pure and virgin lustre,
And many prize it much." OLD POET.

THERE is something very interesting associated with a well-arranged and elegant album, embodying passages of delicate taste and superior talent, and containing the diversified, playful, pointed, eloquent, and original papers, of a number of intellectual and distinguished contributors.

I had, a short time ago, one of these beautiful albums placed in my hand, which was characterized by marked and pre-eminent excellencies. In addition to its being bound in the most splendid manner, and containing the most tasteful embellishments, on paper exquisitely embossed, it was adorned with appropriate contributions, from the vigorous mind of Mrs. Hannah Moore—from the pure and classic taste of the eloquent Robert Hall—from the fervid and poetic imagination of James Montgomery—and many an elegant and beauteous production, communicated by our superior and ingenious writers. It was deeply interesting to mark the specimens of penmanship which the various contributors furnished: the bold hand of one—the neat style of another—the careless and dashing strokes of another—and the stiff, awkward, and almost illegible writing of another. I was much struck, also, with the variety of mind which the album exhibited: on one page, there was the comic strain of Hood; on another, the pure and exquisite taste of Campbell; on another, the fire and vividness of Scott; on another, the minute and graphic painting of Crabbe; and on another, the bold, condensed, and impassioned style, in which Byron so peculiarly excelled.

Now, if all albums could be of this character, their value would be intrinsic and superior, and they would be permanently interesting, because to them we could frequently recur with refreshing and peculiar enjoyment. I regret, however, to say, that the majority of albums are comparatively valueless: they are written with so much negligence; many of the pieces are of so light and frivolous a character; there is so much childish and mawkish sentimentality in numbers of the effusions poured forth; and there is so great a destitution of solid, original, and striking thought, that, in my unpretending, yet honest estimation, the majority of albums are worth comparatively nothing. A good album should contain pieces of genuine talent; should be marked by no frivolity or childishness; should be concise, pointed, and powerful in its contributions; and should embody valuable moral principle; and, to secure these excellencies, the possessor of an elegant album should not place it in the hand of any, accompanied with the request that a contribution be inserted, without ascertaining, in the first instance, that the person solicited is of genuine taste and talent, and real principle; because, if these qualifications be not developed, an album will be merely filled with trifling, crude, unconnected, and worthless pieces—marked by no beauty, exhibiting no taste, characterized by no originality, and inculcating no valuable sentiment.

T. W.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability.—JOHNSON.

THE superstitions of nations must always be interesting, since they afford a criterion of the progress that knowledge and reason have made. To trace the origin of the belief that departed spirits revisit the earth, a belief apparently so

* For an Engraving of which see *the Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 385.

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repugnant to reason and revelation, must ever attract the attention of the curious. For it is a question of importance to religion, even although the existence of apparitions would not in the slightest degree invalidate those sacred writings on which the bases of religion are founded; on the contrary, if the reality of apparitions (that is of the existence of apparitions) could be ascertained, another proof would be added to an immense weight of testimony of the ability possessed by the Deity to arrest or alter what appears the ordinary course of nature.

The existence of apparitions has been acknowledged by many, and a tendency towards a belief of them is to be remarked in many more. Ardent, and what is stranger still, since directly opposed to ardent, morbid minds are too ready to embrace "the pleasing dreadful thought," and to this may be attributed the prevalence of this kind of superstition among the poets, and all indeed of an enthusiastic temperament.* Some of the tales urged in defence of apparitions are upon a *primâ facié* observation to be traced to an exuberance † of imagination on the part of the ghost, others that are plainly false, and others that as they cannot be authenticated, are not worthy of notice. I shall here give what I consider an example of the former.

During the celebrated Peninsular campaign, as a lady, whose son, a French officer in Spain, was seated in her room, she was astonished to perceive the folding doors at the bottom of the apartment slowly open, and disclose to her eyes, *her son*. He begged her not to be alarmed, and informed her that he had been just killed by a grape-shot, and even showed her the wound in his side; the doors closed again and she saw no more. In a few days she received a letter, which informed her that her son had fallen, after distinguishing himself in a most gallant manner, and mentioning the time of his death, which happened at precisely the same moment the apparition was seen by her! And when I add that the lady was not *at all addicted to superstition*, the strangeness of the occurrence is considerably increased. What inference is to be drawn from this extraordinary tale? I confess I cannot, and do not, believe that apparitions revisit the earth even at the "glimpses o' the moon," nor does this story at all change my opinion, and for one grand reason, which is this—That it is highly improbable that the course of nature would be interrupted for the production of so insignificant an effect, for it appears an unnecessary exertion of divine power, when the good attained would be little or none.

Let us, therefore, attribute it to a powerful imagination acting on a mind already affected with anxiety, and I believe we shall have no occasion for yielding to the idea of an apparition to explain the circumstance. I am acquainted with another tale of the same kind, but I am debarred from relating it, from my not being authorized to do so by the person, a gentleman of large property in Scotland, to whom it occurred. Lord Byron was much addicted to that species of superstition of which I am treating: the gloomy idea of spirits revisiting the earth to gaze on those who they loved, was congenial to his mind, and an overheated fancy indulged beyond its due limits, converted the morbid visionary into the superstitious ascetic.

There is an account of a ghost related in the Notes to Moore's Life of the Noble Poet (vol. i.) I have mentioned, which I shall detail here, as it may have escaped the memory of some of your readers. A captain of a merchant vessel was on a voyage to some port; having retired to rest, he was disturbed in the night by a horrid dream, that his brother, an officer in the navy was drowned. He awoke and perceived something dark lying at the foot of the hammock, and on putting out his hand discovered it was a naval uniform, wet. Some days after this his dream was confirmed by a letter informing him of his brother's death by drowning.

At Oakhampton, in Devonshire, there are the remains of a beautiful castle dismantled by Henry VIII. on the attainder of Henry Courtenay, which is situated in a park, concerning which many traditions exist, one of which I will give here as it was told by a native. A great many years ago, there lived a lady at Oakhampton Castle, who was famous for her love of cruelty and for unbounded

* Dr. Johnson, it is well known, was a firm believer in ghosts, as the following extract will show:—"That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. * * * This opinion which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth (!): those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible."—*Rasselas*, chap. xxx.

† When the grammarians could not interpret some word in a sentence, which they could make without it, they used to attribute the unfortunate word to a natural redundancy in the language, and in the same manner all ghost stories could be solved by referring it to "an exuberance," &c. &c.

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ostentation. This lady was killed, and her ghost haunted some house in Oakhampton much to the discomfiture of all the inhabitants thereof. A conclave of "most grave and reverend signiors" was convoked, who ordained that the disturbed spirit should every night pluck a blade of grass till all should be gathered. And now, every night at the chilly hour of midnight, the lady in a splendid coach with four skeleton horses, a skeleton coachman, and skeleton footmen, is to be seen in the park obeying the dictum of the Oakhampton worthies. This legend will be found, I am told, in "Fitz, of Fitzford," by Mrs. Bray. I shall not comment on this, as it evidently appears a wild legend, on which we can found nothing.

There is another tale which I shall recount here, since I can vouch for its authenticity.

During the Irish Rebellion of 1798, a gentleman went to take possession of a house in a lone district of Ireland. The house had been uninhabited for some time, and was out of repair. Between nine and twelve at night, when the gentleman had retired to rest, he was alarmed by hearing a noise; he listened, the noise increased till the house rung with the repeated shocks; he hastily sprung out of bed, and imagining it was the Rebels, he rushed into the room where his servant slept; "Patrick, get up, the Rebels are breaking in," said he, "Don't you hear the noise?" "Lord bless yer honor's worship and glory, it's only the Daunder." "Daunder, sir, you rebel, the Daunder, what do you mean?" The servant explained that the knocking was regularly heard every night at the same time, and such was the case. Various parts of the wall were pulled down, and the house almost rebuilt, but to no purpose.

Foley Place. AN ANTIQUARY.

POEMS BY A KING OF PERSIA.

(*To the Editor.*)

IT is rather an unusual thing in the present age to hear of monarchs being authors, and much more so of being poets. It is true, there have been instances of this kind in former times; but perhaps none deserved more notice than Fath Ali Shah, the King of Persia. The author of a collection of elegies and sonnets, Mr. Scott Waring, in his "Tour to Sheeraz," has exhibited a specimen of the king's amatory productions. He also states that the government of Kashan, one of the chief cities in Persia, was the reward of the king to the person who excelled in poetical composition.

The four subjoined poems are the production of this celebrated monarch.

WILLIAM RUNTING.

I.

SHE who is the object of my love
Has just declared she will not grant me
Another kiss, but at the price of my existence:
Ah! why have I not a thousand lives,
That I might sacrifice them all on these conditions.

The flame which she has enkindled in my heart
Is so bright, that it dazzles the universe:
It is a torch enclosed within crystal.
This heart is a Christian temple,
Wherein Beauty has established her sanctuary;
And the sighs which escape from it
Are like the loud ringing bells.*

Ah! too fascinating object! how dangerous
Are thy looks!—they wound indifferently
The hearts of young and old: they are
More to be dreaded than the fatal arrows of the mighty Toos.†
Delight us with a glimpse of thy lovely form;
Charm our senses by the elegance of thy attitudes;
Our hearts are transported by thy glances.
The proud peacock, covered with confusion,
Dares not display before thee the rich
And pompous variety of his plumage.
Thy ebon ringlets are chains, which hold
Monarchs in captivity, and make
Them slaves to the power of thy charms.

The dust on which thou treadest becomes an ornament,
Worthy of the imperial diadem of Caus.‡
Haughty kings now prostrate themselves
Before Khacan,§ since he has obtained
A favourable look from the object of his love.

II.

THAT blessing which the fountain of life
Bestowed in former ages on Khezr‖
Thy lips can communicate in a manner
Infinitely more efficacious.
Nature, confounded at the aspect of thy lovely mouth,
Conceals her rubies within a rock;—
Our hearts, ensnared by those eyes which express
All the softness of amorous intoxication,
Are held captive in the dimples of thy chin.

Love has excited in my soul a fire
Which cannot be extinguished;—
My bosom is become red with flames,
Like a parterre of roses;—
This heart is no longer mine:
It hangs suspended on the ringlets of thy hair—
And thou, cruel fair! thou piercest it
With a glance of thy cold disdain.
Ah! inquire not into the wretched Khacan's fate:

* A person, called the Mawezn, summons the people to prayers from the tower, at certain stated times, by ringing bells.

† Toos, the son of Nouder, makes a conspicuous figure among the princes and warriors, celebrated by Ferdoosi in his book of Kings.

‡ Caus supposed to have been Darius the Mede by some historians

§ This poetical surname Khacan, adopted by Falk Ali Shah, signifies emperor or king.

‖ The prophet Khezr (whom some mistake for Elias) is said to have discovered and tasted the "waters of immortality," and consequently to be exempt from death.

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Thy waving locks have deprived him of reason;
But how many thousand lovers, before him,
Have fallen victims to the magic of thy beauty.

III.

My soul, captivated by thy charms,
Wastes itself away in chains, and bends beneath
The weight of oppression. Thou hast said
"Love will bring thee to the tomb—arise,
And leave his dominions." But, alas!
I wish to expire at thy feet, rather than to abandon
Altogether my hopes of possessing thee.
I swear, by the two bows that send forth
Irresistible arrows from thine eyes,
That my days have lost their lustre:
They are dark as the jet of thy waving ringlets;
And the sweetness of thy lips far exceeds,
In the opinion of Khacan, all that
The richest sugar-cane has ever yielded.

IV.

The humid clouds of spring float over the enamelled meads,
And, like my eyes, dissolve in tears.
My fancy seeks thee in all places; and the beauties
Of Nature retrace, at every moment,
Thy enchanting image. But thou, O cruel fair one!
Thou endeavourest to efface from thy memory
The recollection of my ardent love—my tender constancy.

Thy charms eclipse the growing tulip—
Thy graceful stature puts to shame the lofty cyprus.
Let every nymph, although equal in beauty to Shireen,*
Pay homage to thy superiority; and let all men
Become like Ferhad† of the mountain,
Distracted on beholding thy loveliness.

How could the star of day have shone amidst the heavens,
If the moon of thy countenance had not concealed
Its splendour beneath the cloud of a veil?
Oh! banish me not from thy sight;
Command me—it will be charitable—
Command me to die.
How long wilt thou reject the amorous solicitations
Of thy Khacan? Wilt thou drive him to madness
By thy unrelenting cruelty? The doomed
To endless tears and lamentations.

* Shireen, the favourite of Khosroo, is no less celebrated for her beauty than for the passion with which she inspired Ferhad.

† Of this unfortunate lover Ferhad, the romantic story has been told by several distinguished writers. The mountain to which our royal poet alludes is the Kooh Bisetoon (in the province of Curdistan), where are still visible many figures sculptured in the rock, which, by the romances of Persia, are ascribed to the statuary Ferhad. Among these sculptures, travellers have noticed the representation of a female—according to local tradition, the fair Shireen, mistress to King Khosroo, and the fascinating object of Ferhad's love. As a recompense for clearing a passage over the mountain of Bisetoon, by removing immense rocks, which obstructed the path (a task of such labour as far exceeded the power of common mortals, by Ferhad, however, executed with ease), the monarch had promised to bestow Shireen on the enamoured statuary. But a false report of the fair one's death having been communicated to Ferhad in a sudden manner, he immediately destroyed himself; and the scene of this catastrophe is still shown among the recesses of Mount Bisetoon.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

(From the Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence.)

"In 1817, Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned to paint the portrait of the princess a second time, and he staid at Claremont during nine days. He one morning filled up a few vacant hours in writing to his friend, and his description of the habits of the newly-married and juvenile offsprings and heirs of royalty, forms a calm, unostentatious, and delightful picture of domestic life. How ill such pleasures would have been exchanged for the public splendour and costly amusements by which they were tempted. It is a source of infinite gratification to lay before the country such a testimony to the disposition and virtues of one, in whom centered so much of the public hope and love.

"*Extracts from Letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

"I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect; both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting.

"The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good king, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation

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leads me to think, that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven: at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time: about three she would leave the painting-room, to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaeton with her ponies, the prince always walking by her side; at five she would come in and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which we went to dinner, the prince and princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the prince and princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the piano accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbroke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the *delicacy* of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one.

"The prince and princess retire at eleven o'clock."

We leave out the link in the narrative that connects this pleasant description with the melancholy scene described in the following (for it is written in a sad taste) and only add, that the most amiable and beloved of women died within a month from the date of the above letter.

"Popular love and the enthusiasm of sorrow, never towards greatness, perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and while yet she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached: certain I am that she would have been a true monarch—have loved her people: charity and justice, high integrity (as I have stated), frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character: her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station.

"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations.

"I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns.

"How often I see her now entering the room (constantly on his arm) with slow but firm step, always erect—and the small but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eye, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to *lie*.

"I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me; and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past and meditated kindness.

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple—'My love;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

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"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birthday, the 16th of the next month. * * *

"If I do not make reply to different parts of your letter (always satisfactory in a correspondence), it is because I fear, having no long time to write in, that I may lose something by delay, in narrating the circumstances of my yesterday's visit to Claremont, when I was enabled through the gracious kindness of my sovereign, to fulfil that promise so solemnly given and now become so sacred a pledge.

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast, and accordingly at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered and placed it in the room in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it in to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroch, and Dr. Short, who had been her tutor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and soon after him Colonel Addenbrooke. The baron and I then placed the picture in the prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke came in; he said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it: that if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another.' — Then there's Dr. Short. I said, I suppose by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture. 'Like it,' he said, (and he was blubbering) ''tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room.' — More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of recollections that it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the prince, and returning shortly, said, 'The prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention, that he shall always remember it. He said, 'Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him.' —I replied that I thought you would: so if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.' Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me, (he had evidently been, and was crying,) and thanked me for having painted such a picture. 'No one is a better judge than I am, sir,' and he turned away.

"The prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country —it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her! It was my happiness, my duty to know her character, but it was my delight.' During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. 'Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some *days* —you saw our *year!* Oh! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection, that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old king. 'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood.) For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth, so like hers; so cut (trying to describe its mouth on his own.) My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room, for a short

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time: in my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me! My Charlotte, my dear Charlotte! And now, looking at the picture, he said, Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others were always looking out for mine!'

"I need not tell you my part in this interview; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts.

* * * * * *

"Towards the close of our interview, I asked him, 'if the princess at the *last* felt her danger?' He said, 'No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery!—And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement, 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture.' My Charlotte felt she never should.

"More passed in our interview, but not much more—chiefly, my part in it. At parting he pressed my hand firmly—held it long, I could almost say affectionately, I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss his hand that grasped mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. *I* but bowed—and he drew my hand towards him: he then bade me good by, and on leaving the room turned back to give me a slow parting nod,—and though half blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, its youthfulness cannot sink under this heaviest affliction! And his mind is rational; but when *thus* leaving the room, his tall dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment, looked a melancholy presage.

"I know that your good-nature will forgive my not answering your letter in detail, since I have refrained from it but to give you this narration of beings so estimable, so happy, and so parted.

"Prince Leopold's voice is of very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulation exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His 'My Charlotte! is affecting; he does not pronounce it as 'Me Charlotte,' but very simply and evenly, '*My* Charlotte.'"

Notes of a Reader.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

Part VII.—*Mechanics.*

We quote a few articles from the Introductory portion, illustrating the general principles of Mechanical agencies.

Why are we said to know of nothing which is absolutely at rest?

Because the earth is whirling round its axis, and round the sun; the sun is moving round his axis, and round the centre of gravity of the solar system; and, doubtless, round some more remote centre in the great universe, carrying all his planets and comets about his path. One of the grand laws of nature is, that all bodies persevere in their present state, whether of motion or rest, unless disturbed by some foreign power. Motion, therefore, once began, would be continued for ever, were it to meet with no interruption from external causes, such as the power of gravity, the resistance of the medium, &c. Dr. Arnott adduces several familiar illustrations of motions and forces. Thus, all falling and pressing bodies exhibit *attraction* in its simplest form. *Repulsion* is instanced in explosion, steam, the action of springs, &c. Explosion of gunpowder is repulsion among the particles when assuming the form of air. Steam, by the repulsion among its particles, moves the piston of the steam-engine. All elasticity, as seen in springs, collision, &c. belongs chiefly to repulsion. A spring is often, as it were, a reservoir of force, kept ready charged for a purpose; as when a gun-lock is cocked, a watch wound up, &c.

Why does a billiard ball stop when it strikes directly another ball of equal size, and the second ball proceed with the whole velocity which the first had?

Because the action which imparts the new motion is equal to the re-action which destroys the old. Although the transference of motion, in such a case, seems to be instantaneous, the change is really progressive, and is as follows:—The approaching ball, at a certain point of time, has just given half of its motion to the other equal ball; and if both were of soft clay, they would then proceed together with half the original ve-

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locity; but, as they are elastic, the touching parts at the moment supposed, are compressed like a spring between the balls; and by their expanding, and exerting force equally both ways, they double the velocity of the foremost ball, and destroy altogether the motion in the other.

Why does a walking stick help a man on a journey?

Because he pushes against the ground with the stick, which may be considered as compressing a spring between the earth and the end of his stick, which spring is therefore pushing up as much as he pushes down; and if, at the time, he were balanced in the scales of a weighing beam, he would find that he weighed just as much less as he were pressing with his stick.

Why is sea-sickness produced on shipboard?

Because man, strictly to maintain his perpendicularity, that is, to keep the centre of gravity always over the support of his body, requires standards of comparison, which he obtains chiefly by the perpendicularity or known position of things about him, as on land; but on shipboard, where the lines of the masts, windows, furniture, &c. are constantly changing, his standards of comparison are soon lost or disturbed. Hence, also, the reason why persons unaccustomed to the motion of a ship, often find relief by keeping their eyes directed to the fixed shore, where it is visible, or by lying on their backs, and shutting their eyes; and, on the other hand, the ill-effects of looking over the side of the vessel at the restless waves of the sea.

Why is the pendulum a time-keeper?

Because the times of the vibrations are very nearly equal, whether it be moving much or little; that is to say, whether the arc described by it be large or small. A common clock is merely a pendulum, with wheel-work attached to it, to record the number of the vibrations; and with a weight or spring, having force enough to counteract the retarding effects of friction and the resistance of the air. The wheels show how many swings or beats of the pendulum have taken place, because at every beat, a tooth of the last wheel is allowed to pass. Now, if this wheel has sixty teeth, as is common, it will just turn round once for sixty beats of the pendulum, or seconds; and a hand fixed on its axis, projecting through the dial-plate, will be the second hand of the clock. The other wheels are so connected with this first, and the numbers of the teeth on them so proportioned, that one turns sixty times slower than the first, to fit its axis to carry a minute hand; and another, by moving twelve times slower still, is fitted to carry an hour-hand.—*Arnott.*

Why do clocks denote the progress of time?

Because they count the oscillations of a pendulum; and by that peculiar property of the pendulum, that one vibration commences exactly where the last terminates, no part of time is lost or gained in the juxtaposition (or putting together) of the units so counted, so that the precise fractional part of a day can be ascertained, which each such unit measures. The origin of the pendulum is traced to Galileo's observation of a hanging lamp in a church at Pisa continuing to vibrate long and with singular uniformity, after any accidental cause of disturbance. Hence he was led to investigate the laws of the phenomenon, and out of what, in some shape or other, had been before men's eyes from the beginning of the world, his powerful genius extracted the most important results. The invention of pendulum clocks took place about the middle of the seventeenth century; and the honour of the discovery is disputed between Galileo and Huygens. Becher contends for Galileo, and states that one Trifler made the first pendulum clock at Florence, under the direction of Galileo Galilei, and that a model of it was sent to Holland. The Accademia del Cimento also expressly declared, that the application of the pendulum to the movement of a clock, was first proposed by Galileo, and put in practice by his son, Vincenzo Galileo, in 1649. Huygens, however, contests the priority, and made a pendulum clock before 1658; and he insists, that if ever Galileo had entertained such an idea, he never brought it to perfection. Beckmann says the first pendulum clock made in England, was constructed in the year 1662, by one Tromentil, a Dutchman; but Grignon affirms that the first pendulum clock was made in England, by Robert Harris, in 1641, and erected in Inigo Jones's church of St. Paul, Covent-garden.

Why does the pendulum move faster in proportion as its journey is longer?

Because, in proportion as the arc described is more extended, the steeper are its beginning and ending; and the more rapidly, therefore, the pendulum falls down at first, sweeps along the intermediate space, and stops at last.—*Arnott.*

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Why is it extremely difficult to ascertain the exact length of the pendulum?

Because of the various expansion of metals, respecting which no two pyrometers agree; the changeable nature of the atmosphere; the uncertainty as to the true level of the sea; the extreme difficulty of measuring accurately the distance between the point of suspension and the centre of oscillation, and even of finding that centre; also the variety of terrestrial attraction, from which cause the motions of the pendulum are also liable to variation, even in the same latitude. In pursuing his researches, Capt. Kater discovered that the motions of the pendulum are affected by the nature of the strata over which it vibrates.

Why is the iron rim of a coach wheel heated before putting on?

Because the expansion of the metal occasioned by the heat, facilitates the operation of putting on the iron, while the contraction which follows, brings the joints of the wooden part together; and thus, binding the whole, gives great strength to the wheel.

Why does a bottle of fresh water, corked and let down 30 or 40 feet into the sea, often come up again with the water saltish, although the cork be still in its place?

Because the cork, when far down, is so squeezed as to allow the water to pass in or out by its sides, but on rising, it resumes its former size.

Why do bubbles rise on a cup of tea when a lump of sugar is dropped into it?

Because the sugar is porous, and the air which filled its pores then escapes to the surface of the tea, and the liquid takes its place.

Why is there an opening in the centre of the upper stone of a corn mill?

Because through this opening the grain is admitted and kept turning round between the stones, and is always tending and travelling outwards, until it escapes as flour from the circumference.

Why does water remain in a vessel which is placed in a sling and made to describe a circle?

Because the water, by its inertia of straightness, or centrifugal (or centre-flying) force, tends more away from the centre of motion towards the bottom of the vessel, than towards the earth by gravity.

Why does a young quadruped walk much sooner than a child?

Because a body is tottering in proportion to its great altitude and narrow base. Now, the child has this latter, and learns to walk but slowly, because of the difficulty, perhaps in ten or twelve months, while the young of quadrupeds, having a broad supporting base, are able to stand, and even to move about almost immediately; but it is the noble prerogative of man to be able to support his towering figure with great firmness, on a very narrow base, and under constant change of attitude.—*Arnott.*

Fine Arts.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE exhibition of works of art in the Royal Academy this year is equal to any preceding, except in the department of portraiture; nor is this deficiency by any means extraordinary, when we consider the severe loss the arts have sustained by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. We much regret that, out of one thousand two hundred and thirty-four productions, we can only enumerate a very small number for want of space:

No. 11. *Dutch Coast*—very fine and transparent in the colouring; painted by A. W. Calcott, R.A.

16. *A Subject from the Winter's Tale*—good. W. H. Worthington.

55. *Progress of Civilization*—painted for the Mechanics' Institute at Hull. This work is admirably conceived, and reflects great credit on the talents of Mr. H. P. Briggs.

56. *Mary Queen of Scots meeting the Earl of Bothwell between Stirling and Edinburgh.* Mr. Cooper has treated this subject with his usual care, and appears to have delineated the costume very accurately. The horses are spirited, and finely executed.

62. *Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst*—painted very much in the manner of Rembrandt, by D. Wilkie, R.A.

65 and 66. *Portraits of their Majesties*—painted for the Corporation of the Trinity House, by Sir William Beechy.

78. *An Italian Family*, by C. L. Eastlake, is an interesting picture, and extremely rich in colour.

79. *The Maid of Judith waiting outside the tent of Holofernes, till her Mistress had consummated the deed that delivered her country from its invaders*: a wonderful production, by Etty.

84. *Scene near Hastings.* Rev. T. J. Judkin.

86. *Interior of a Highlander's House*—very fine. Edwin Landseer.

105. *Portrait of Miss Eliza Cooper*—a chaste and highly-finished production, by Sir M. A. Shee.

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Messrs. Pickersgill, Turner, Reinagle, Hilton, Newton, Constable, Good, Daniell, Clint, Kidd, Howard, Phillips, and Elford, have also some excellent pictures in the exhibition.

May 14, 1831. G. W. N.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BILLINGTON.

(PRINT her name in grand capitals, Mr. Compositor)—Billington returned from Italy! My father, who remembered, I suspect, the beautiful woman more than the accomplished singer, determined to hear again her *Mandane;* and sorely against my will, I rather think to prevent the chance of my doing mischief at home, forced me to go along with him. With listless and unwilling ears I listened to her and Mrs. Mountain, that second best of English singers throughout "Fair Aurora." Gradually, however, and involuntarily, I became pleased, interested, delighted; and when the encored "Soldier tired" was ended, had I but possessed so much Italian, "Sono anch' io Cantatore" would have burst from my lips with as much fervour and devotedness of resolution as the "Sono anch, io Pittore" of the artist. From this moment never had I three shillings and sixpence in my pocket, and either Billington's or Braham's name in the bills of the night, that I was not to be seen planted in the front row of the pit, looking over the leader's book, and taking the only lessons I ever received in music. The opera over, no farce, however laughable, not even the "Turnpike Gate" with Joe Munden's *Crack*, had the power to detain me in the house.—My time of *imitation* was arrived, and I sallied forth to alarm watchmen with the last division of the "Soldier tired," affront my friends by saluting them with "Adieu thou dreary pile," or annoy my father with shouting "The Austrian trumpet's loud alarms" at a moment when, with all the fervour of true John Bull anti-gallicanism, he was lamenting over Ulm and Austerlitz; execrating Mack, pitying Francis and Alexander, and cursing the victorious Napoleon by all his gods.—*Harmonicon*, No. 41.

SUFFICING REASONS FOR SHAKING.

AT a charity concert, given some time since in the sister island, one of the reverend directors, or stewards, was shocked at a long shake made by a juvenile chorister in the passage "and they were sore afraid" in the *Messiah*, and remonstrated with the boy's instructor on the impropriety of such an ornament to such words.

"And is it in regard to the shake you'd be spaking, sir?" replied the master. "Sure and if ye were sore afraid yourself, would not ye be shaking? Ay, I'll be your bail that you would, and shaking in your shoes too! Plase to leave me and my pupil alone: many a one will be coming to-morrow twenty and thirty miles, every inch of it, to hear Master * * * * * sing, that would not step out twenty yards to hear you prache."—*Ibid.*

CALCULATING NOTES.—PAGANINI.

STEPHEN STORACE had a remarkably good head for figures. When a boy, his passion for calculation was beyond all belief. Michael Kelly says, he has been known to multiply four figures by four figures, by memory, in three minutes. When young, Kelly tells us, Storace was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for *singing a song*, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each at 4*s*. 10*d*.

This passion for calculating the value of notes (musical ones) has seized a Parisian dilettante, who, according to the *Furet de Londres*, has been fixing the price of every note and rest in certain pieces played by Paganini recently, at a concert given at the Opera at Paris, which produced him 16,500 francs. The following is the result:—He performed, during the evening, three pieces, each occupying five pages of music, of about 91 bars to the page. The fifteen pages thus contained 1,365 bars, by which the 16,500 francs are to be divided. The quotient will be 12 francs for each bar, or the proportions will be as follows:—For a semibreve, 12f.; a minim 6f.; a crotchet, 3f.; a quaver, 1f. 50c.; a semiquaver, 15 sous; a demisemiquaver, 7½ sous. And, on the other hand, for a minim rest, 6f.; a crotchet rest, 3f.; &c. There would still remain out of the 16,500 francs, 420, which is exactly the price of such a violin as the Conservatory awards as a prize to its most distinguished pupils.

All this may be play to Paganini, but destruction to less fortunate musicians, for he swallows up all that would otherwise be distributed among many. An English violinist must work many long laborious days and nights before he can *scrape* together six hundred and eighty-

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seven pounds sterling—the sum, it seems, which the lucky Italian gets by a single concert!—*Ibid.*

The Selector AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FREEMASONRY.

In a neat volume, called *The Freemasons' Pocket Companion*, of size to fit the waistcoat pocket, we find the following brief sketch of the History of Freemasonry in England. This little Manual is "By a Brother of the Apollo Lodge, 711, Oxford," who acknowledges his obligation to Oliver and Preston, an article on Masonry, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, &c. :—

In Britain, we are informed that St. Alban, the first martyr for Christianity in this country, was a great patron of the masons, and procured leave from the King or Emperor Carausius for a general meeting or assembly to be held by them, and higher wages to be given them. But we have no good reason, I think, to believe that these masons had much connexion with our fraternity, nor that freemasonry was introduced into Britain before the time of St. Austin, who, with forty more monks, among whom the sciences were preserved, was commissioned by Pope Gregory to baptize Ethelbert, King of Kent. About this time appeared those trading associations of architects who travelled over Europe, patronised by the See of Rome. The difficulty of obtaining expert workmen for the many pious works raised at that time in honour of religion, made it prudent to encourage, by peculiar privileges, those bodies of men, who had devoted themselves to the study and practice of architecture. Accordingly they were allowed to have their own government without opposition, and no others were permitted to work on any building with which they were concerned. They were under regular command, divided into lodges, with a master and wardens in each, and dwelt in an encampment near the building they were employed to erect.

It is not in my power to trace the progress of these lodges of masons in any connected history, but I will proceed with the accounts we have of the masons in England from the time of St. Austin. By them the old cathedral of Canterbury was built, in 600; St. Paul's, London, 604; and St. Peter's, Westminster, 605; with many others. In the year 680 some more expert brethren from France were formed into a lodge, under the direction of Bennet, Abbot of Wirral, who was appointed superintendent of the masons by Kinred, King of Mercia. From this time, however, little is known of the fraternity, until the year 856, when St. Swithin was the superintendent, appointed by Ethelwolf; from which time it gradually improved till the year 872, when King Alfred took the command of it. Upon his death, in 900, when Edward succeeded to the throne, and Ethred, Prince of Mercia, patronised the society, Edward was succeeded, in 924, by his son, Athelstan, whose brother, Edwin, procured from the king a charter for the masons, by which they were empowered to meet annually in a general assembly, and to have power to regulate their own order. And, according to this charter, the first grand lodge of England met at York, in 926. But here it is to be remarked that the grand lodge is not to be understood as the same in those times that it is now; it was not then restricted to the masters and wardens of private lodges, but was open to as many of the fraternity as could attend: for, until late years, the grand lodge as now constituted did not exist, but there was but one family of masons; and any sufficient number of masons met together, with the consent of the civil magistrate, to practise the rites of masonry, without warrant of constitution as a lodge.

On the death of Prince Edwin, Athelstane himself presided over the lodges; but after his decease, we know little of the state of the masons in Britain, except that they were governed by Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 960, and Edward the Confessor in 1041. But in 1066, William the Conqueror appointed Gondulph, Bishop of Rochester, to preside over the society. In 1100, Henry the First patronised them; and in 1135, during the reign of Stephen, the society was under the command of Gilbert de Clare, Marquess of Pembroke.

From the year 1155 to 1199, the fraternity was under the command of the grand master of the knights templars.

In 1199, Peter de Colechurch was appointed grand master; and the society continued to increase and flourish in the successive reigns of Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III. This last prince revised the constitutions of the order, and appointed deputies to superintend the fraternity, one of whom was William à Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. He con-

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tinued grand master under the reign of Richard II.; was succeeded by Thomas Fitz Allen, Earl of Surrey, in Henry IV.'s reign; and on Henry V.'s accession, Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided over the society. We have records of a lodge held at Canterbury, under his patronage, where Thos. Stapylton was master, and the names of the wardens and other brethren are given. This was in 1429, four years after an act of parliament, passed early in the reign of Henry VI., against the meetings of the society, which was caused by the enmity of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, towards Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, a great patron of the craft. But this act was never enforced, and in 1442 the king was himself initiated, and he patronised the society.

In the meantime, under the auspices of James I. of Scotland, masonry flourished in that country. It had been nursed, during the wars which ravaged Europe, in the humble village of Kilwinning, in the west of the country; from whence it at length burst forth, and communicated its light to the lodges in the south. The records of this lodge actually go back to the beginning of the fifteenth century, as also do those of a lodge in or near Edinburgh. And about this time the Scottish king appointed a fee to be paid by every master to the grand master, who was chosen by the grand lodge. James II. of Scotland made the grand mastership hereditary, and conferred it on the St. Clairs of Roslin, in which family it continued till 1736, when the then representative of the family, being old and childless, resigned it into the hands of the grand lodge, then first established on its present footing, by whom he was re-elected grand master for life.

During the civil wars in England masonry declined; but on the accession of Henry VII., in 1485, it revived again, under the patronage of the grand master of the order of St. John, at Rhodes, who, in 1500, chose King Henry their protector. In 1502 this king presided in person in a lodge of master masons, and proceeded in ample form to lay the foundation of the chapel, at the east end of Westminter Abbey, which bears his name.

The fraternity continued to flourish in the next reigns; and in the reign of Elizabeth, about 1550, Sir Thos. Sackville, then grand master, assembled the general lodge at York, which is said to have roused the jealousy of the queen; and she intended to break up the meeting, but being informed that they did not meddle with politics, she withdrew her orders, and permitted them to meet unmolested. Sackville was succeeded by Sir Thomas Gresham, in the south, who built the Royal Exchange, and by Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, in the north.

Masonry continued to flourish in the next reign, under Inigo Jones, as grand master, till 1688, when the Earl of Pembroke succeeded him; and after some more changes, Jones again was elected, and continued to preside till his death, in 1646. But the civil war again obstructed the progress of the order, until the Restoration, when it revived under the auspices of Charles II.

In 1663, the Earl of St. Alban's was elected grand master, who appointed Mr. (afterwards Sir Christopher) Wren his deputy; which office he held until 1685, when he was himself appointed to the grand chair. During his deputyship he erected many noble buildings, particularly the cathedral of St. Paul's.

The short reign of James II. was not favourable to the order of masons; nor did it begin again to revive for many years. King William III. was initiated privately in 1695, and approved the choice of Sir Christopher Wren as grand master; but shortly after, and during the whole reign of Queen Anne, the society decreased gradually, for the grand master's age prevented his attending regularly, and the annual feasts were neglected.

On the accession, therefore, of Geo. I. the masons in London determined to revive, if possible, the grand lodge and the communications of the society under a new grand master, Sir Christopher Wren being dead. In February, 1717, accordingly, the only four lodges then existing in London met, and voting the oldest master mason, constituted themselves a grand lodge; and on St. John Baptist's day, meeting again, they elected Anthony Sayer, Esq., grand master, and he was regularly installed by the grand master who had before been voted into the chair.

Mr. Sayer was succeeded by George Payne, Esq., in 1718, who collected all the records of the society—by which means some copies of the old Gothic constitutions were produced and arranged. In 1719, Dr. Desaguliers was grand master, and by his activity the order made great progress; and at the feast of his installation, the custom of drinking healths was first introduced. In the next year, under Mr. Payne again, the fraternity sustained a great

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loss by the burning of some valuable manuscripts, by some too scrupulous brethren; and next year, the Duke of Montague was proposed for, and accepted the chair of grand master.

* * * * *

In 1726, the masons of Wales attached themselves to the grand lodge of England, and the office of provincial master was instituted soon after. The Society was introduced into India in 1728, and the grand lodge of America constituted, by warrant from London, in 1735; and that of Holland, at Hamburgh, in the same year. In 1738, the Book of Constitutions was published; the grand lodge of Prussia constituted under the Scotch constitution, and has ever since flourished in that country; and in 1774, the grand lodge of Antigua was established, by warrant from the grand lodge of England.

Correspondence was opened with the grand lodge of France in 1768; with that of Holland in 1770; and that of Berlin in 1776. On the 1st of May, 1775, the foundation-stone of the Freemasons' Hall was laid; and the building was opened and dedicated in solemn form on the 23rd of May, 1776, Lord Petre being then grand master.

In 1779, a correspondence was established with the grand lodge of Germany; and in 1782 an attempt was made to open one with those of Scotland and Ireland. This was not then effected; but in 1803 explanations were made to the grand lodge of Scotland regarding the schism in England; in consequence of which, two years after, the wished for union was accomplished; and in 1808 the same gratifying proposals were made from Ireland, and accepted with cordiality. Meantime, the same brotherly communication had been instituted with Sweden in 1799, and Prussia in 1805.

While these friendly communications with foreign brethren were going on, masonic benevolence, ever privately exercised, had made a public exertion in favour of the children of deceased brethren at home, in the establishment of the charity for female children, in 1788; of the masonic society for the relief of sick, lame, or distressed brethren, and their widows, children, or orphans, in 1799. In the year 1816 freemasonry was revived in Russia, under the patronage of the emperor, and communications forwarded from the grand lodge at St. Petersburgh to that in London.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

WATER AT SHAFTESBURY.

Motcomb, half a mile north from Shaftesbury, is noted for containing the wells from which the inhabitants of Shaftesbury are supplied with water. Great numbers of the inhabitants get their living by carrying water, for which they have three halfpence or twopence the horse load. On this account there is a particular custom yearly observed, according to ancient agreement, dated 1662, between the Lord of the Manor of Gillingham, and the Mayor and Burgesses of Shaftesbury. The Mayor is obliged, the Monday before Holy Thursday, to dress up a prize bezon, or bizant, somewhat like a May garland in form, with gold and peacocks' feathers, and carry to Enmori Green, half a mile below the town in Motcomb, as an acknowledgment for the water, together with a raw calf's head, a pair of gloves, a gallon of beer or ale, and two penny loaves of white wheaten bread, which the steward receives and carries away for his own use. The ceremony being over, the bizant is restored to the Mayor, and brought back by one of his officers with great solemnity. This bizant is generally so richly adorned with plate and jewels, borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, as to be worth not less than £1,500. C. D.

TRINITY TERM ENDS 11th JUNE.

(For the Mirror.)

"On this day," says Brady, in his *Calendaria*, "Trinity Term ends; and immediately on the rising of the Court, commences that cessation from legal business emphatically denominated the "long vacation," or that space which our ancestors have wisely left undisturbed by law concerns, that the people may be the better able to attend to the different harvests throughout the kingdom. Thus the activity and bustle of the Inns of Court suddenly subside into a want of occupation, not unaptly displayed in the following anonymous parody:—

"My lord now quits his venerable seat,
The six clerk on his padlock turns the key,
From business hurries to his snug retreat,
And leaves vacation and the town to me.

"Now all is hush'd—asleep the eye of care—
And Lincoln's Inn a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the porter whistles o'er the square,
Or our dog barks, or basket-woman scolds:

"Save that from yonder pump and dusty stair
The moping shoe-black and the laundry-maid
Complain of such as from the town repair,
And leave their little quarterage unpaid."

H. B. A.

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Spirit of Discovery.

THE RIVER NIGER.

A SECOND Edition of the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last enables us to lay before our readers the following important discovery:—

"We have the gratification to state, that the great question respecting the course of the Niger, which has puzzled geography and literature for many centuries, has at last been determined by British courage and perseverance. We have just received the annexed letter from our esteemed and intelligent friend, Mr. Fisher, surgeon of the Atholl, well known to the world for his own interesting voyages and travels; and we lose no time in communicating the important information to the public, through the pages of the *Literary Gazette*.

"His Majesty's Ship Atholl, at Sea, Bight of Biafra, Feb. 2, 1831.

"Dear Sir,—I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines, by a vessel that we have just now met on her way to England. My object in writing in this hasty manner is to acquaint you that the grand geographical problem respecting the termination of the Niger is at length solved.

"The Landers, after having reached Youri, embarked in a canoe on the Niger, or, as it is called there, the Quarra, and came down the stream until they reached the sea, in the Bight of Biafra. The branch by which they came to the coast is called the Nun, or Brasse River, being the first river to the eastward of Cape Formosa. On their way down the river they were attacked by the Hibboos (a fierce nation that inhabit its banks), and made prisoners, or rather captives; but the King of Brasse happening to be in that country buying slaves, got them released, by giving the price of six slaves for each of them. In the scuffle that ensued at the time they were taken, one of them lost his journal.

"Whilst at Youri they got the Prayer-book that belonged to Mr. Anderson, the brother-in-law and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Mungo Park. They were upwards of a month at Fernando Po, whence they embarked, about ten days ago, in an English merchant-vessel bound to Rio Janeiro, on their way to England. From their taking that circuitous route, I am in hopes that this will reach you before they arrive, by which you will probably have it in your power to give the first news of this important discovery.

"I do not recollect of any thing else to acquaint you with that is worthy of notice; and even if I did, I have no time to mention it, as the boat by which I send this (to the vessel) is just this moment ordered away.

"I must therefore bid you adieu for the present; and believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely.

"ALEXANDER FISHER."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

EPITAPH

On a Porter who died suddenly under a load.

PACK'D up within these dark abodes,
Lies one, in life inur'd to loads,
Which oft he carried 'tis well known,
Till Death pass'd by and threw him down;
When he that carried loads before,
Became a load which others bore
To this his inn—where, as they say,
They leave him till another day.

ROYAL OATHS.

IN former times sovereign princes had their favourite oaths, which they made use of on all occasions when their feelings or passions were excited. The oaths of the English monarchs are on record, and a list of them might easily be made, by having recourse to the ancient writers of our history, from the conquest to the reign of Elizabeth, who did not scruple, *pia regina, et bona mater*, of the Church of England as she was, to swear by "*God's wounds*," an oath issuing at this time frequently from vulgar mouths, but softened down to "*zounds*."

Brantome, who lived in the court of Francis the First, contemporary with Henry the Eighth of England, has recorded the oaths of four succeeding monarchs immediately preceding his time. He tells us that Louis the Eleventh swore by "*God's Easter*;" Charles the Eighth, by "*God's light*;" Louis the Twelfth used an oath, still common among the French rabble, "*The Devil take me*;" but the oath of Francis the First was polished enough for the present day: it was, "*On the word of a gentleman*."

K—ll, Norfolk. C. H. B.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 492.] SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831. [Price 2*d.*

THREE BOROUGHS

1.

2.

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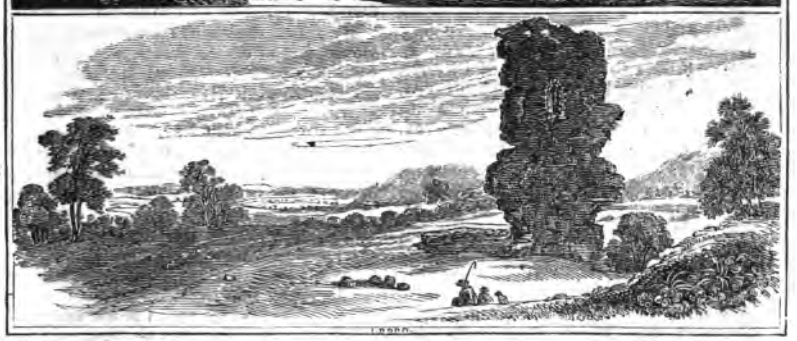

Proposed to be wholly disfranchised by the Reform Bill.

1. DUNWICH. 2. OLD SARUM. 3. BRAMBER.

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THREE BOROUGHS:

1. DUNWICH, SUFFOLK.
2. OLD SARUM, WILTS.
3. BRAMBER, SUSSEX.

Proposed to be wholly disfranchised by "the Reform Bill."

WE feel ourselves on ticklish—debateable ground; yet we only wish to illustrate the topographical history of the above *places;* their parliamentary history must, however be alluded to; but their future fate we leave to the 658 prime movers of government mechanics. Mr. Oldfield's *History of the Boroughs,* the best companion of the member of parliament, shall aid us: instead of companion we might, however, call this work his *family,* for there are six full-grown octavo volumes, which would occupy a respectable portion of any library table.

DUNWICH is a market town in the hundred of Blything, Suffolk, three and a half miles from Southwold, and one hundred from London. It was once an important, opulent, and commercial city, but is now a mean village. It was also an episcopal see, but William I. transferred the see to Thetford, and thence to Norwich. Dunwich stands on a cliff of considerable height commanding an extensive view of the German Ocean, and we learn that its ruin is owing chiefly to the encroachments of the sea. It is a poor, desolate place, as the cut implies. Mr. Shoberl, in the *Beauties of England and Wales,* tells us "seated upon a hill composed of loam and sand of a loose texture, on a coast destitute of rocks, it is not surprising that its building shall have successively yielded to the impetuosity of the billows, breaking against, and easily undermining the foot of the precipice." Certainly not, say we; and it is equally un-surprising that seven out of its eight parishes having been long ago destroyed, their political consequence should not exist beyond their extermination. Mr. Oldfield, whom we remember to have often met, was a man of jocose turn, and he has not spared Dunwich his whip of humour, for, speaking of its gradual decay by the sea, he says—"the encroachment that is still making, (1816) will probably, in a few years, oblige the constituent body to betake themselves to a boat, whenever the king's writ shall summon them to the exercise of their elective functions; as the necessity of adhering to *forms,* in the farcical solemnity of borough elections, is not to be dispensed with."

We must be brief with its representative and political history. "Out brief candle!" It has sent members since the 23rd Edward I. Bribery and other irregularities against the sitting members in procuring votes were proved in 1696: in 1708, Sir Charles Bloyce, one of the bailiffs was returned, but upon a petition proving bribery, menaces, treating, &c. this was proved to be "no return:" Sir Charles was declared not capable of being elected, "as being one of the bailiffs; nor had the other bailiff alone any authority to make a return, the two bailiffs making but one officer."* In 1722 another bribery petition was presented, but the affair was made up, and the complaint withdrawn. After this display of venality, it is amusing to read that the corporation consists of two bailiffs and twelve *capital* burgesses.†

Mr. Oldfield described this borough fourteen years ago, as consisting of only forty-two houses, and *half a church,* the other part having been demolished. Here *were* six if not eight parish churches: namely, St. John's, (which was a rectory, and seems to have been swallowed up by the sea about the year 1540;) St. Martin's, St. Nicholas's, and St. Peter's, which were likewise rectories; and St. Leonard's and All Saints, which were impropriated. The register of Eye also mentions the churches of St. Michael and St. Bartholomew, which were swallowed up by the sea before the year 1331. The ocean here appears to have almost a corporation swallow. The walls, which encompassed upwards of seven acres of land, had three gates. That to the eastward is quite demolished; but the arches of the two gates to the westward continue pretty firm, and are of curious workmanship, which nature has almost covered with ivy.

By aid of the excellent parliamentary *anatomy,* in the *Spectator* newspaper, we learn that DUNWICH, according to the census of 1821, contained 200 persons.

The "patrons," or "prevailing influence," are Mr. M. Barne and Lord Huntingfield. The number of votes is 18.

* The reader may often have noticed in county advertisements the two sheriffs designated as *one officer.* Thus, in the advertisement of the recent Middlesex election:—

SIR CHAPMAN MARSHALL, } Sheriff of
SIR W. H. POLAND. } Middlesex.

† This reminds one of the admiration of the Lord Mayor in Richard III. by George the Second, so ill-timedly expressed by the King to Garrick, the stage-king:—

"Fine Lord Mayor! capital Lord Mayor! where you get such Lord Mayor?"

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The members "returned" to the last parliament were F. Barne and the Earl of Brecknock, who were also returned at the recent election.

OLD SARUM, Wilts, the second Borough, has been already fully illustrated in vol. x., No. 290, of *The Mirror*. It fell, or was rather pulled down, in consequence of a squabble between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities; and soon after 1217, the inhabitants removed the city, by piecemeal, to another site, which they called *New* Sarum, now Salisbury. The site of the old city was very recently a field of oats; and the remains of its cathedral, castle, &c., were heaps of rubbish, covered with unprofitable verdure. We may therefore say,

Ubi seges, *Sarum* fuit.

Mr. Britton, in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, discourses diligently of its antiquarian history, which we have glanced at in our tenth volume. It is in the parish of Stratford-under-the-Castle; and under an old tree, near the church, is the spot where the members for Old Sarum are elected, or rather deputed, to sit in parliament. The father of the great Earl of Chatham once resided at an old family mansion in this parish; and the latter was first sent to parliament from the borough of Old Sarum, in February, 1735; yet "the great Earl Chatham called these boroughs the excrescences, the rotten part of the constitution, which must be amputated to save the body from a mortification."—*(Oldfield.)*

Few particulars of its representative history are worth relating. The borough returned members to Parliament 23rd Edward I., and then intermitted till 34th Edward III., since which time it has constantly returned. By the return 1 Henry V. it appears that its representatives were with those of other boroughs elected at the county court.

Old Sarum was the property of the late Lord Camelford, who sold it to the Earl of Caledon. The suffrage is by burgage-tenure. The voters, seven, are nominated by the proprietor; but (says Oldfield) actually only one.

The population of Old Sarum is included in the parish, and is not distinguished in its returns.

The proprietor is Lord Caledon; and the members in the last parliament were J. J. and J. D. Alexander, who were again returned at the recent election.

The Cut is an accurate view of the old borough, with Salisbury Cathedral in the distance.

BRAMBER is here represented by the forlorn ruins of its Castle. It is in the hundred of Steyning, rape of Bramber, Sussex, and is half a mile from Steyning. It sent members as early as the two previous boroughs; it afterwards intermitted sending, and sometimes sent in conjunction with Steyning, before the 7th Edward IV. There is much "tampering" in its representative records: in 1700, one Mr. Samuel Shepherd was charged with these matters here, and in Wiltshire and Hampshire, when he was ordered to the Tower of London; but a week afterwards, Mr. Shepherd was declared to have absconded. In 1706, a Mr. Asgill, one of the Bramber members, was delivered out of the Fleet by his parliamentary privilege, and the aid of the Sergeant-at-Arms and his mace; but in the following month he was expelled the house for his writings.

The right of election is in resident burgage-holders; and the number of voters is stated to be twenty. The place consists of a few miserable thatched cottages. The Duke of Norfolk is lord of the manor. The cottages are one half of them the property of the Duke of Rutland, and the other of Lord Calthorpe, who, since the year 1786, have each agreed to send one member.*

The history of the Castle seen in the Cut merits note, especially as it is the only relic of the former consequence of the place. It was the baronial castle of the honour of Bramber, which, at the time of the Conqueror's survey, belonged to William de Braose, who possessed forty other manors in this county. These were held by his descendants for several generations by the service of the knights' fees; and they obtained permission to build themselves a castle here; but the exact date of its erection is not known. Its ruins attest that it was once a strong and extensive edifice. It appears to have completely covered the top of a rugged eminence, which commands a fine view of the adjacent country and the sea, and to have been surrounded by a triple trench. The population of Bramber is in the Returns of 1821—ninety-eight persons. The members in the last parliament were the Honourable F. G. Calthorpe and John Irving; at the recent election, the members returned were J. Irving and W. S. Dugdale.

Such is an outline of the histories of the annexed three Boroughs. Two of them are sites of great beauty; and we leave the reader to reflect on these plea-

* It is related, that in an election contest, in 1786, the tenant of one of the cottages had the integrity to reject £1,000 for his vote.

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sant features in association with their rise, decline, and we opine, political extermination.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ORIGIN OF THE COBBLER'S ARMS.

CHARLES V., in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects, concerning himself and his administration; he therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed in such companies and conversations as he thought proper. One night his boot required immediate mending; he was directed to a cobbler not inclined for work, who was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered a handsome remuneration for his trouble.

"What, friend," says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles the Fifth himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you'll come in and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome—we are merry as the emperor can be."

The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him:

"What, I suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz!—nay, by your long nose, you may be a bastard of the emperor's; but, be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome. Drink about; here's Charles the Fifth's health."

"Then you love Charles the Fifth?" replied the emperor.

"Love him!" says the son of Crispin, "ay, ay, I love his long-noseship well enough; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less. But what the devil have we to do with politics! Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts!"

After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you're welcome to; but I would not to day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor."

Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You may imagine his surprise, to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign: he was afraid his joke on his long nose would be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and to take the whole night to think of it. The next day he appeared, and requested that for the future the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot with the emperor's crown upon it.

That request was granted; and so moderate was his ambition, that the emperor bid him make another. "If," says the cobbler, "I might have my utmost wish, command that for the future the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoemakers."

It was accordingly so ordained by the emperor; and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Brussels adorned round with a boot and imperial crown, and in all processions the company of cobblers take precedence of the company of shoemakers. G. K.

SINGULAR TENURE.

KING JOHN gave several lands, at Kepperton and Atterton, in Kent, to Solomon Attefeld, to be held by this singular service—that as often as the king should be pleased to cross the sea, the said Solomon, or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to *hold his majesty's head*, if there should be occasion for it, "that is, if he should be sea-sick;" and it appears, by the record in the Tower, that this same office of *head-holding* was actually performed in the reign of Edward the First. J. R. S.

"AS BAD AS PLOUGHING WITH DOGS."

(To the Editor.)

FAMED as your miscellany is for local and provincial terms, customs, and proverbs, I have often wondered never to have met with therein this old comparative north country proverb—"As bad as ploughing with dogs;" which evidently originated from the Farm-house; for when ploughmen (through necessity) have a new or awkward horse taken into their team, by which they are hindered and hampered, they frequently observe, "This is as bad as ploughing with dogs." This proverb is in the country so common, that it is applied to anything difficult or abstruse: even at a rubber at whist, I have heard the minor party execrate the business in these words, "It is as bad as ploughing with dogs," give it up for lost, change chairs, cut for partners, and begin a new game. H. B. A.

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CRŒSUS.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

Cyrus, Courtiers, and Officers of State Crœsus bound upon the funeral pile which is guarded by Persian soldiers, several of them bearing lighted torches, which they are about to apply to the pile.

Crœsus.—O, Solon, Solon, Solon.
Cyrus.—Whom calls he on?
Attendant.—Solon, the sage.
Crœsus.—How true thy words
No man is happy till he knows his end.
Cyrus.—Can Solon help thee?
Crœsus.—He hath taught me that
Which it were well for kings to know.
Cyrus.—Unbind him—we would hear it.
Crœsus.—The fame of Solon having spread o'er Greece,
We sent for him to Sardis. Robed in purple,
We and our court received him: costly gems
Bedecked us—glittering in golden beds,
We told him of our riches. He was moved not.
We showed him our vast palace, hall, and chamber,
Cellar and attic not omitting—
Statues and urns, and tapestry of gold,
Carpets and furniture, and Grecian paintings,
Diamonds and sapphires, rubies, emeralds,
And pearls, that would have dazzled eagles' sight.
Lastly, our treasury!—we showed him Lydia's wealth!
And then exulting, asked him, whom of all men
That in the course of his long travels he had seen
He thought most happy?—He replied,
"One Tellus, an Athenian citizen,
Of little fortune, and of less ambition,
Who lived in ignorance of penury,
And ever saw his country flourish;
His children were esteemed—he lived to see
His children's children—then he fell in battle,
A patriot, a hero, and a martyr!"
Whom next?—I asked, "Two Argive brothers,
Whose pious pattern of fraternal love
And filial duty and affection,
Is worthy of example and remembrance.
Their mother was a priestess of the queen
Of the supreme and mighty Jupiter!
And she besought her goddess to send down
The best of blessings on her dutcous sons.
Her prayers were heard—they slept and died!"
Then you account me not among the happy?
To which the sage gave answer—
"King of Lydia! Our philosophy
Is but ill suited to the courts of kings.
We do not glory in our own prosperity,
Nor yet admire the happiness of others.
All bliss is brief and superficial,
And should not be accounted as a good,
But that which lasts unto our being's end.
The life of man is threescore years and ten,
Which being summed in the whole amount
Unto some thousands of swift-winged days,
Of which there are not two alike;
So those which are to come, being unknown,
Are but a series of accidents:
Therefore esteem we no man happy,
But him whose happiness continues to the end!
We cannot win the prize until the contest's o'er!"
Cyrus.—Solon hath saved one king
And taught another! Torchmen, we reprieve
The captive Crœsus. CYMBELINE.

PAUL'S CROSS.

(For the Mirror.)

"——— Friers and faytours have founden such questions
To plese with the proud men, sith the pestilence time.*
And preachen at St. Paul's, for pure envi fe clarkes,
That praiers have no powre the pestilence to lette." *Piers Plowman's Visions.*

THE early celebrity of Paul's Cross, as the greatest seat of pulpit eloquence, is evinced in the lines above quoted, which give us to understand that the most subtle and abstract questions in theology were handled here by the Friars, in opposition to the secular clergy, almost at the first settlement of that popular order of preachers in England.

Of the custom of preaching at crosses it is difficult to trace the origin; it was doubtless far more remote than the period alluded to, and *Pennant* thinks, at first accidental. The sanctity of this species of pillar, he observes, often caused a considerable resort of people to pay their devotion to the great object of their erection. A preacher, seeing a large concourse might be seized by a sudden impulse, ascend the steps, and deliver out his pious advice from a station so fit to inspire attention, and so conveniently formed for the purpose. The example might be followed till the practice became established by custom.

The famous Paul's Cross, like many others in various parts of the kingdom (afterwards converted to the same purpose,) was doubtless at first a mere common cross, and might be coeval with the Church. When it was covered and used as a pulpit cross, we are not informed. Stowe describes it in his time, "as a pulpit-crosse of timber, mounted upon steppes of stone, and covered with leade, standing in the church-yard, the very antiquitie whereof was to him unknowne." We hear of its being in use as early as the year 1259, when Henry III., in person commanded the mayor to swear before him every stripling of twelve years old and upwards, to be true to him and his heirs. Here in 1299, Ralph de Baldoc, dean of St. Paul's, cursed all those who had searched, in the church of St. Martin in the Fields, for a hoard of gold, &c. Before this cross in 1483, was brought, divested of all her splendour, Jane Shore, the charitable, the merry concubine of Edward IV., and, after his death, of his favourite, the un-

* The great plague in 1347.

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fortunate Lord Hastings. After the loss of her protectors, she fell a victim to the malice of crook-backed Richard. He was disappointed (by her excellent defence) of convicting her of witchcraft, and confederating with her lover to destroy him. He then attacked her on the weak side of frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings." "In her penance she went," says *Holinshed* "in countenance and pase demure, so womanlie, that, albeit she were out of all araie, save her kirtle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the woondering of the people cast a comlie rud in hir cheeks, (of which she before had most misse) that hir great shame won hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie than curious of hir soule." She lived to a great age, but in great distress and miserable poverty; deserted even by those to whom she had, during prosperity, done the most essential services.

From this time the Cross continually occurs in history. "It was used not only for the instruction of mankind by the doctrine of the preacher, but for every purpose, political or ecclesiastical; for giving force to oaths; for promulgating of laws, or rather the royal pleasure; for royal contracts of marriage; for the emission of papal bulls; for anathematizing sinners; for benedictions; for exposing of penitents under the censure of the church; for recantations; for the private ends of the ambitious; and for the defaming of those who had incurred the displeasure of crowned heads."

Bishop King preached the last sermon here, of any note, before James I., and his court on *Midlent Sunday*, 1620. The object of the sermon was the repairing of the cathedral; and the ceremony was conducted with so much magnificence, that the prelate exclaims, in a part of his sermon,—"But will it almost be believed, that a King should come from his court to this crosse, where princes seldom or never come, and that comming to bee in a state, with a kinde of sacred pompe and procession, accompanied with all the faire *flowers* of his field, and the fairest *rose* (the Queen) of his owne garden!" The cross was demolished by order of Parliament in 1643, executed by the willing hands of Isaac Pennington, the fanatical Lord Mayor of that year, who died a convicted regicide in the Tower. It stood at the north-east end of St. Paul's Churchyard; a print of the cross, and likewise the shrouds, where the company sat in wet weather, may be seen in Speed's Theatre of Great Britain. J. R. S.

ADA.

(For the Mirror.)

She stood in the midst of that gorgeous throng,
Her praise was the theme of every tongue;
Warriors were there, whose glance of fire
Spoke to their foes of vengeance dire,
But they were enslaved by beauty's power,
And knelt at her shrine in that moonlit bower.
Sweet words were breathed in Ada's ear
By many a noble cavalier;
Maidens with fairy steps were there,
Who seemed to float on the ambient air,
But none in the mazy dance could move
Like Ada, the queen of this bower of love!
The moon in her silvery beauty shines
On this joyous throng through the lofty pines;
Lamps gleaming forth from every tree,
All was splendour and revelry;
Sweet perfumes were wafted by every breeze
From the flowering shrubs and the orange trees,
Mingling with sounds which were borne along
From the lover's lute and the minstrel's song;
Fair Ada's praise was the theme of all,
She was the queen of this festival.

* * * * * * *

She left the crowd and wandered on—
Where, oh where is the maiden gone?
She hears no longer the minstrel's lay,
The last sweet notes have died away,
Like the low, faint sound of maiden's sigh,
When the youth that she loves is standing by.

* * * * * * *

But where, oh where is Ada gone?
She is kneeling in a dungeon lone;
Her fillet of snowy pearls has now
Fall'n from its throne on her whiter brow,
And her fair, rich tresses, like floods of gold,
Gleam on the floor so damp and cold.
Her cheek is pale, but her eye of blue
Now wears a bright and more glorious hue;
It tells of a maiden's constancy,
Of her faith in the hour of adversity;
On a pallet of straw in that gloomy cell,
Is a captive knight whom she loves so well,
That she's left her joyous and splendid bower
To dwell with him in his dying hour,
To pillow his head on her breast of snow,
To kiss the dew from his pallid brow;
With smiles to chase the thoughts of gloom
Which darken his way to an early tomb,
To shed no tear, and to heave no sigh,
Though her heart is breaking in agony.

M. A. J.

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Spirit of Discovery.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

THE *Quarterly Review* (89) last published, is, indeed, a *Reform* Number; for all the papers, save one, relate to some species of reform or improvement.—Thus, we have papers on Captain Beechey's recent Voyage to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions—Population and Emigration—the notable *Conspiration de Babeuf*—the West India Question—and last, though not least, "the Bill" itself. We have endeavoured to adopt from the first paper, some particulars of a spot which bears high interest for every lover of adventure; the reviewer's observations connecting the extracts from Captain Beechey's large work.

His Majesty's Ship Blossom, Captain F. W. Beechey, sailed from England May 19, 1825, and having looked in at the usual stopping places, Teneriffe and Rio de Janeiro, proceeded round the Horn, and touched at Conception and Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili. In a few days the Blossom reached the Easter Island, of Cook. Her next visit was to Pitcairn's Island, which the reviewer thinks "the most interesting point in the whole voyage." We do not proceed in the outline, but "look in" at "the Island." To this spot, as the public have for some years been aware, the Mutineers of the Bounty carried that ship, after they had deprived Capt. Bligh of his command, and turned him adrift in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.*

In the end, only one white man, old Adams, remained alive of the mutineers who had landed. Of these, only one died a natural death; another was killed by accident; six were murdered; and but one remained to tell the tale.

After the greater number of the party had been murdered off, things went on pretty smoothly, till one M'Coy, who had been employed in a distillery in Scotland, tried an experiment with the ten-root, and succeeded in producing a bottle of ardent spirits. This induced one Quintal to 'alter his kettle into a still,' and the natural consequence ensued. Like the philosopher who destroyed himself with his own gunpowder, M'Coy, intoxicated to frenzy, threw himself from a cliff and was killed; and Quintal having lost his wife by accident, demanded the lady of one of his two remaining companions. This modest request being refused, he attempted to murder his countrymen; but they, having discovered his intention, agreed, that as Quintal was no longer a safe member of their community, the sooner he was put out of the way the better. Accordingly, they split his skull with an axe.

Adams and Young were now the sole survivors out of the fifteen males that landed upon the island. Young did not live long.

Adams was thus left the only Englishman on Pitcairn's Island. Being thoroughly tired of mutiny, bloodshed, and irreligion, and deeply sensible of the extent of his own guilt, he resolutely set about the only sound course of repentance, by exhibiting an amended life, and by training up in habits of virtue those helpless beings thrown upon his care for good or for evil.

He had an arduous task to perform. Besides the children to be educated, the Otaheitan women were to be converted; and as the example of the parents had a powerful influence over their children, he resolved to make them his first care. His labours succeeded; the Otaheitans were naturally of a tractable disposition, and gave him less trouble than he anticipated. The children also acquired such a thirst after scriptural knowledge, that Adams in a short time had little else to do than to answer their interrogatories, and put them in the right way. As they grew up, they acquired fixed habits of morality and piety; their colony improved, and intermarriages occurred; and they now form a happy and well-regulated society, the merit of which, in a great degree, belongs to Adams, and tends to redeem the errors of his former life.

The affection of these simple islanders for the venerable father of the colony is the best proof of the success which has attended his instructions; and it is really astonishing to observe how much has been accomplished by an illiterate seaman—strongly excited, indeed, and prompted to persevere in his course by motives which never err. When it was seen by these poor people that Adams did not immediately return from the Blossom (off the island), they took alarm, lest he should be detained; and one of their party, a recent settler, and a sea-faring man, having discovered the ship to be a vessel of war, their fears redoubled. When, at last, the old man

* Who does not recollect the delightful narrative published some years since by Mr. Mariner, in his account of the Tonga Islands; the poem of "the Island," by Lord Byron; and countless dramatic representations of this unhappy affair. We remember an affecting version about seven years since at Sadler's Wells Theatre: and only a few weeks since a few of its incidents were embodied in a melo-dramatic piece called "Neuha's Cave, or the South Sea Mutineers," at Covent Garden Theatre.

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landed, his daughter, Hannah, hurried to the beach to kiss her father's cheek, with a fervency demonstrative of the warmest affection.

It seems to have been a part of Adams's policy to make religious ceremonies an important part of their daily business, not merely an occasional duty. In describing a dinner scene, after stating that the knives and forks, though more abundant than he had expected to find in so remote a part of the world, were scarcely enough according to civilized notions, he goes on thus—

"The smoking pig, by a skilful dissection, was soon portioned to every guest, but no one ventured to put its excellent qualities to the test, until a lengthened *Amen*, pronounced by all the party, had succeeded an emphatic grace delivered by the village parson. '*Turn to*' was then the signal for attack; and as it is convenient that all the party should finish their meal about the same time, in order that one grace might serve for all, each made the most of his time. In Pitcairn's Island it is not deemed proper to touch even a bit of bread without a grace before and after it; and a person is accused of inconsistency if he leaves off and begins again. So strict is their observance of this form, that we do not know of any instance in which it has been forgotten. On one occasion I had engaged Adams in conversation, and he incautiously took the first mouthful without having said his grace; but before he had swallowed it he recollected himself, and feeling as if he had committed a crime, immediately put away what he had in his mouth, and commenced his prayer."

The "village parson" above alluded to is thus described by Capt. Beechey:

"They have very fortunately found an able and willing master in John Buffet, who belonged to a ship which visited the island, and was so infatuated with their behaviour, being himself naturally of a devout and serious turn of mind, that he resolved to remain among them; and in addition to the instruction of the children, has taken upon himself the duty of clergyman, and is the oracle of the community."

Our gallant officers were not a little disappointed to find that the ladies were excluded from the table. Indeed the Pitcairn islanders appear to have adopted, though not in all its rigour, the South Sea prejudice against allowing a woman to eat in the presence of her husband. In some parts of the Archipelago this crime is punishable by death. The only thing like an argument by which the men defended this custom was, that as the male was made first, he ought on all occasions to be served first: a new reading of the saying "first come first served." The good-natured womankind of Pitcairn's Island, however, seemed far from considering themselves neglected or ill-used in this matter, for they remained behind the seats, flapping away the flies, and chatting with their guests.—The couches prepared for the strangers consisted of palm-leaves, covered with native cloth: the sheets were of the same material.

"The whole arrangement was extremely comfortable, and highly inviting to repose, which the freshness of the apartment, rendered cool by a free circulation of air through its sides, enabled us to enjoy without any annoyance from heat or insects. One interruption only disturbed our first sleep—it was the pleasing melody of the evening hymn, which, after the lights were put out, was chanted by the whole family in the middle of the room. In the morning also we were awoke by their morning hymn, and family devotion."

In speaking of the scenery of the island, Captain Beechey describes a singular spot set apart for himself by the ringleader of the mutiny.

"At the northern extremity of this ridge is a cave of some interest, as being the intended retreat of Christian, in the event of a landing being effected by any ship sent in pursuit of him, and where he resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could. In this recess he always kept a store of provisions, and near it erected a small hut, well concealed by trees, which served the purpose of a watch-house. So difficult was the approach to this cave, that even if the party were successful in crossing the ridge, as long as his ammunition lasted, he might have bid defiance to any force. An unfrequented and dangerous path leads from this place to a peak which commands a view of the western and southern coasts."

In the account given by Adams, it is stated that Christian was uniformly cheerful; but, as he was a man of education, and by no means without feeling, we must suppose that this serene aspect was the result of effort; and we can readily conceive the bitterness with which, on retiring to this cave, like a hunted wild-beast, he gave way to the deep sense of shame and unavailing remorse which must at all times have weighed on his mind.

The Pitcairn islanders are no great musicians, and sing all their songs to one air. Captain Beechey, with a laud-

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able desire to improve and enlarge their taste in this matter, begged one of his officers, who played on the violin, to favour the natives with a tune; but though it was well executed, the new melody appeared to be wasted on the audience. None of them, he says, appeared to have the least ear for music.

One of the officers took considerable pains to teach them the 100th psalm, that they might not chant all their psalms and hymns to the same air, but they did not evince the least aptitude or desire to learn it.

These interesting people appear to be strongly possessed with the binding nature of a promise, however remote the period in which it was made, or however indiscreet in itself. Of this we have the following rather pathetic example:—

"Wives upon Pitcairn's Island, it may be imagined, are very scarce, as the same restrictions with regard to relationship exist as in England. George Adams, son of the Patriarch, in his early days, had fallen in love with Polly Young, a girl a little older than himself; but Polly, probably at that time liking some one else, and being at the age when young ladies' expectations are at the highest, had incautiously said, she *never would* give her hand to George Adams. He, nevertheless, indulged a hope that she would one day relent; and to this end was unremitting in his endeavours to please her. In this expectation he was not mistaken; his constancy and attentions, and, as he grew into manhood, his handsome form, which George took every opportunity of throwing into the most becoming attitudes before her, softened Polly's heart into a regard for him, and, had nothing passed before, she would willingly have given him her hand; but the vow of her youth was not to be got over, and the love-sick couple languished on from day to day, victims to the folly of early resolutions.

"The weighty case was referred for our consideration; and the fears of the party were in some measure relieved by the result, which was, that it would be much better to marry than to continue unhappy, in consequence of a hasty determination made before the judgment was matured. They could not, however, be prevailed on to yield to our decision, and we left them unmarried."

It gives us particular pleasure to have it in our power to relieve the anxiety of our sentimental friends, who cannot bear that a romance should end unhappily, by quoting the following passage from a letter addressed from Pitcairn's Island to Captain Beechey, and dated the 19th March, 1830:—"George Adams is married to Polly Young, and has two sons."

The same communication, we are grieved to add, contains also this sentence:—"I am sorry to inform you that John Adams is no more; he departed this life March 5th, 1829, aged 65, after a short illness. His wife survived him but a few months."—His memory will not be so short-lived. Of all the repentant criminals we have read about, we think the most interesting is John Adams; nor do we know where to find a more beautiful example of the value of early good instruction than in the history of this man—who, having run the full career of most kinds of vice, was so effectually *pulled up* by an interval of leisurely reflection, and the sense of new duties awakened by the heaven-inspired power of natural affections.

This letter is from Mr. John Buffet, who still continues to officiate as clergyman of the colony. He describes the natives 'as being all satisfied at present with their little island, which they do not wish to leave; which remark he thinks it right to make in consequence of his having received a letter from Mr. Nott, missionary, saying that a ship was coming to remove the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island to Otaheite, or some other of the Friendly Islands. For our parts we trust this will not be attempted without much larger consideration than such a matter is likely to have met with, in the of late grievously over-worked state of our public offices—distracted as they have all been by incessant change of hands, to say nothing of systems. Should the population increase, as doubtless it will ere long, beyond the means of subsistence which so small a spot affords, there will never be wanting opportunities for the roving spirits among them, male and female, to emigrate to other parts of the world; but we confess we should witness with great regret the summary breaking up of so virtuous and happy a community. To hear of these innocent creatures being transplanted *per saltum* into any of the sinks of wickedness in New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land, would be utterly horrible. It would not be much better than leaving 'Sweet Auburn' for the hulks.

Captain Beechey winds up his account of these interesting people in the following words, with which, as they are calculated to leave a very pleasing, and we believe a just impression on the reader's mind, we shall conclude our notice of this part of the voyage:—

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'During the whole time I was with them, I never heard them indulge in a joke, or other levity, and the practice of it is apt to give offence: they are so accustomed to take what is said in its literal meaning, that irony was always considered a falsehood, in spite of explanation. They could not see the propriety of uttering what was not strictly true, for any purpose whatever.

'The Sabbath-day is devoted entirely to prayer, reading, and serious meditation. No boat is allowed to quit the shore, nor any work whatever to be done, cooking excepted, for which preparation is made the preceding evening. I attended their church on this day, and found the service well conducted; the prayers were read by Adams, and the lessons by Buffet, the service being preceded by hymns. The greatest devotion was apparent in every individual, and in the children there was a seriousness unknown in the younger part of our communities at home. In the course of the Litany they prayed for their sovereign and all the royal family with much apparent loyalty and sincerity. Some family prayers, which were thought appropriate to their particular case, were added to the usual service; and Adams, fearful of leaving out any essential part, read in addition all those prayers which are intended only as substitutes for others. A sermon followed, which was very well delivered by Buffet; and lest any part of it should be forgotten or escape attention, it was read three times. The whole concluded with hymns, which were first sung by the grown people, and afterwards by the children. The service thus performed was very long; but the neat and cleanly appearance of the congregation, the devotion that animated every countenance, and the innocence and simplicity of the little children, prevented the attendance from becoming wearisome. In about half an hour afterwards we again assembled to prayers, and at sunset service was repeated; so that, with their morning and evening prayers, they may be said to have church five times on a Sunday.

'All which remains to be said of these excellent people is, that they appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable, beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection; and to have very few vices. We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed.'

Anecdote Gallery.

RELIGIOUS works do not usually unbend so pleasantly as in the following, from the *Christian's Magazine*:—

Joseph II. Emperor of Germany.—In one of those excursions which this emperor frequently took *incog.* he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival, he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a good room? He was told, that a German bishop had just engaged the last; and that there were only two small rooms, without chimneys, unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told there was nothing left but some eggs and vegetables, the bishop and suite having engaged all the poultry. The emperor requested that the bishop might be asked if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the emperior supped with one of the bishop's almoners, who was not admitted to his master's table. The emperor asked him what they were going to do at Rome? "My lord," replied the almoner, "is going to solicit a benefice of fifty thousand livres, before the emperor is informed of its being vacant." They changed the conversation. The emperor wrote a letter to the chancellor of Rome, and another to his ambassador there. He made the almoner promise to deliver both letters, agreeably to their address, on his arrival in Rome. He kept his promise—the chancellor presented the patent for the benefice to the astonished almoner!

Character of Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man.—This eminent prelate was venerable in his aspect, meek in his deportment, his face illuminated with benignity, and his heart glowing with piety: like his divine master he went about doing good. With the pride and avarice of prelacy he was totally unacquainted. His palace was a temple of charity. Hospitality stood at his gate, and invited the stranger and beggar to a plenteous repast. The day he devoted to benevolence, and the night to piety. His revenue was dedicated to the poor and needy; and, not contented with relieving the wants, and mitigating the woes of mankind, he was solicitous, by precept and example, to conduct his little flock to the kingdom of heaven. He died in the ninety-second year of his age, justly revered and lamented by the whole island; while his grave was watered with the tears of those whom his bounty had supported, his benignity had gladdened, or his eloquent piety had

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turned into the paths of righteousness. Reader, admire the virtues of this excellent man, but do not stop short at admiration — "Go thou and do likewise."

Robert Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln. —When a husbandman claimed kinship with this prelate, and thereupon requested from him an office,—"Cousin," replied the bishop, "if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plough be old, I'll give you a new one; and even seed to sow your land! but a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you!"

Wheatley, Mayor of Coventry.—Bablake Hospital, in Coventry, was founded by Mr. Thomas Wheatley, Mayor of Coventry, in 1566. It is an asylum for old men and boys, and owes its origin to the following singular circumstance: Being engaged in the iron trade, Mr. Wheatley sent an agent to Spain to purchase some barrels of steel gads. When the casks arrived and were examined, they were found to contain cochineal and ingots of silver. After fruitless endeavours to rectify the mistake, and restore this valuable treasure to its right owner, he bestowed the money it produced, to which he added his own estate, on the building and endowment of this institution.

A Robber converted into a Bishop.—Kirk Maughold, in the Isle of Man, although now a poor place, is not destitute of ancient fame, arising from the following circumstance:—The captain of a band of Irish robbers, repenting of his crimes, retired hither, and became eminent for his piety, on which account he was chosen bishop of the island. There still remains, near the church gate, a square pillar, inscribed with a testimony of his virtues and exploits. The church is built on a lofty promontory, in the middle of a very large burial ground.

Bonaparte and the Koran. — When Bonaparte was in Egypt, one of the principal Osmanlis was lavish in praise of the Koran, in the general's presence, "It contains," said he, "every thing." —"Does it contain the service of cannon?" asked Bonaparte, with a smile. The Turk paused for a moment. "Certainly it does, general; for as it contains every thing, it must contain that."

Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book.—An obscure individual at Blackburn is said to be in possession of the prayer-book presented by Henry VIII. to his daughter Elizabeth at her confirmation. This antiquarian curiosity was (it is stated) stolen from its deposit at Hampstead Court about the beginning of the last century, and the librarian dismissed for losing so valuable a volume. It is enriched with notes or mottoes in manuscript, and is even conjectured to be the actual token by which Essex might have saved his forfeit life, if it had been delivered to the queen. The title-page represents a triumphal arch, and has these words in black letter: "C. Certeine, Prayers and Godly Meditacyons very nedefull for euery Christen." The imprint is: "Emprinted at Marlboro, the yere of our Lord a Mccccxxxbiii, per me Joanis Philoparion." The volume is in good preservation, bound in velvet, with the royal arms and roses emblazoned.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE KING.

Authentic narrative of a plan, (now first made public,) for capturing Prince William Henry, his present Majesty, during his stay at New York in 1782; *with the original letters of General Washington.*

(From the Athenæum.)

It must be remembered that, wild as this project may seem, it was sanctioned by the cool deliberate judgment of Washington; and it cannot, therefore, be doubted, that his Royal Highness was, for a time, in a situation of great though unknown danger. We leave it to our readers to speculate on the possible consequences, had the plan succeeded.

When his present Majesty William IV. served as a midshipman in the British navy, he was for some time on the coast of the North American colonies, then in a state of revolution, and passed the winter of 1782 in the city of New York. He is still borne in lively recollection by many of the elder inhabitants of that city, as a fine bluff boy of sixteen; frank, cheery, and affable; and there are anecdotes still told of his frolicsome pranks on shipboard. Among these, is the story of a rough, though favourite, nautical joke, which he played off upon a sailor boy, in cutting down his hammock while asleep. The sturdy sea urchin resented this invasion of his repose; and, not knowing the quality of his invader, a regular set-to of fisty-cuffs ensued in the

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dark. In this, it is said, the Prince showed great bottom; and equal generosity on the following morning, when he made the boy a handsome present of money. His conduct in this boyish affair is said to have gained him the hearts of all his shipmates.

The Prince manifested, when on shore, a decided fondness for manly pastimes. One of his favourite resorts was a small fresh-water lake in the vicinity of the city, which presented a frozen sheet of many acres; and was thronged by the younger part of the population for the amusement of skating. As the Prince was unskilled in that exercise, he would sit in a chair fixed on runners, which was pushed forward with great velocity by a skating attendant, while a crowd of officers environed him, and the youthful multitude made the air ring with their shouts for Prince William Henry. It was an animating scene, in the bright sunny winter-days, so common in that climate, and probably still retains a place in his Majesty's memory.

While the Prince was thus enjoying himself in the city of New York, a daring plan was formed, by some adventurous partisans of the revolutionary army, to pounce upon him and carry him off from the very midst of his friends and guards. The deviser of this plan was Colonel Ogden, a gallant officer, who had served with great bravery in the revolutionary army from the very commencement of the war, and whose regiment at that time was stationed in the province (now state) of New Jersey.

The present statement is drawn up from documents still preserved by the family of Col. Ogden, a copy of which has been obtained from one of his sons. The Prince at the time was living on shore, with Admiral Digby, in quarters slightly guarded, more for form than security, no particular danger being apprehended. The project of Colonel Ogden was to land secretly on a stormy night, with a small but resolute force, to surprise and carry off the Prince and the Admiral to the boats, and to make for the Jersey shore. The plan was submitted to General Washington, who sanctioned it, under the idea that the possession of the person of the Prince would facilitate an adjustment of affairs with the mother country, and a recognition of the United States as an independent nation.

The following is a copy of the letter of General Washington to Col. Ogden on the occasion. The whole of the original is in the handwriting of the General:—

To Col. Ogden of the 1st Jersey Regiment.

"Sir,—The spirit of enterprise so conspicuous in your plan for surprising in their quarters, and bringing off, the Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause; and you have my authority to make the attempt in any manner and at such a time as your judgment shall direct.

"I am fully persuaded, that it is unnecessary to caution you against offering insult or indignity to the persons of the Prince or Admiral, should you be so fortunate as to capture them; but it may not be amiss to press the propriety of a proper line of conduct upon the party you command.

"In case of success, you will, as soon as you get them to a place of safety, treat them with all possible respect; but you are to delay no time in conveying them to Congress, and report your proceedings, with a copy of these orders.

"Given at Morris Town, this 28th day of March, 1782.

"G. Washington."

"*Note.*—Take care not to touch upon the ground which is agreed to be neutral—viz., from Raway to Newark, and four miles back."

Before relating the particulars of this plan, it may be expedient to state, that the city of New York is situated on the point of an island which advances into the centre of a capacious bay. A narrow arm of the sea, vulgarly called the East River, separates it on the left from Long or Nassau Island; and the Hudson, commonly called the North River, separates it from the state of New Jersey. The British army was in possession of the city, and was strengthened by a fleet; but the opposite bank of the Hudson, which is about two miles wide, was under the power of Congress, and the revolutionary army was stationed at no great distance in New Jersey, in a winter encampment of wooden huts.

The party that should undertake this enterprise would have to embark in boats from the Jersey shore: and it was essential that the whole affair should be accomplished between sun and sun.

The following is the plan intended to be observed, copied literally from the original, in the handwriting of Col. Ogden:—

"It will be necessary to have four whale-boats (which can be procured without cause for suspicion); they must be well manned by their respective crews, including guides, &c.; beside these, one captain, one subaltern, three sergeants,

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and thirty-six men, with whom the boats can row with ease.—N. B. It is known where the boats are, and that they can be collected without suspicion, with their oars-men; and it is taken for granted, the owners will not object, though, for fear of giving the least cause of alarm, nothing has as yet been said to them.

"The time of embarkation must be the first wet night after we are prepared. The place is not yet agreed on, as it will be necessary to consult those skilled in the tides previous to determining, which must be put off until we are as nearly prepared as possible, for fear of inferences being drawn from our inquiries. We must, however, set off from such part of the Jersey shore, as will give us time to be in the city by half past nine. The men must be embarked in the order of debarkation.

"The Prince quarters in Hanover Square, and has two sentinels from the 40th British regiment, that are quartered in Lord Stirling's old quarters in Broad Street, 200 yards from the scene of action. The main guard, consisting of a captain and forty men, is posted at the City Hall—a sergeant and twelve, at the head of the old slip—a sergeant and twelve, opposite the coffee-house—these are the troops we may be in danger from, and must be guarded against. The place of landing at Coenties Market, between the two sergeants' guards, at the head of the old slip and opposite the coffee-house.

"The order of debarkation to agree with the mode of attack, as follows:—

"First—Two men with a guide, seconded by two others, for the purpose of seizing the sentinels—these men to be armed with naked bayonets and dressed in sailors' habits—they are not to wait for anything, but immediately execute their orders.

"Second—Eight men including guides with myself, preceded by two men with each a crow-bar, and two with each an axe, these for the purpose of forcing the doors should they be fast, and followed by four men, entering the house and seizing the young Prince, the Admiral, the young noblemen, aides, &c.

"Third—A captain and eighteen to follow briskly, form, and defend the house until the business is finished, and retreat a half gun-shot in our rear.

"Fourth—A subaltern and fourteen, with half of the remaining boats' crew, and form on the right and left of the boats, and defend them until we return—the remainder of the crews to hold the boats in the best possible position for embarking.

"Necessary—Two crow-bars, two axes, four dark-lanterns, and four large oil-cloths.

"The manner of returning as follows:—

"Six men with guns and bayonets, with those unemployed in carrying off the prisoners, to precede those engaged in that business, followed by the captain (joined by the four men from the sentry) at a half gun-shot distance, who is to halt and give a front to the enemy, until the whole are embarked in the following order—

"First—The prisoners, with those preceding them.

"Second—The guides and boatmen.

"Third—The subalterns and fourteen.

"Fourth—The rear."

Such was the daring plan laid for the capture of the Prince, and which, even if not fully successful, might have placed his Royal Highness in a most perilous predicament. It appears, however, from a fragment of a letter addressed by General Washington to Col. Ogden, and apparently written almost immediately after the preceding one, that some inkling of the design had reached Sir Henry Clinton, then in New York, and Commander-in-chief of the British forces. General Washington communicates, in his letter, the following paragraph from a secret despatch, dated March 23rd, which he had just received from some emissary in New York:—

"Great seem to be their apprehensions here. About a fortnight ago a great number of flat boats were discovered by a sentinel from the bank of the river (Hudson's), which are said to have been intended to fire the suburbs, and in the height of the conflagration to make a descent on the lower part of the city and wrest from our embraces His Excellency Sir H. Clinton, Prince William Henry, and several other illustrious personages, since which great precautions have been taken for the security of those gentlemen, by augmenting the guards, and to render their persons as little exposed as possible."

In another letter, dated Newburgh, April 2nd, 1782, General Washington observes, "After I wrote to you from Morris Town, I received information that the sentries at the door of Sir Henry Clinton were doubled at eight o'clock every night, from an apprehension of an attempt to surprise him in them. If this be true, it is more than probable the same precaution extends to *other* personages in the city of New York, a circumstance I thought it proper for you to be advertised of.

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This intelligence of the awakened vigilance and precautionary measures of the British commander, effectually disconcerted the plans of Colonel Ogden, and His Royal Highness remained unmolested in his quarters until the sailing of the squadron.

The Selector
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MICHAEL SCOTT, THE WIZARD.

No. 22 of the *Family Library* is another volume of pleasant biography; for, to speak the truth, the biographies, or *biographettes* of this series are the most agreeable reading of the day. The Lives are not of undue length, and anecdote and judicious remark are abundantly scattered along each of them. There are no dry details of "birth, parentage, and education;" but these particulars are given with more attractions. In short, the Lives are just suited for parlour and drawing-room libraries, and many a reader who could not be persuaded to turn to Dr. Chalmers's lengthy two-and-thirty tomes of Biography, would be tempted to sit down and read a volume of the *Family* Lives outright.

The volume before us is the first of "the Lives of Scottish Worthies," by Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, author of an excellent History of Scotland. It comprises Alexander III., Michael Scott, Sir William Wallace, and Robert Bruce. We quote from Scott, who, though a wizard, deserves rank among "Worthies," and the philosophers and scholars of his time. Thus, Mr. Tytler says "he was certainly the first who gave Aristotle in a Latin translation to the learned world of the West. He was eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer, learned in the languages of modern Europe—deeply skilled in Arabic, and in the sciences of the East; he had risen to high celebrity as a physician—and his knowledge of courts and kings, had recommended him to be employed in a diplomatic capacity by his own government." The following passage is, however, from "his more popular and wider honour"—his superstitious character,—whilst, as Mr. Tytler prettily observes, "his miracles and incantations are yet recorded beside the cottage fire, by many a grey-headed crone, and his fearful name still banishes the roses from the cheeks of the little audience that surround her."

In the brief but interesting accounts of this singular man, which we meet with in the ancient Chronicles of Italy, it is mentioned that he was the inventer of a new species of casque or steel bonnet, denominated a cervilerium,* which he commonly wore under the furred or velvet cap, used by the learned of those times. The origin of this invention is curious. In those dark periods, when the belief of magic was universal, not only amongst the lower ranks, but with the learned and educated classes of the community, it was reported that the Wizard, having cast his own horoscope, had discovered that his death was to be occasioned by a stone falling upon his bare skull. With that anxiety which clings to life, he endeavoured to defeat the demon whom he served, and by repeated incantations constructed this magic casque, which he vainly deemed invulnerable. But his fate, according to the tradition of Italy, was not to be avoided. In passing a cathedral, when the bell was ringing for vespers, Michael entered to pay his devotions, and forgetful of his cervilerium, which was fixed inside his cap, uncovered as he reverentially knelt upon the stone floor. The moment of his fate was arrived. The rope of the belfry had loosened one of the carved corbels which ornamented the interior of the roof beneath which the Magician knelt; before he could remove, the sharp and heavy mass descended on his forehead, and whilst it confirmed the infallibility of his prescience, in an instant deprived him of life. Michael, however, according to the account of Benvenuto da Imola, had strength enough to lift up the stone, and ascertain its weight, after which he declared it was of the exact size he expected; and that nothing was left him but to die, which he did accordingly,† after very properly making his will. It is needless to remark that this fable is confuted by the return of Michael to his native country; but it appears to have been the origin of a tradition still current amongst the peasantry of Scotland, and which ascribes a miraculous power to the bonnet of the Wizard. It is curious to find the tale of the invulnerable cervilerium of the Italians, travelling on the breath of credulity and superstition into the "far north countrie" of which the Magician was a native, and only changed by tradition from the blue steel worked and welded by magic art, into the blue bonnet which was waited on by Scottish demons, who were heard wailing in mid air when it was waved by its dreaded master.

* Riccobaldi Ferrariensis Historia Imperatorum—in Muratori, vol. ix p 128.

† Benvenuto da Imola. Comment. on Dante book xx. c. 115.

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It is well known to the student of Italian literature, that the Magician has obtained a niche in the Inferno of Dante.

> "Quel altro che ne fianchi è così poco
> Michele Scoto fu, che veramente
> Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco."

Another poet of Italy, but of infinitely inferior note, Theophilo Folengi, who published a collection of Latin Macaronic verses, under the fictitious name of Merlinus Coccaius, has given, in strange and almost unintelligible language, a singular picture of his incantations.

> "Behold renown'd Scotus take his stand
> Beneath a tree's deep shadow, and there draw
> His magic circle—in its orb describe
> Signs, cycles, characters of uncouth shapes;
> And with imperious voice his demons call.
> Four devils come—one from the golden west,
> Another from the east; another still
> Sails onwards from the south—and last of all
> Arrives the northern devil; by their aid
> He forms a wondrous bridle, which he fits
> Upon a jet black steed, whose back, nor clothes,
> Nor saddle, e'er encumber'd—Up he mounts,
> Cleaves the thin air like shaft from Turkish bow,
> Eyes with contemptuous gaze the fading earth,
> And caprioles amongst the painted clouds.
> Oft, too, with rites unhallow'd, from the neck
> Of his dark courser he will pluck the locks,
> And burn them as a sacrifice to Him
> Who gives him power o'er Nature: next he limns
> With silver wand upon the smooth firm beach
> A mimic ship—look out, where ocean's verge
> Meets the blue sky, a whitening speck is seen,
> That nears and nears—her canvass spreads to heav'n;
> Fair blows the wind, and roaring through the waves,
> On comes the Demon-ship, in which he sails
> To farthest Ind—but this adventure needs
> A sacrifice more potent—human marrow
> Scoop'd from the spine, and burnt to the dark power
> Whom he must serve. 'Tis said that he who wears
> His magic cap, invisible may walk,
> And none so lynx-eyed as detect his presence,
> In the most peopled city—yet beware,
> Let him not, trusting to the demon's power,
> Cross the white splendour of the sun, for there,
> Although no palpable substance is discern'd,
> His shadow will betray him."

Such is a somewhat free translation of the verses of the pretended Merlinus Coccaius.* It is well known that many traditions are still prevalent in Scotland concerning the extraordinary powers of the Wizard; and if we consider the thick cloud of ignorance which overspread the country at the period of his return from the continent, and the very small materials which are required by superstition as a groundwork for her dark and mysterious stories, we shall not wonder at the result. The Arabic books which he brought along with him, the apparatus of his laboratory, his mathematical and astronomical instruments, the Oriental costume generally worn by the astrologers of the times, and the appearance of the white-haired and venerable sage, as he sat on the roof of his tower of Balwearie, observing the face of the heavens, and conversing with the stars, were all amply sufficient to impress the minds of the vulgar with awe and terror. "Accordingly," says Sir Walter Scott, in his Notes on the Lay of the Last Minstrel, "the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend, and in the south of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of Auld Michael, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil." Some of the most current of these traditions are so happily described by the above-mentioned writer, that we cannot refrain from quoting the passage. "Michael was chosen," it is said, "to go upon an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, and evoked a fiend, in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bedtime. A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring, the second threw down three towers of the palace, and the infernal steed had lifted his foot to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael with the most ample concessions, than to stand the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, when residing at the tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the witch of Falsehope, on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing,

* Merlini Coccaii Macaronica, xviii, p. 273.

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suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited Wizard his own hounds, and pursued him so close, that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own jaw-hole, Anglice, common sewer. In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,

"Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gat nane."

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise, till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision, but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and the chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house, but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell, which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and with his left hand take the spell from above the door, which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.*** Michael Scott," continues the same author, "once upon a time was much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of the sea-sand."*

The embellishments, six in number, are engraved in a pleasing style by W. H. Lizars. Two of them,—a Norwegian Barrow, and Turnberry Castle, are very effective.

* Notes to the lay of the Last Minstrel, p. 255.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

An Irish knight was married to the daughter of a noble lord, a connexion of which the knight was somewhat proud. Boasting of this union once to a friend, he observed that his lordship had paid him the highest compliment in his power. "He had seven daughters," said he, "and he gave me the *ouldest*, and he told me, too, that if he had an *oulder* I should have her."

A SHIRT WITHOUT A SEAM.

At Dumferline, in the corporation chest is preserved a man's shirt, wrought in the loom about a century ago, by a weaver of the name of Inglis. The shirt was formed without a seam, and finished without any assistance from the needle; the only necessary parts he could not accomplish were the neck and sleeve buttons. C. D.

In the days of King Henry VII. when the king demanded the tenth penny for carrying on the war in Britanny, and some of the courtiers in the House of Commons spoke of the king's want in a very high tone, Sir John Fineux, an eminent lawyer at that time, made use of this expression, "Mr. Speaker, before we pay anything, let us see whether we have anything we can call our own to pay with;" for which saying, the king immediately made him a judge; in which office he acted with as much integrity as in that of a representative in the Commons. G. K.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 493.] SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.

BOAT-HOUSE AT VIRGINIA WATER.

LAKERS and lovers of the picturesque will, doubtless, be flocking to Virginia Water in the coming summer. The rides and walks on its banks are thrown open to the public; but we hope this privilege will not be abused, as of old; for "there was a time when Virginia Water was profaned by the presence of prize-fighters, who were accustomed to train in the secluded alleys that bordered the lake; and it was, therefore, quite necessary that the privilege of admission to the grounds should be withdrawn from the inn to which these persons resorted." We hope better things from the improved taste of our times.

The attractions of the place are of no common order: all that art and luxury could suggest have been lent to its embellishment. "The artificial water is the largest in the kingdom, with the single exception of Blenheim; the cascade is, perhaps, the most striking imitation we have of the great works of Nature; and the grounds are arranged in the grandest style of landscape gardening."*

Many persons may be disposed to question the taste of the Boat-house in the Engraving. Its style is toy-like, and too artificial to suit our idea of picturesque propriety. It was built by direction of the late King, and its design or approval was probably one of his labours of leisure. It is less decorated and fantastical than other buildings in its vicinity, and perhaps deserves the faint praise of prettiness. Grave persons dislike the little bells attached to the lantern-like part of the roof, and consider them too closely allied to the cap of folly. Perhaps this objection to the building itself will only make the contiguous scenery more delightful. Of its varied character, the Engraving furnishes an accurate idea, since the original sketch was made in the course of last year. We could linger amidst these sylvan glories all the live long day, with a canopy of foliage just to shelter us from the heat of the meridian sun.

* We quote these passages from an excellent descript on of Virginia Water, in the Third Series of the London Magazine, and, for the most part quoted in vol. xii. of *The Mirror*. The reader should turn to these pages.

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PEERAGE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

(For the Mirror.)

To the Barons of England, of a truth, it may be said, man is indebted for constitutional liberty; for if we look but to Greece and Rome, those boasted lands of freedom, where, as the arts and sciences increased, liberty decayed, we shall perceive myriads of slaves, governed, as in savage nations, by a few political chiefs, whom brute force and superior address had raised above their fellow-citizens.

It was in modern times, through the instrumentality of the steel-clad nobles of Britain, that liberty was to dawn on the human race: and of these, Henry VII. could only summon 28 to his first parliament; and only 36 were summoned to the first parliament of Henry VIII. In 1830, the House of Peers consisted of 380 persons.

It is a fact but little regarded, that the first noble family in England was that of Lord Courtenay, who descended from the Earls of Devonshire, who often intermarried with the blood-royal of France and Britain, as may be found at the commencement of Sully's Memoirs. The Duke of Beaufort is descended from Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, son of Foulk, King of Jerusalem, and grandson to the Empress Maud, daughter of Henry I. Consequently, this family has flourished, as dukes, marquesses, and earls, without descending to a lower degree, for full 700 years. The Duke of Montague traces his descent, by the female line, from Charlemagne. The Earl of Shrewsbury's family is derived from the famous Talbot, the terror of France: hence they have been peers for 500 years.

In 1827, the number of the Irish nobility was 212—viz. 1 duke, 14 marquesses, 76 earls, 48 viscounts, 70 barons, and 4 peeresses. There were 135 married, 27 widowers, and 45 bachelors. Of the 162 married and widowers, 38 were without children, and the remaining 134 had living 278 sons and 256 daughters. Four Irish peers were Knights of the Garter, 10 of the Bath, and 18 of St. Patrick. Among these 212 Irish nobility, 66 were also British peers. The ancestors of the Irish peers became ennobled as follows:—5 as princes of the blood-royal, 8 as courtiers, 8 as younger branches of nobility, 11 as statesmen, 7 for naval service, 23 for military service, 6 for diplomatic service, 11 for legal service, 11 by marriage, and 121 by influence of wealth.

The descent of 13 peers can be traced to the 11th century, that of 10 to the 12th, 12 to the 13th, 13 to the 14th, 10 to the 15th, 37 to the 16th, 31 to the 17th, and 2 to the 18th; and 37 whose genealogies cannot be traced with accuracy. The ancestors of 48 Irish peers were foreigners. The number of Catholic peers are, 8 for Ireland—viz. 2 earls, 4 viscounts, and 2 barons; in Scotland, only 2 earls; and in England 8—viz. 1 duke, 1 earl, and 6 barons.

W. G. C.

LADY OF WALSINGHAM.

(For the Mirror.)

"WHAT led (says Britton) to the great celebrity which the town of Old Walsingham, Norfolk, obtained for centuries, was the widow lady of Ricoldie Faverches founding, about the year 1061, a small chapel, in honour of the Virgin Mary, similar to the Sancta Casa at Nazareth.

"Sir Geoffrey de Favenches, or Faverches, her son, confirmed the endowments, made an additional foundation of a priory for Augustine canons, and erected a conventual church. The numerous gifts and grants to this famous religious house form one of those extensive and dull mazes of ecclesiastical record, through which the historic topographer is constrained to wade. At the Dissolution, the annual revenues of the monastery were valued, according to Speed, at 446*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* That its wealth should have been immensely great is not surprising, when the fame of the image of the *Lady of Walsingham* is taken into the account; for it was as much frequented, if not more than the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury. Foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage; many kings and queens of England also paid devoirs to it: so that the number and quality of her devotees appeared to equal those of the Lady Loretto, in Italy. Spelman observes, that it is said King Henry the Eighth, in the second year of his reign, walked *barefooted* from the village of Basham to this place, and then presented a valuable necklace to the image. Of this costly present, as well as the other saleable appendages, Cromwell doubtless took good care, when, by his master's orders, he seized the image, and burnt it at Chelsea.

"Erasmus, who visited this place, says, that the chapel, then rebuilding, was distinct from the church, and inside of it was a small chapel of wood, on each side of which was a little, narrow

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door, where those who were admitted came with their offerings, and paid their devotions; that it was lighted up with wax torches, and that the glitter of gold, silver, and jewels would lead you to suppose it to be the seat of the gods.

"In one of his colloquies, entitled, *Peregrinatio*, is a very humorous description of the superstitions of this place. The monks had contrived to persuade many that the *galaxy* in the heavens was a miraculous indication of the *way* to this place. Hence that was called *Walsingham Way*.

"The present remains of this once noble monastic pile, is a portal, or west entrance; a rich ornamented lofty arch, sixty feet high, which formed the east end of the church, supposed to have been erected in the time of Henry the Seventh; the refectory, seventy-eight feet long and twenty-seven broad, and the walls twenty-six and a half feet in height; a Saxon arch, part of the original chapel, which has a zig-zag moulding; part of the old cloisters, a stone bath, and two uncovered wells, called the *Wishing Wells*. The devotees to the *Lady of Walsingham* were taught to believe, that whoever had permission to drink of these waters could obtain, under certain restrictions, whatever they might wish for."

"The principal part of the venerable ruins are included in the pleasure gardens of Henry Lee Warner, Esq., who has a large, commodious house, which occupies the site of the priory. The present proprietor has progressively, for some years past, been making various improvements in planting and laying out the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the mansion. Among the recent embellishments of the place is a new bridge across the rivulet, in front of the house, and widening the course of the stream, so as to give it the appearance of a lake. Contiguous to this water, and intermixed in a fine grove of large trees, are the various fragments of the ruins already noticed. Some of these are interesting relics of architectural antiquity; and though several detached parts remain, yet we cannot (says Britton) but regret the wasteful destruction that has taken place at this once celebrated place of monastic splendour and human superstition."—*Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. ix.—Norfolk.

It has been supposed that Henry the Eighth, tempted by the riches and splendour of the religious houses at Walsingham, precipitated their fall.

P. T. W.

TAPESTRY IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

(To the Editor.)

THERE are *six* pieces of tapestry in the Ball-room adjoining St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle; and the subject is Jason and the Golden Fleece. In your account you stated four.

A SUBSCRIBER.

COWSLIPS.—A SONNET.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN.

Author of Minstrel Melodies, The Garland, &c.

COWSLIPS—sweet Cowslips! I scarce know a flower
More prized than is the cowslip. Childhood's hand
Plucks it as if by instinct. Every land
Has some peculiar flowret—this the bower,
The mountain that adorning. April's shower
The modest primrose gifts with beauty bland,
Or o'er the blue-bell waves her fairy wand,
The delegate of Flora's magic power.
But most love I the cowslip, with its fair
And fragrant petals, studding, as with gold,
The emerald meadow, or the hedge-row green;
For, while the laugh of Infancy is there,
The heart must be as very marble cold
Of him who frowns on such a joyous scene.

The Naturalist,

THE WHITE-HEADED, OR BALD EAGLE.*

(From Wilson's *American Ornithology*, judiciously re-printed in two volumes of *Constable's Miscellany*.)

THIS distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. The celebrated Cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcasses of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals, that, in their attempts to cross the river above the Falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the Rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasion-

* The epithet *bald*, applied to this species, whose head is thickly covered with feathers, is equally improper and absurd with the titles goatsucker, kingsfisher, &c. bestowed on others, and seems to have been occasioned by the white appearance of the head, when contrasted with the dark colour of the rest of the plumage. The appellation, however, being now almost universal, is retained in the following pages.

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ally met with from a very high northern latitude, to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea, and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons; as, in a few minutes, he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend, at will, to the torrid, or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons, in the countries he inhabits; but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself, with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

These predatory attacks and defensive manœuvres of the eagle and the fish hawk, are matters of daily observation along the whole of our sea board, from Georgia to New England, and frequently excite great interest in the spectators. Sympathy, however, on this as on most other occasions, generally sides with the honest and laborious sufferer, in opposition to the attacks of power, injustice, and rapacity, qualities for which our hero is so generally notorious, and which, in his superior *man*, are certainly detestable. As for the feelings of the poor fish, they seem altogether out of the question.

When driven, as he sometimes is, by the combined courage and perseverance of the fish hawks from their neighbourhood, and forced to hunt for himself, he retires more inland, in search of young pigs, of which he destroys great numbers. In the lower parts of Virginia and North Carolina, where the inhabitants raise vast herds of those animals, complaints of this kind are very general against him. He also destroys young lambs in the early part of spring; and will sometimes attack old sickly sheep, aiming furiously at their eyes.

In corroboration of the remarks I have myself made on the manners of the bald eagle, many accounts have reached me from various persons of respectability, living on or near our sea coast. The substance of all these I shall endeavour to incorporate with the present account.

Mr. John L. Gardiner, who resides on an island of three thousand acres, about three miles from the eastern point of Long Island, from which it is separated by Gardiner's Bay, and who has consequently many opportunities of ob-

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serving the habits of these birds, has favoured me with a number of interesting particulars on this subject; for which I beg leave thus publicly to return my grateful acknowledgment.

"The bald eagles," says this gentleman, "remain on this island during the whole winter. They can be most easily discovered on evenings by their loud snoring while asleep on high oak trees; and, when awake, their hearing seems to be nearly as good as their sight. I think I mentioned to you, that I had myself seen one flying with a lamb ten days old, and which it dropped on the ground from about ten or twelve feet high. The struggling of the lamb, more than its weight, prevented its carrying it away. My running, hallooing, and being very near, might prevent its completing its design. It had broke the back in the act of seizing it; and I was under the necessity of killing it outright to prevent its misery. The lamb's dam seemed astonished to see its innocent offspring borne off in the air by a bird.

"I was lately told," continues Mr. Gardiner, "by a man of truth, that he saw an eagle rob a hawk of its fish, and the hawk seemed so enraged as to fly down at the eagle, while the eagle very deliberately, in the air, threw himself partly over on his back, and, while he grasped with one foot the fish, extended the other to threaten or seize the hawk. I have known several hawks unite to attack the eagle; but never knew a single one to do it. The eagle seems to regard the hawks as the hawks do the king-birds, only as teasing, troublesome fellows."

From the same intelligent and obliging friend, I lately received a well preserved skin of the bald eagle, which, from its appearance, and the note that accompanied it, seems to have belonged to a very formidable individual. "It was shot," says Mr. Gardiner, "last winter, on this island, and weighed thirteen pounds, measured three feet in length, and seven from tip to tip of the expanded wings; was extremely fierce looking; though wounded, would turn his back to no one; fastened his claws into the head of a dog, and was with difficulty disengaged. I have rode on horseback within five or six rods of one, who, by his bold demeanour, raising his feathers, &c. seemed willing to dispute the ground with its owner. The crop of the present was full of mutton, from my part-blood Merinos; and his intestines contained feathers, which he probably devoured with a duck, or winter gull, as I observed an entire foot and leg of some water fowl. I had two killed previous to this, which weighed ten pounds avoirdupois each."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

It appears, on the most satisfactory authority, that the disease which has so long prevailed in the Russian dominions, and within the last six months, has been advancing in Europe, is contagious. Our correspondent in Vienna says, that it is evidently a combination of plague and cholera morbus; *i. e.* the general disturbance of the system is of the nature of plague, and with such a state of constitution, the affection of the chylopoietic viscera, (in consequence of which the name of cholera morbus has been given to it,) often terminates life in the course of three hours. It appears, from the report of Professor Lichtenstein, of St. Petersburgh, that the proportion of deaths is one in four, and that in Moscow it has been one in three. During the summer the mortality by the disease was certainly much greater than in winter. All the modes of combating this most formidable malady that have been suggested by the different boards of health on the continent, and some practitioners of this country, have totally failed. The remedies that have proved most successful in the cholera morbus of India have evidently proved injurious in the disease so denominated in Russia. As a security against the contagion, our correspondent recommends brandy with laudanum; the former to keep up the vigour of the abdominal viscera, and the latter to prevent morbid excitability of the system, which predisposes the body to the action of the contagion. In India, brandy and laudanum have been very successfully administered in cases of the cholera of that country. As the recommendation of our correspondent appears to be very reasonable, we advise those who believe in the predictions of a certain popular preacher, that the disease will reach our shores before autumn, to lay in a good stock of genuine brandy and laudanum. Notwithstanding bleeding, calomel in small and large doses, opium, cajeput oil, subcarbonate of ammonia, muriatic acid, camphor fumigation, warm covering, and friction have been employed, the disease has run its regular course, and the result, in every case, seems to have depended on the natural stamina of the patients. To those who had freely in-

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dulged in wine or spirits, it has generally terminated fatally. Among the Russians it has proved more fatal than among the Poles, in consequence, as it is supposed, of the great quantity of fish-oil the former take at every meal.

We quote the preceding from Dr. Reece's *Gazette of Practical Medicine.*

In the *Atlas* we find the following :—An eminent surgeon, Mr. Hope, who has had thirty years' practice, in which he has treated cases of cholera morbus very successfully, has made public the means which he used for the general good. He says, "The remedy I gave was one drachm of nitrous acid (not nitric, that has foiled me), one ounce of peppermint-water or camphor mixture, and 40 drops of tincture of opium. A fourth part every three or four hours in a cupful of thin gruel. The belly should be covered with a succession of hot cloths dry; bottles of hot water to the feet, if they can be obtained; constant and small sippings of finely strained gruel, or sago, or tapioca; no spirit, no wine, no fermented liquors, till quite restored." The French surgeons now use laudanam and abstain from venesection. Another recipe is simply repeated draughts of hot water in large quantities.

A subsequent communication to the *Medical Gazette* is as follows :—

We have learnt by the last arrivals from St. Petersburgh that one of the most celebrated and intelligent of the physicians in the Russian service has been employed in tracing the progress of the cholera, and the inference at which he has arrived is, that the disease is propagated exclusively by contagion, and not in any degree by atmospherical influence. In the spring of 1830 it appeared at Corason, the residence of Abbas Mirza, in Persia, where several of the Russian mission died of it, and Prince Dolgonrowky, the minister, narrowly escaped after a severe attack. In July it broke out in the Russian province of Schirvan and Bacon; whence it found its way by land to Tifflis, and by sea, from the port of Bacon to Astracan. In these towns it made its appearance nearly at the same time, viz. about July 20th. No precautions were taken, and it extended rapidly throughout Georgia, always following the course of the principal roads; and in no instance did it appear in any village, or in houses, unless individuals from the infected towns visited them. A Moravian village almost in the immediate line of road, thus entirely escaped, while the disease raged around it. Alarm having been excited at Bacon, many persons fled along the Volga, and carried the disease with them, which appeared at Jondayersk on the 22nd of July; at Krasnoyar on the 25th; at Tzarilzin on the 6th of August; Donbooka and Saratoff on the 7th; at Khvalnisk on the 19th; Novogorod on the 27th; Koshoma on the 3rd of September; Yaroslaff 6th; and at Rybinsk on the 10th. In all these places, the first victims were navigators of the Volga, or others arrived from places where it already raged. A Cossack, sent to buy food at Doubooka, on the Volga, died on 7th, after his return to Katchalinskaia, on the Don; and thence the disease rapidly spread through the Cossack villages.

The first deaths at Novitcherkask, the principal town of the Cossacks, took place on the 18th of August; and at Tagonrog, September 9th.

From Saratoff multitudes of the inhabitants escaped again into Persia, but the disease followed them, and it was carried to Moscow by a student from Saratoff, whose servant had died on the road, and who was himself the first victim in the Russian capital. All communication was instantly cut off between the military school at Moscow and the rest of the town; not one case of cholera occurred in the establishment. In no instance was the propagation of the disease traceable to goods; it was dependent on the actual presence of individuals labouring under it. It never broke out after a quarantine of twenty-one days; and, in the great majority of cases, the attack took place within a week after exposure to the contagion.

FRUITS OF INDUSTRY.

Last week the friends and supporters of the Metropolitan Charity Schools dined together at a tavern in the city. Among the toasts were "the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex," upon which (one of them,) Sir Chapman Marshall, returned thanks in the following plain, sensible words:

"My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, I want words to express the emotions of my heart. You now see before you an humble individual who has been educated in a parochial school. (Loud cheers.) I came to London in 1803, without a shilling—without a friend. I have not had the advantage of a classical education, therefore you will excuse my defects of language. (Cheers.) But this I will say, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, that you witness in me what may be

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done by the earnest application of honest industry; and I trust that my example may induce others to aspire, by the same means, to the distinguished situation which I have now the honour to fill. (Repeated plaudits.")

In its way, this brief address is as valuable as Hogarth's print of the Apprentices.

FRENCH POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

M. VENTOUILLAC, editor of a popular Selection from the French Classics, has professionally experienced the want of a book of French Poetry for Children, and to supply this desideratum, has produced a little volume with the above title. It consists of brief extracts, in two parts—1. From Morel's Moral de l'enfance; 2. Miscellaneous Poems, Fables, &c., by approved writers; and is in French just what Miss Aikin's pretty poetical selection is in English. We hope it may become as popular in schools and private tuition; and we feel confident that M. Ventouillac's good taste as an editor will do much by way of recommending his work to the notice of all engaged in the instruction of youth.

BLUE BEARD.

THE original Blue Beard who has, during our childhood, so often served to interest and alarm our imaginations, though for better dramatic effect, perhaps, Mr. Colman has turned into a Turk—for surely the murderer of seven wives could be little else—" was no other than Gilles, Marquess de Laval, a marshal of France, a general of great intrepidity, who distinguished himself, in the reigns of Charles the Sixth and Seventh, by his courage, especially against the English, when they invaded France. The services that he rendered his country might have immortalized his name, had he not for ever blotted his glory by the most terrible murders, impieties, and debaucheries. His revenues were princely; but his prodigalities might have made an emperor a bankrupt. Wherever he went, he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of actors, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, a great number of cooks, packs of dogs of various kinds, and above 200 led horses. Mezeray says that he encouraged and maintained sorcerors to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes, that he might attach them to him; and afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was necessary to form his charms and incantations. Such horrid excesses are credible when we recollect the age of ignorance and barbarity in which they were practised. He was at length (for some state crime against the Duke of Brittany) sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantes, in 1440; but the Duke, who witnessed the execution, so far mitigated the sentence, that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes interred. He confessed, before his death, "that all his excesses were derived from his wretched education," though descended from one of the most illustrious families in the kingdom.

EFFECT OF STEAM-COACHES.

IN a recent No. of the *Voice of Humanity*, (already noticed in the *Mirror*,) occurs the following:

We doubt whether our labours to accomplish either of the objects of this publication, if ever so successful, could produce such complete mitigation (rather abolition) of animal suffering as the substitution of locomotive machinery for the inhuman, merciless treatment of horses in our stage-coaches. The man who started the first steam-carriage was the greatest benefactor to the cause of humanity the world ever had. But in a political view the subject is very important. We have a superabundant population with a very limited territory, while each horse requires a greater quantity of land than would be sufficient to support a man. How extensive then would be the beneficial effect of withdrawing two-thirds of the horses and appropriating the land required for them to the rearing of cattle and to agricultural produce? The Liverpool and Manchester steam-coaches have driven fourteen horse-coaches off the road. Each of the horse-coaches employed, twelve horses—there being three stages, and a change of four horses each stage. The total horses employed by these coaches was therefore 168. Now each horse consumes, on an average, in pasture, hay, and corn, annually, the produce of one and a half acre. The whole would thus consume the produce of 252 acres. Suppose, therefore, " every man had his acre" upon which to rear his family, which some politicians have deemed sufficient, the maintenance of 252 families is gained to the country by these steam-coaches. The average number in families is six, that is, four children, besides the father and mother.—The subsistence of 1,512 individuals is thus attained.

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Fig. 1.

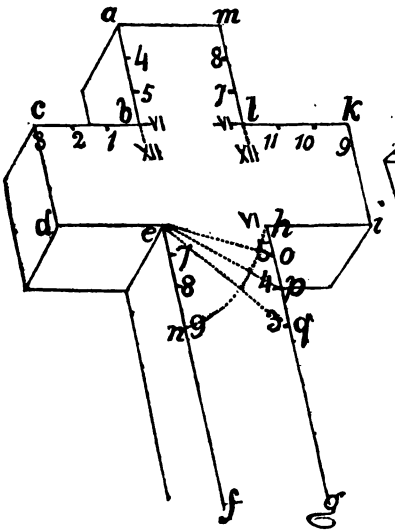
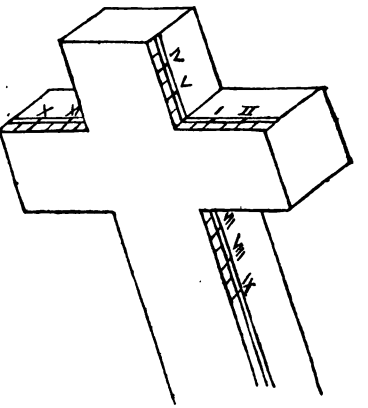


Fig. 2.



DIALLING.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following method of constructing a dial, may be novel and interesting to many of those readers of the *Mirror* who are fond of that ancient art; whilst its simplicity and the great ease with which it may be constructed, will render it acceptable to all.

To make a Cross Dial.—A cross dial is one which shows the time of the day without a gnomon, by a shadow of one part of the dial itself, appearing upon another part thereof. *Observe.* — In making this dial you need have no regard to the latitude of the situation, for that is to be considered in the *placing*, and not in the *making* of it. 1st. Prepare a piece of wood or stone of what size you please, and fashion it in the form of a cross (see *fig.* 1) so that *ab*, *bc*, *cd*, *de*, *eh*, *hi*, *ik*, *kl*, *lm*, and *ma*, may be all equal: the length of *ef* is immaterial, it may be more than double to *a e*. 2ndly. Set one foot of your compasses in *e* and describe the arc *h n*, which divide into six equal parts for six hours, because it is a quarter of a circle; lay a ruler from *e* to the three first divisions, and draw the lines *e o*, *e p*, *e q*. 3rdly. Now the position of this dial being such that its end *a m* must face the south, and the upper part of it or the line *a f* lying parallel to the *equinoctial*, it is evident that the sun at noon will shine just along the line *a b*, and *m l*; therefore you must place 12 at *b* and *l*, then from 12 to 3 P. M. the shadow of the corner *a* will pass along the line *b c*, therefore take from the quadrant *h n*, the distance *h o*, and set it from 12 to 1. Take also *h p* and set it from 12 to 2, *h q* being equal to *b c*; at *c* you may place 3 where the shadow of the corner *a* goes quite off the dial at *c*, or 3 o'clock in the afternoon; at this time the shadow of the corner *i* will appear on the side *h g* at *q* or 3 o'clock, where place the figure 3; the shadow will then ascend to *p* at 4, to *o* at 5; at 6 there will be no shadow, the sun shining right along the line *i h*; place a VI also at the corner *l*, because it also shines along the line *l k*, and from 6 till 9, (if it be in a latitude where the sun continues up so late) the shadow of the corner at *k* is passing along the line *l m*: therefore take the distances *h o*, &c., and set off from 6 to 7 and from 6 to 8, as before at 12, 1, and 2. Then for the morning hours, the shadow of the corner *c* will enter upon the line *a b* at the point *a*, just at 3 o'clock in the morning, and if you draw lines from 7 and 8 parallel to *a m*, their terminations will point out 4 and 5. Six o'clock is in the very corner opposite to 6 in the evening. Parallel lines below the transverse piece drawn from 5, 4, 3, will indicate the proper places for 7, 8, 9. It then remains to set off the same dis-

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tances as before on line *l k* on which the shadow of *m* will point out 11, 10, and 9 o'clock; the dial will then be finished.

Observe. These dials require considerable thickness (*let it be equal to a m,*) because being placed parallel to the equator, the sun shines upon the upper face all the summer, and on the longest day is elevated 23° 29′ above the plane of the dial, and consequently the shadow of *a* will fall at noon in the line *a b*, not in the point *b*, but at an angle of 23° 29′ therewith, and on the shortest day the like angle will be formed, but in an opposite direction. It must further be observed that after the proper points are determined on the plane, they had better be transferred to the sides of the cross, as is shown in *fig.* 2, for there it is the shadow will be seen to pass. A dial thus formed is universal; when made according to the foregoing directions there is nothing more to do but to fix it by the help of your quadrant to the elevation of the equinoctial or complement of the latitude of your habitation, and so that the side *a m* may exactly face the south. A dial of this sort has been standing in my garden, more than 12 months, and is found to answer the purpose well, being both useful and ornamental.

When the figures are painted on the thickness as in *fig.* 2, the upper surface being unoccupied, an equinoctial dial may be described thereon, which will be useful the summer half year, while on the lower surface a similar one may be placed for the winter half; or it may be made the bearer of some useful lesson, in the form of a motto, e. g. "*Disce dies numerare tuos.*" But this is only a hint to the curious. COLBOURNE.

Sturminster Newton, Dorset.

The Selector
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

ATHERTON,
By the author of Rank and Talent.

THIS tale bids fair to enjoy more lasting popularity than either of the author's previous works. It has more story and incident, though not enough for the *novel.* The characters, if not new, are more strongly drawn—their colouring is finer—their humour is richer and broader, and as they are from the last century, so their drawing reminds us forcibly of the writers of the same period. There is none of the mawkish affectation of the writing of the present day, as coinage of words and fantasies of phrases which will scarcely be understood, much less relished, twenty years hence. But the style throughout is plain, sensible, and natural, free from caricature, and more that of *the world* than of *the book.*

The plot is of the tale or adventure description; certainly not new, but its interest turns upon points which will never cease to attract a reader. We do not enter into it, but prefer taking a few of the characters to show the rank of life as well as the style of the materials. The first is a portrait of a London citizen sixty years since:—

At the Pewter Platter there were two arm chairs, one near the door and the other near the window, and both close by the fire, which were invariably occupied by the same gentlemen. One of these was Mr. Bryant, citizen and stationer, but not bookseller, save that he sold bibles, prayer-books and almanacks; for he seriously considered that the armorial bearings of the Stationers' Company displaying three books between a chevron, or something of that kind, for he was not a dab at heraldry, mystically and gravely set forth that no good citizen had occasion for more than three books, viz. bible, prayer-book and almanack. Mr. Bryant was a bachelor of some sixty years old or thereabouts. He had a snug little business though but a small establishment; for it was his maxim not to keep more cats than would catch mice. His establishment consisted of only two individuals; a housekeeper and an apprentice. His housekeeper was one Mrs. Dickinson, a staid, sober, matronly looking personage, who tried very hard, but not very successfully, to pass for about forty years of age; the good woman, though called Mrs. Dickinson, was a spinster, and according to her own account was of a good family, for her great uncle was a clergyman. She was remarkable for the neatness of her dress, for the fineness of her muslin aprons, and the accurate arrangement of her plaited caps. In one respect Mr. Bryant thought that she carried her love of dress too far, for she would always wear a hoop when her day's work was done. Mr. Bryant's apprentice, who was at the period of which we are writing, nearly out of his time, was a high spirited young man, whom neither Mr. Bryant nor Mrs. Dickinson could keep in any tolerable order. So far from confining his reading to bibles, prayer-books, and almanacks, he would devour with the utmost eagerness, whenever he could lay his

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hands upon them, novels, plays, poems, romances, and political pamphlets; he was a constant frequenter of the theatres, sometimes with leave and sometimes without, for Mr. Bryant was almost afraid of him; and to crown the matter he was a most outrageous Wilkite.

Mr. Bryant himself was a neat, quiet, orderly sort of a man, regular as clockwork, and steady as time, the very pink of punctuality and the essence of exactness. He had been in business nearly forty years, in the same shop, conducted precisely in the same style as in the days of his predecessors; he lacked not store of clothes or change of wigs, but his clothes and wigs and three cornered hats were so like each other, that they seemed, as it were, part of himself. His wig was brown, so were his coat and waistcoat, which were nearly of equal length. He wore short black breeches with paste buckles, speckled worsted hose and very large shoes with very large silver buckles. He was most intensely and entirely a citizen. He loved the city with an undivided attachment. He loved the sound of its bells, and the noise of its carts and coaches; he loved the colour of its mud and the canopy of its smoke; he loved its November fogs, and enjoyed the music of its street musicians and its itinerant merchants; he loved all its institutions civil and religious; he thought there was wisdom in them if there was wisdom in nothing else; he loved the church and he loved the steeple, and the parson who did the duty and the parson who did not do the duty; and he loved the clerk and the sexton and the parish beadle with his broad gold-laced hat, and cane of striking authority; and he loved the watchmen and their drowsy drawl of "past umph a' clock;" he loved the charity schools and admired beyond all the sculpture of Phidias, or the marble miracles of the Parthenon, the two full-length statues about three feet each in length and two feet six inches each in breadth, representing a charity boy and a charity girl, standing over the door of the parish school; he loved the city companies, their halls, their balls, though he never danced at them, their dinners, for he never missed them; and above all other companies he loved the stationers', and its handsome barge, and its glorious monopoly of almanacks; he loved the Lord Mayor and the Mansion-house,—it was not quite so black then, as it is now,—and he loved the great lumbering state coach and the little gingerbread sheriffs' coaches, and loved the aldermen, and deputies and common-council-men and liverymen. Out of London he knew nothing;—he believed that the Thames ran into the sea, because he had read at school, that all rivers run into the sea, but what the sea was he did not know and did not care; he believed that there were regions beyond Highgate, and that the earth was habitable farther westward than Hyde Park corner; but he had never explored those remote districts. What was Hammersmith to him or he to Hammersmith? He knew of nothing, thought of nothing, and could conceive of nothing more honourable, more dignified, or more desirable than a good business properly attended to. He was proud of the close and personal attention that he paid to his shop,—somewhat censoriously proud; he might be called a mercantile prude; or shopkeeping pedant; and when a near neighbour who had a country house at Kentish-town, to which he went down every Saturday, and from which he returned every Monday or Tuesday, came by a variety of unavoidable, or unavoided misfortunes to make his appearance in the Gazette, with a "Whereas" prefixed to his name, Mr. Bryant rather uncandidly chuckled and said, "I don't wonder at it. I thought it would end in that. That comes from leaving things to boys."

Much as Mr. Bryant venerated the city, and all the city institutions, yet he was by no means ambitious of its honours. His motives of abstinence were of a mixed nature. He had fears that the dignity of common-councilman, which he had occasionally been invited to aspire to, might interfere with his domestic comforts and put Mrs. Dickinson out of her way; and he had some slight apprehensions that he might not be successful if he should make the attempt; and then as in the course of his life he had seen many promoted to that honour, whom he had once known as children and apprentices, and whom he still regarded as boys, though some of them were upwards of thirty years old, he affected to make light of a dignity that had become so cheap.

Mr. Bryant was considered by the frequenters of the Pewter Platter as a man of substance, and being some years older than most of the visiters at that house, and having been accustomed to the house for more years than any other of the party, the arm-chair, at what was called the upper side of the fire-place, was invariably reserved for him, and the other arm chair was most frequently occupied by the Rev. Simon Plush. This reverend gentleman was a specimen

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of a class of clergy now happily extinct, and never it is to be hoped for the honour of the church, likely to be revived. He was a tall, muscular, awkward man, about fifty years of age; habited in a rusty grey coat, with waistcoat and breeches of greasy black, wearing a grizzled wig that had shrunk from his forehead, which in its broad expanse of shining whiteness, formed a contrast with a fiery hooked nose with aldermanic decorations. His gait was shuffling and awkward, and all his carriage was that of a man who was a sloven in everything; he was slovenly in his dress, slovenly in his behaviour, slovenly in mind. He had been a servitor at Oxford, where it can hardly be said that he had received his education, for though an education had been offered to him both at school and at Oxford, he had, in both instances, declined the offer, guessing, perhaps, that with such a mind as his, the acquisition of mental furniture would be but labour lost. By the tender mercy however, or by the culpable negligence of college dignitaries and examining chaplains, he had found his way into the clerical profession, and had undergone the imposition of episcopal hands, which was rather an imposition on the public than on him. Yet he lacked not talent of some kind; he was a good hand at whist, excellent at cudgel playing, dexterous on the bowling-green, capital at quoits, unparalleled at rowing a skiff, could play well at nine-pins, could run, hop, skip, jump or whistle with any man of his years, not ignorant of the science of self-defence, and when rudely or ruffianly insulted, could repay the indignity, with interest, at a moment's notice; his lungs were vigorous, he could blow the French horn with most poetic and potential blast, and with no mean degree of skill, and as for preaching he made nothing of it; it used to be said that, with the assistance of a dexterous parish clerk, he could get through the whole morning service, sermon and all, in five and thirty minutes; he was no spoil-pudding except where he dined. With all these talents, however, he had no preferment in the church, nor even a curacy; but he had plenty of duty to do of one kind or another, and as all his work was piece-work, he got through it with as much rapidity as possible. He was in almost constant requisition, and could be found any morning at the Chapter Coffee House, or any evening at the Pewter Platter, except Sunday, and he usually spent his Sunday evenings at Mr. Bryant's. Mr. Plush was one who prudently avoided meddling with politics, "For who knows," said he, "but that it may some day or other cost me a dinner?" He was for the most part tolerably loyal, but democratic beef would not choke him. To crown the whole, he was imperturbably good-natured.

Early in the first volume we are introduced to Wilkes and Doctor Johnson: this is rather a hazardous experiment of the author, but is executed with success. Atherton, the hero, is then a city apprentice. These were the days of Wilkes and Liberty, and Atherton, through his protracted attachment to the cause, is *locked out* by his master, John Bryant.

As Atherton stood absorbed in thought at the eastern side of Temple bar, he was wakened from his reverie by two gentlemen coming through the gate and talking somewhat loudly. One of them was a ponderous, burly figure of rolling and shuffling gait puffing like a grampus, and at his side staggered or skipped along a younger, slenderer person, who hung swingingly and uncertainly on the arm of his elderly companion. The older of the two was growling out something of a reproof to his unsteady companion, who flourished his arm as with the action of an orator and hiccupped according to the best of his then ability something like apology or vindication. The effect of this action was to throw him off his balance, to unlock his arm from his more steady supporter and to send himself with a hopping reel off the pavement. To a dead certainty he would have deposited his unsober self in the kennel had he not been kindly and vigorously intercepted in his fall by the ready assistance of Frank Atherton. At the ludicrous figure which his staggering friend now made the older gentleman burst into a roar of laughter which might have been heard from Charing Cross to St. Paul's; but suddenly checking himself he mournfully shook his head saying, "Oh Bozzy, Bozzy, this is too bad."

Frank, having no other occupation, was ready enough to offer his assistance towards guiding and propping the intoxicated gentleman; for it seemed to be a task rather too hard for the sober one to manage by himself.

"I am sorry to take you out of your way;" said the old gentleman to Atherton.

"You cannot easily do that," replied Frank; "I have no particular destination at present. My way lies in one direction as well as in another."

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"Do I understand you rightly?" asked the stranger, "Are you indeed a houseless, homeless wanderer."

"I cannot justly call myself a homeless wanderer," said Frank, "but my master has just now closed his doors on me and I have no other home at present than the streets."

"'Tis bad, 'tis bad," said the gentleman, "you or your master has much to answer for. But I'll take care you shall not want a shelter for the present. I will not have upon my conscience the guilt of suffering you to roam about the streets all night, if I can prevent it."

Frank was of a grateful disposition, and was so much struck with the considerate kindness of the old gentleman that he ardently exclaimed, "Sir, I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

"Nay, nay," replied the stranger, "you speak profanely. You cannot be infinitely obliged to any man."

The party then entered a house in one of the courts of Fleet street and Frank felt happy in having met with one likely to befriend him. For though the gentleman was rather pompous in his manners and somewhat awful in his aspect, yet there was a look of kindness about him and an expression of humanity and consideration in his countenance. When the intoxicated gentleman had been seated for a few minutes, his faculties partially returned and looking, or rather endeavouring to look upon Atherton, for his eye was not steady enough to take a good aim, he said: "Young gentleman, I am very highly obli—obli-obligat—"

"Obligated," roared the old gentleman, "you would say. But you had better hold your tongue. That is the best use you can make of it."

"Glorious! Capital! Ten thousand thanks for that superb aphorism. Doctor, you must recollect that for me to-morrow morning, and you must put it down for me in your best style." He then went on hiccuping and muttering —"The best use, hic, the best use, hic, I can make of my, hic, the tongue, hic, hold your tongue, hic, oh doctor hic, I shall never forget, hic, I hope you will remind me of it, hic, to-morrow morning."

The old gentleman shook his head and sighed; the tipsy orator proceeded, and directing his speech to Atherton he managed to say, with many interruptions, "Young gentleman, you may think yourself happy in having thus accidentally as it were, for it was all by pure accident, been introduced to the great Dr. Johnson. And if you need any advice or direction, you are now at the fountain head of all practical wisdom. My friend's comprehensive genius takes in all subjects from the government of empires to the construction of an apple dumpling. Follow his advice and you cannot do wrong, neglect it and you cannot do right.—Is not that well said, Doctor?—Rather tersely put?"

"Go to sleep, Bozzy," said the doctor, "you don't know what you are talking about, go to sleep.

"But I know what you have been talking about. My ears are always awake to your wisdom, when all my other senses are asleep. We have had a glorious day of it, Doctor, you routed them all, they had not a word to say for themselves."

"I wish it were so with you," replied the Doctor.

"Good again! Put that down;" said Mr. Boswell, and then turning to Atherton, he continued, "You see how free I am with my illustrious friend."

"Be quiet, Bozzy," said the doctor again.

"Well, well I may go to sleep contentedly to-night, for I have not lost a day. I shall record it all to-morrow, and that fine glorious laugh which you uttered as we came through Temple Bar; I shall never forget the awful reverberation. There is not a man in Europe whose laugh can be compared with yours.—I shall never forget it;—pray remind me of it to-morrow morning, —I shall never, never forget it, never nev—nev." So saying he fell fast asleep.

We like this portrait-painting turn of the author. Its identity is very entertaining, and is very superior in interest to the satirical *nommes* in the fashionable novels of our day.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace—thy restlessness repose.
E'en gladly I exchange you spring-green lanes
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstacies of song
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang—
With thee beneath my window, pleasant Sea,

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I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in.
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half way o'er it like a wearied bird;—
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their host within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once—

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are their lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flush'd like the rainbow or the ringdove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea!
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy mistress; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
And all thy balmier hours' fair Element,
Have such divine complexion—crisped smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—

Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or inclose; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the Heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves—

Yet, potent Sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak e'en now
Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking e'en the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?—

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not, or who seeing has no joy,
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pain'd and panting steeds, and clouds of dust,
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power,
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor, and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker hints; but where's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Scathes not earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave.
Walks not Contagion on the Air itself?
I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their fresh'ning dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence—and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thund'ring concert with the quiring winds;
But long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA!

*Metropolitan.**

THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

MR. ABERNETHY, although amiable and good-natured, with strong feelings, possessed an irritable temper, which made him very petulant and impatient at times with his patients and medical men who applied to him for his opinion and advice on cases. When one of the latter asked him once, whether he did not think that some plan which he suggested would answer, the only reply he could obtain was, "Ay, ay, put a little salt on a bird's tail, and you'll be sure to catch him." When consulted on a case by the ordinary medical attendant, he would frequently pace the room to and fro with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and *whistle* all the time, and not say a word, but to tell the practitioner to go home and read his book. "*Read*

* With such a poem as this, even occasionally, the *Metropolitan* must take high ground.

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my book" was a very frequent reply to his patients also; and he could seldom be prevailed upon to prescribe or give an opinion, if the case was one which appeared to depend upon improper dieting. A country farmer, of immense weight, came from a distance to consult him, and having given an account of his daily meals, which showed no small degree of addiction to animal food, Mr. Abernethy said, "Go away, sir, I won't attempt to prescribe for such a *hog*."

He was particular in not being disturbed during meals; and a gentleman having called after dinner, he went into the passage, put his hand upon the gentleman's shoulders, and turned him out of doors. He would never permit his patients to talk to him much, and often not at all: and he desired them to hold their tongues and listen to him, while he gave a sort of clinical lecture upon the subject of the consultation. A loquacious lady having called to consult him, he could not succeed in silencing her without resorting to the following expedient:—"Put out your tongue, madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till *I* have done talking." Another lady brought her daughter to him one day, but he refused to hear her or to prescribe, advising her to make the girl take exercise. When the guinea was put into his hand, he recalled the mother, and said, "Here, take the shilling back, and buy *a skipping-rope* for your daughter as you go along."—He kept his pills in a bag, and used to dole them out to his patients; and on doing so to a lady who stepped out of a coronetted carriage to consult him, she declared they made her sick, and she could never take a pill. "Not take a pill! what *a fool* you must be," was the courteous and conciliatory reply to the countess. When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling with his hands in his pockets; and the duke said, "I suppose you know who I am." The uncourtly reply was, "Suppose I do, what of that?" His pithy advice was, "Cut off the *supplies*, as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaigns, and the enemy will leave the citadel." When he was consulted for lameness following disease or accidents, he seldom either listened to the patient or made any inquiries, but would walk about the room, imitating the gait peculiar to different injuries, for the general instruction of the patient. A gentleman consulted him for an ulcerated throat, and, on asking him to look into it, he swore at him, and demanded how he dared to suppose that he would allow him to blow his stinking foul breath in his face! A gentleman who could not succeed in making Mr. Abernethy listen to a narration of his case, and having had a violent altercation with him on the subject, called next day, and as soon as he was admitted, he locked the door, and put the key into his pocket, and took out a loaded pistol. The professor, alarmed, asked if he meant to rob or murder him. The patient, however, said he merely wished him to listen to his case, which he had better submit to, or he would keep him a prisoner till he chose to relent. The patient and the surgeon afterwards became most friendly towards each other, although a great many oaths passed before peace was established between them.

This eccentricity of manner lasted through life, and lost Mr. Abernethy several thousands a year perhaps. But those who knew him were fully aware that it was characteristic of a little impatient feeling, which only required management; and the apothecaries who took patients to consult him, were in the habit of cautioning them against telling long stories of their complaints. An old lady, who was naturally inclined to be prosy, once sent for him, and began by saying that her complaints commenced when she was *three years old*, and wished him to listen to the detail of them from that early period. The professor, however, rose abruptly and left the house, telling the old lady to read his book, page so and so, and there she would find directions for old ladies to manage their health.

It must be confessed, Mr. Abernethy, although a gentleman in appearance, manner, and education, sometimes wanted that courtesy and worldly deportment which is considered so essential to the medical practitioner. He possessed none of the "suaviter in modo," but much of the eccentricity of a man of genius, which he undoubtedly was. His writings must always be read by the profession to which he belonged with advantage; although, in his great work upon his *hobby*, his theory is perhaps pushed to a greater extent than is admissible in practice.—His rules for dieting and general living should be read universally; for they are assuredly calculated to prolong life and secure health, although few perhaps would be disposed to comply with them rigidly. When some one observed to Mr. Abernethy himself, that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules, the professor replied, that he wished to act according to his own pre-

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cepts, but he had "*such a devil of an appetite,*" that he could not do so.

Mr. Abernethy had a great aversion to any hint being thrown out that he *cured* a patient of complaint. Whenever an observation to this effect was made, he would say, "I never cured any body." The meaning of this is perfectly obvious. His system was extremely wise and rational, although, as he expressed himself to ignorant persons, it was not calculated to excite confidence. He despised all the humbug of the profession, and its arts to deceive and mislead patients and their friends, and always told the plain truth without reserve. He knew that the term *cure* is inapplicable, and only fit to be used by quacks, who gain their livelihood by what they call cures, which they promise the patient to effect. Mr. Abernethy felt that nature was only to be *seconded* in her efforts, by an art which is derived from scientific principles and knowledge, and that it is not the physician or surgeon who cures, but *nature,* whom the practitioner assists by art. Weak-minded persons are apt to run after cures, and thus nostrums and quacks are in vogue, as if the living human system was as immutable in its properties as a piece of machinery, and could be remedied when it went wrong as the watchmaker repairs the watch with certainty, or the coachmaker mends the coach. No one appreciated more highly the value of medicine as a science than Mr. Abernethy; but he knew that it depended upon observation and a deep knowledge of the laws and phenomena of vital action, and that it was not a mere affair of guess and hazard in its application, nor of a certain tendency as to its effects.

This disposition of mind led the philosopher to disregard prescribing for his patients frequently, as he had less faith in the prescription than in the general system to be adopted by the patient in his habits and diet. He has been known accordingly, when asked if he did not intend to prescribe, to disappoint the patient by saying, "Oh, if you *wish* it, I'll prescribe for you, certainly." Instead of asking a number of questions, as to symptoms, &c., he usually contented himself with a general dissertation, or lecture and advice as to the management of the constitution, to which local treatment was always a secondary consideration with him altogether.

When patients related long accounts of their sufferings, and expected the healing remedy perhaps, without contemplating any personal sacrifices of their indulgences, or alteration of favourite habits, he often cut short their narratives by putting his fore-finger on the pit of their stomachs, and observing, "It's all *there,* sir;" and the never-failing pill and draught, with rigid restrictions as to diet, and injunctions as to exercise, invariably followed, although perhaps rarely attended to; for persons in general would rather submit to even nauseous medicine than abandon sensual gratifications, or diminish their worldly pleasures and pursuits.—*Metropolitan.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

REMARKABLE JURY AT HUNTINGDON.

In the 16th century, when figure and fortune, or quality and wealth, were more considered than wisdom or probity, or justice and equity, in our courts of law, Judge Doddridge took upon him to reprimand the sheriff of the county of Huntingdon, for impanneling a grand jury of freeholders who were not, in his opinion, men of figure and fortune. The sheriff, who was a man of sense, and of wit and humour, resolved at the next assizes to try how far sounds would work upon that judge, and gain his approbation. He presented him with the following pannel, which had the desired effect, for when the names were read over emphatically, the judge thought that he had now indeed a jury of figure and fortune:—

A true copy of a Jury taken before Judge Doddridge, at the Assizes holden at Huntingdon, July, 1619.

Maximilian King—of Torland.
Henry ....Prince—of Godmanchester.
George....Duke—of Somersham.
William....Marquess—of Stukely.
Edmund...Earl—of Hartford.
Richard...Baron—of Bythorpe.
Stephen...Pope—of Newton.
Stephen...Cardinal—of Kimbolton.
Humphry..Bishop—of Bugden.
Robert....Lord—of Worsley.
Robert....Knight—of Winwinck.
William....Abbot—of Stukely.
Robert....Baron—of St. Neot's.
William....Dean—of Old Weston.
John.....Archdeacon—of Paxton.
Peter.....Squire—of Easton.
Edward....Friar—of Ellerton.
Henry.....Monk—of Stukely.
George....Gentleman—of Spaldock.
George....Priest—of Graffham.
Richard....Deacon—of Catsworth.
Thomas...Yeoman—of Barham.

G. K.

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THE NEW PARLIAMENT "DISHED."

(*For the Mirror.*)

An astounding announcement, but an incontrovertible fact, as shown by the following *festive* arrangements, made wholly from names of members returned forming the new legislature.

At the head of the table will be found, in *A'Court Style*, a *Blunt, Harty, King*, dressed in *Green* and *Scarlett*, seated on a *Lion*—supported on the right by three *Thynne Fellows* and two *Bastard Knights, Baring* a *Shiel;* and on the left by a *Sadler*, seven *Smiths*, and the *Taylor* "wot" *Mangles* with his *Bodkin*. The bottom, it is understood, will be graced by a *Mandeville* on a *Ramsbottom*, with a *White Rose* at each elbow, and a *Forrester* and *Carter* on one side, and a *Constable* and *Clerk* on the other. The sides will contain a *Host* of unknown *Folks*.

Lamb, dressed by an English *Cooke*, will be one of the principal joints; and birds being scarce this season, there will only be a *Heron*, two *Martins*, a couple of *Young Drakes*, and a *Wild Croaker*. There will, however, be an immense *Lott* of *French Currie*, and the *Best Boyle Rice*. Fruit being yet unripe, there will consequently only be some *Peach* and *Lemon Peel*.

The whole will be got up at a great *Price;* but in order to go a *Pennefather*, the amusements of the evening are to be further promoted by the performance of *Dick Strutt*, the celebrated *Millbank Ryder*, who will *Mount* a *Hill*, and afterwards, while swallowing a *Long Pole*, blow a *Horn* fantasie through his nose without *Pain*, and then *Skipwith* a live *Buck* and two *Foxes*—concluding with a description of his late two *Miles Hunt* in three *Woods*.

Among the splendid pictures decorating the walls, are some views along the *Surry Banks* and of the *Bridges*.

On the whole, some warm work is anticipated, from there being a supply of both *Coke* and *Cole;* but as to who will *Wynne*, remains to be seen.

Walworth. G. W.

EPITAPHS.

On Ann Jennings, at Wolstanton.

Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

On Du Bois, born in a baggage-wagon, and killed in a duel.

Begot in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,
Carte and tierce was his life, and a carte was his death.

On a Publican.

A jolly landlord once was I,
And kept the Old King's Head hard by,
Sold mead and gin, cider and beer,
And eke all other kinds of cheer,
Till Death my license took away,
And put me in this house of clay:
A house at which you all must call,
Sooner or later, great and small.

On John Underwood.

Oh cruel Death, that dost no good,
With thy destructive maggots;
Now thou hast cropt our Underwood,
What shall we do for fagots?

In Dorchester Churchyard.

Frank from his Betty snatch'd by Fate,
Shows how uncertain is our state;
He smiled at morn, at noon lay dead—
Flung from a horse that kick'd his head.
But tho' he's gone, from tears refrain,
At judgment he'll get up again.

EPITAPHS IN BROMSGROVE CHURCH-YARD.

In memory of Thomas Maningly, who died 3rd of May, 1819, aged 28 years.

Beneath this stone lies the remains,
Who in Bromsgrove-street was slain;
A currier with his knife did the deed,
And left me in the street to bleed;
But when archangel's trump shall sound,
And souls to bodies join, that murderer
I hope will see my soul in heaven shine.

Edward Hill, died 1st of January, 1800, aged 70.

He now in silence here remains,
(Who fought with Wolf on Abraham's plains);
E'en so will Mary Hill, his wife,
When God shall please to take her life.
'Twas Edward Hill, their only son,
Who caused the writing on this stone.

We perceive that Mr. Murray has advertised the second edition of Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*, with the following opinion quoted from the *Gentleman's Magazine:* "One of the most delightful labours of leisure ever seen—not a few of the most beautiful phenomena of nature are here lucidly explained." Now, these identical words occur in our Memoir of Sir H. Davy, prefixed to vol. xiii. of *The Mirror*, and published in July, 1829. A Memoir of Sir Humphry Davy appeared subsequently in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the same year, in which the editor has most unceremoniously borrowed the original portion of our Memoir (among which is that quoted above), without a single line of acknowledgment. He has, too, printed this matter in his largest type, while we were content to write and sell the whole Memoir and Portrait at our usual cheap rate.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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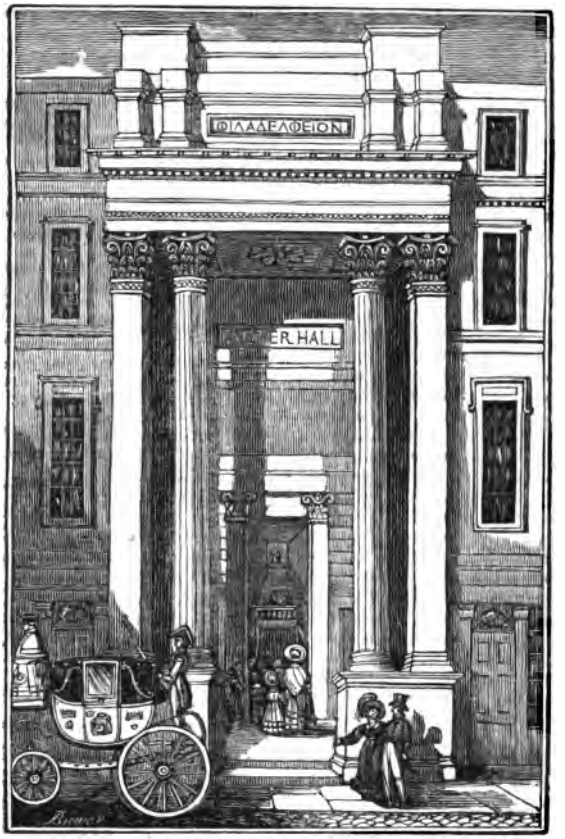

EXETER HALL, STRAND.

We rejoice to see the site of Burleigh House partly occupied by the above Building. Its object is to afford accommodation for the meetings of Philanthropic Societies—so that whatever may be the olden celebrity of the spot, it is reasonable to expect that its present appropriation will be associated with the most grateful recollections.

This building is, perhaps, the most perfect erection of its kind in England. The approach from the Strand is remarkably modest: it is by a very narrow, though very chaste, door-way, situated between two Corinthian columns and pilasters. Within the door is a hall, with two flights of steps, which afterwards unite, and lead up to the entrance of the great hall itself; the hall below leads into a broad passage, which extends to the farther extremity of the building, opening right and left into various offices. On entering the door of the great hall, a vast and splendid room is presented to view, with scarcely a single interruption to the eye throughout its whole extent, capable of containing, with comfort, more than 3,000 persons. The floor is covered with substantial oak seats, equal to the accom-

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modation of 2,500 persons. The greater portion of these are situated on a gentle rise, to permit a perfect view of the platform on which the proceedings take place. The platform is raised about six feet from the floor, and extends the whole breadth of the room, curving inwards, the extremities bending towards the audience: it contains seats for nearly 300 individuals. Behind this gallery again, are very capacious recesses, which will hold from three to four hundred persons. The lower part of the walls of the room is quite plain, the architect, probably, regarding the audience as a sufficient ornament in that quarter, though the rising of the seats would obscure carved-work if it were there. The windows are at a considerable height from the ground, and are of dimmed glass, with a chaste and classical border. The ceiling, which is at a noble height, is beautifully laid out in squares, with borderings and rosettes. An oblong opening occurs in the centre, with massive beams stretching across, presenting to view an erection in the roof, a form of construction, probably, necessary to so immense a mass of roofing, and serving also for the purposes of ventilation, as it contains windows at each end. There are four pillars near the end of the hall, rising to the ceiling, the capitals of which, as also those of some pilasters at the upper extremity of the hall, are exquisitely carved in straw-coloured marble. Behind the platform are numerous and convenient committee-rooms. The word "Philadelpheion," which may be rendered "loving brothers," is carved in Greek capitals over the entrance in the Strand.*

Exeter Hall has been erected by subscription, by a public company established for the purpose.

* Ballot Newspaper.

WILLS OF SHAKSPEARE, MILTON AND BUONAPARTE.

(To the Editor.)

THE last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors Commons. In the will of the "Bard of Avon" is an interlineation in his own handwriting—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrde, 22nd July, 1616.

The will of the Minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind.

The will of Napoleon, to whom future ages, in spite of legitimacy, will confirm the epithet "le grand," is signed in a bold style of handwriting; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body. T. H. K.

VERNAL STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE earth displayed its robe of gorgeous hues,
And o'er the tufted violets softly stole
The downy pinions of the fragrant wind,
Which tuned the brook with music; there were clouds
O'er the blue heaven dispersed in various shapes,
And touch'd with most impassive light, whereon
The heart might dwell and dream of future bliss;
And as the sound of distant bells awaked
The echoes of the woods, they raised the thoughts
To worlds more bright and beautiful than ours!

G. R. C.

THE spring has waved her sunny wing
Upon the verdant earth,
And winds from distant places bring
The festal tones of mirth;
The sky appears an azure field,
With clouds emblazoned like a shield.

A golden light has touched the woods,
And o'er the silent dell
A languid breathless quiet broods,
Scarce broken by the swell
Of streams that whisper through the air,
As if they were awaked to pray'r.

Survey the lovely scene around,
The river beams in gold,
Its rippling waves with song resound,
And rainbow light unfold,
And as the flow'rs unclose their eyes,
Their hue seems coloured by the skies.

The mould'ring church on yonder slope,
Perchance by heaven designed
To consecrate the heart with hope,
In ivy-wreaths is shrined:
Its rural tombs are green with age,
And types of earthly pilgrimage.

On this delightful vernal day,
In scenes so rich and fair,
The spirit feels a hallow'd ray
Kindling its essence there;
And Fancy haunts the mourner's urn,
"With thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Deal. G. R. C.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity.—JOHNSON.

IN a former number I gave some observations on apparitions, and I shall here continue my remarks.

The argument that was used by Dr.

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Johnson was founded on premises that are as inadmissible as his conclusion, viz. that the popular opinion in favour of the reality of apparitions could only obtain universal credence by its truth. This is very plausible, but destitute of foundation. Does the learned doctor mean to deny the universality of errors? does he mean to call the whole body of the learned and enlightened cavillers? and that because they are not willing to consent to his monstrous opinion? To reverse the argument, does he mean to deny the truth of the Scriptures, or is he bold enough to assert that they have received universal credence? So much for the arguments wielded by Dr. Johnson, who has not been unaptly termed the Colossus of Literature. The idea that departed spirits revisited the earth, probably took its rise from the opinion of the immortality of the soul, which was very general in both ancient and modern times.* This supposition is most consonant with probability. It is always to be remarked that this species of superstition is most prevalent in those countries where learning and reason have made but little progress. The demons (*Δαιμονες*) and genii of former times were exactly the same as the ghosts of this; the same attributes, the same power, and the same malice were observed of one, as are now attributed to the other. By the Chaldeans these demons were divided into two kinds, good and bad. But as it is foreign to my purpose to enter into an investigation of the opinions of the ancients on this subject, I shall content myself with referring the curious reader to Stanley's *History of Philosophy*, a deservedly popular work.

I shall here recount one of the most extraordinary tales relating to this subject that I ever heard; I believe the solution is evident, and I am not aware that it has appeared before; but if it has, some of the readers of the *Mirror* may not have seen it.

A surgeon of Edinburgh was confined to his bed by some illness, and at "the dewy hour of eve," when the room was lighted by nothing but the glimmering and flickering light of a wood fire, he perceived *a female sitting at the foot of the bed clothed in white!* Imagining that it was some defect in his sight, he gazed more intensely at it, still it was there. He then raised his hand before his eyes and he did not perceive it; on withdrawing it the apparition was there. Closing his eyes he went through a mathematical calculation to convince himself he was in his right senses; upon reopening them he still perceived her there. The fire then went out and he saw no more. I confess I see no difficulty in accounting for this, by supposing the gentleman was afflicted with that horrid disease of which Sir Walter Scott gives many cases in his *Demonology and Witchcraft*. Although I have no warrant for asserting spirits do not return, yet I must say, all the tales I have ever heard do not necessarily require any such interpretation on them. It may be true, and so may everything which we have no evidence against or for. If my opinion on the subject was to be shaken by anything, it would be with the following story, which was given to me by one whose veracity I have no reason to doubt.

There is, or rather was, a very ancient castle in Lancashire, near Liverpool, called Castle de Bergh, which belongs to a noble family of that name. Many years ago the possessor of the castle, Mr. de Burgh, died, and the castle was then let out to various of the tenantry, among whom was a carpenter. Two years after the death of Mr. de Burgh, as this carpenter was employed in his workshop, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, melting glue, it being evening, and only four of his men with him, he perceived a gentleman in mourning passing the lathe where the men were at work. He was immediately seized with a violent trembling and weakness, his hair stood on end, and a clammy sweat spread over his forehead. The lights were put out, he knew not how, and at last, in fear and terror, he was obliged to return home. On his arrival at the castle, as he was passing up the stairs, he heard a footstep behind, and on turning round he perceived the same apparition. He hastily entered his room, and bolted, locked, and barred the door, but to his horror and surprise this offered no impediment to his ghostly visiter, for the door sprang open at his touch, and he entered the room! The apparition was seen by various others, all of whom asserted it bore the strongest resemblance to their deceased master! One gentleman spoke to him, and the spirit told him "that he was not happy."

Foley Place. AN ANTIQUARY.

* It must not be supposed that the opinion on the immortality of the soul was confined either to Christians or Jews; according to Herodotus, (lib. 2) the Massagetæ believed in the immortality of the soul; the most eminent of the ancient philosophers invariably advocated that doctrine, one of the most important in the Christian's Creed.

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LINES.

(For the Mirror.)

Upon the silent grassy bed,
Shall maiden's tears at eve be shed,
And friendship's self shall often there
Heave the sigh, and breathe the pray'r.
Young flowers of spring around shall bloom,
And summer's roses deck thy tomb.
The primrose ope its modest breast
Where thy lamented ashes rest,
And cypress branches lowly bend
Where thy lov'd form with clay shall blend.
The silver willow darkly wave
Above thy unforgotten grave,
And woodbine leaves will fondly creep,
Where * * lies in holy sleep.

Sturminster. COLBOURNE.

PARLIAMENTARY SCRAPS.

(For the Mirror.)

Lord Coke, in his fourth institute, defines certain qualities essentially requisite to constitute a good member of parliament; and he refers to a parliament roll, 3 Henry VI., which affirms that a parliament man should have three properties ascribed to the elephant—1. That he hath no gall; 2. That he is inflexible, and cannot bow; 3. That he is of a most ripe and perfect memory.—1. To be without malice, rancour, heat, and envy;—in elephante melancholia transit in nutrimentum corporis: every gallish inclination, if any were, should tend to the good of the whole body—the commonwealth. 2. That he be constant, inflexible, and not be bowed, or turned from the right, either from fear, reward, or favour; not in judgment respect any person. 3. That in remembering perils past, dangers to come may be prevented.

To these, addition is made by Lord Coke of two other properties of elephants: the one, that though they be maximæ virtutis et maximi intellectus, of great strength and understanding, *tamen gregatim semper incedunt*, yet they are sociable, and go in companies; for *animalia gregalia non sunt nociva, sed animalia solivaga sunt nociva:* sociable creatures that go in flocks or herds are not hurtful—as deer, sheep, &c.; but beasts that walk solely or singularly, as bears, foxes, &c., are dangerous and hurtful. The other property is, that the elephant is philanthropos, homini erranti viam ostendit. And, in the opinion of Coke, these properties ought every parliament man to have.

Neither the ancient nor modern election statutes mention, or imply, the existence of a "candidate." The old laws direct that the representative shall be freely and indifferently chosen by the electors. The choice was of their own motion, and the person elected was passive. Even at the present day, the law does not contemplate his asking for votes, and therefore does not allow, after the issuing of the writ, sufficient time for a regular canvass. The term "candidate" had its derivation from the person being *candidatus*, clothed in white, as symbolical of the wearer's purity.

James I. issued a proclamation, in which the voters for members of parliament are directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

At the Sussex election, in 1807, an elector, named Morton, voted in right of his patrimonial land at Rusper, which had been in possession of his ancestors 750 years. W. G. C.

SONNET

TO AN EOLIAN HARP, HEARD AT EVENING.

(For the Mirror.)

Soft breathings of aerial melody,
Ye seem like love-songs from the elfin land,
Or soundings from that heaven-commissioned band,
Usherling the good man to the bliss on high.
Now swells the chorus full, anon ye die
Away upon the breeze, so soft and bland
Melting on evening's ear. Sure Love's own hand
In kindest mood hath wrought this minstrelsy.
How to the lorn heart does its influence creep,
As the wild winds sweep o'er the fairy strings,
Bringing again departed, perish'd things,
O'er which we feel it luxury to weep.
Sing on ye zephyr-sprites, your vespers cheer
The heart, whose off'ring is a holy tear.

Sturminster. COLBOURNE.

The Cosmopolite.

HINTS FOR SELF-ADVANCEMENT; OR, HOW TO MAKE ONE'S WAY IN THE WORLD.

(For the Mirror.)

When you visit married people, pay particular attention to their children: the more noisy, troublesome, and disagreeable they are, the more is it incumbent upon you to praise them. Should the baby entertain you with a passionate squall for an hour or two, vow that it is "a charming child"—"a sweet pet"—"a dear, pretty, little creature," &c. &c. Call red hair auburn, and "a sweet, uncommon colour;" a squint, or cross-eye, think "an agreeable expression;" maintain that an ugly child is extremely handsome, and the image either of one or other of its parents, or of its handsomest, wealthiest,

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or most aristocratic relations. Discover which of a family is mamma's, and which papa's favourite, and pay your court accordingly; for it is better to lavish, in this case, your attentions and encomiums upon one or two, than upon all.

When requiring an introduction to any great people, scruple not to avail yourself of the services of the little; but when mounted as high as you please, by all means kick down your ladders, cast away your stepping stones—since they might, instead of being of any further assistance, only prove incumbrances to you.

Take every opportunity of joining in conversation with those to whom you desire to recommend yourself. Should you feel at a loss for topics of discourse, mention servants, and tradesmen, upon whom fail not to bestow most hearty abuse;—vow that they are an unprincipled set of knaves, scoundrels, and thieves. Hence you will be thought to have "much to say for yourself;" and should you be enabled to narrate any grievous losses sustained from these members of society, you will obtain credit for having "something to lose" at any rate, and find it of incalculable value.

When you direct a letter to a knight bachelor—though it is indeed customary and well-bred to omit altogether the Knt.—yet it will never be taken amiss should you venture to address him as a Knight of the Garter, Bath, &c. &c., or even as a Baronet. Undoubtedly it is as vulgar to misapprehend and confound titles, as it is to mispronounce and misspell names; nevertheless rest assured, that flattered vanity will go far to pardon vulgarity.

If a gentleman, pay infinite attention to the single ladies of a family—compliment, flirt, converse with, and ask them to dance. This conduct will obtain for you, on account of the fair creatures, marvellous good report, numerous invitations; and if you have sufficient tact to steer clear of committing yourself for more than a few flattering and general attentions, you may be considered one of the happiest of those who live—by their wits, and upon their friends.

Should your "dancing days be over," which is scarcely probable, considering how greatly it is now the fashion for "potent, grave, and reverend signors," and signoras also, to join the gay quadrille, &c. (and here we may as well note, that in genteel society, dowager honourables and old ladies may dance, whilst young, plain misses may not)—there are sundry modes of rendering yourself agreeable, which your own taste and talents, it is to be presumed, will naturally suggest: chess, whist, ecarté, quadrille, &c. &c., not to mention a little practical knowledge of music, are acquirements which cause an individual to be considered "very agreeable"—because very useful; and rely upon it, as the world goes, utility in nine cases out of ten is, with society, a consideration. Hence, no creature is so universally voted disagreeable as one from whom no kind of service can be exacted; and whilst roués, gamesters, and tipplers, duelists, pugilists, and blacklegs, are tolerated in society, stupid men are overlooked, or thrust out of it with contempt.

Dress in the extreme of fashion: you can neither gain nor maintain your ground without so doing; and as you have an end to answer, which your tailors or milliners have not, of course you will not suffer the unfashionable dictates of conscience, respecting their bills, to interfere with your proceedings.

Answer an invitation as soon as it is received; many individuals defer so doing for some days, which certainly shows fashionable ease and nonchalance, besides allowing time for the arrival of another and preferable one; but, by those who are absolutely bent upon advancing themselves in society, this practice is to be eschewed, since by perplexing, it so annoys the donor of a fête, that the chances are greatly against your ever again being asked.

Never omit, the day after a party, to send or leave your card, as an acknowledgment for the civility you have received. This ceremony, indeed, it is to your interest frequently to repeat at the doors of your friends, since it will ensure your never being forgotten by them.

Never go to an evening party until you are pretty certain that everybody else is coming away. Your consequence will by this conduct be enhanced;—you may protest that you have already appeared at two or three balls, &c. When, if a student or fashionable novel-writer, your time may have been more rationally employed at home, you go too late to dance much, if the exercise, or rather the partners, be disagreeable to you; you ensure being seen, which is something,—for, alas! how many worthy aspirants to fashion, fortune, and fame, if of no actual importance, are fated to pass unnoticed in a crowd! and the opportunity is besides afforded you of paying almost undivided attention to your host, hostess, and family, which must materially advance your interests.

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Neither be in too great haste to quit the houses of those to whom you desire to recommend yourself. Parties, even the worst, cost both money and trouble; and whilst the givers of them feel it no compliment to be run away from, as if a pestilence raged in their habitations, it is positively insulting to inform them that another soirée, from which you hope better things, awaits your presence.

If a lady, "set up for a beauty:" rely upon it, no persons will "cry you up" as such unless you give them the note. Should you be extremely plain, no matter; friz your hair until it stands out one English ell from your face, and mount it, in bows, braids, &c., three yards at least from the crown of your head; drawl, or lisp in your speech; bring out words and phrases from every living tongue with which you may happen to be slightly acquainted; boast of "the continent;" mince your gait; wriggle forward upon your toes when you walk; and swim and dip, whenever led into the atrocity of committing a *quad*-rille. In brief, give yourself unimaginable airs; then protest that your manners, as well as your costume, are of the newest Parisian mode—and it is ten to one but that affectation will be accepted in lieu of, or mistaken for, beauty.

Never forget, that as it is sometimes very prudent to be deaf and dumb in society, so is it extremely convenient upon occasions to be blind. The cuts, direct and oblique—the looks at, and the looks over—the distant, formal bow, and the adroit turn upon the heel (should you perceive the party, intended to be cut for the time being at least, advancing with dire intent of obliging a recognition), may be, especially upon old and provincial friends, practised *ad libitum*, without the slightest danger of your character for etiquette, politeness, suavity, and general pleasantness, being impeached. Indeed it is not incompatible with the highest breeding, to allow your slighted and amazed acquaintance to hear you quizzing, and see you laughing at, him heartily, should it be your interest so to do; and then next day, to walk boldly up to him, protest he is the best fellow in the world; and should he be so senseless as to venture an allusion to your "late conduct," to vow, with the extremest audacity, that he happens to be under some evident and deplorable mistake, &c. &c. In short, should you really find yourself in a scrape, to back out of it as well as you are able.

When at a ball, it may sometimes be to your advantage (though fashionable insolence should not be carried too far) to act in the following manner:—

1. Ask a lady if she is engaged to dance. Should she answer "No," whilst her eyes say "Yes, if you will be my partner," then, instead of offering yourself for that purpose, protest that "dancing is a mighty bore, which no gentleman would endure, could he possibly help it," and walk away.

2. Having elicited from a lady that she is not engaged for the ensuing dance, exclaim, with a smile of triumph, "I am! and must go and find my partner."

3. When conversing with one young lady, whom you do not design to compliment by leading out for waltz, quadrille, or galoppe, mazurka, or Russian cotillon, &c., take particular care, in her hearing, to engage yourself to another. This is equally kind and polite.

4. Upon the conclusion of a dance, either leave your partner standing in the middle of the room—which I have beheld performed with admirable effect—or, hastily leading her to a seat, quit her instantly: which proceeding says, in plain English, "Lady, I would not stay another moment with you for anything that could be offered me, lest the world should choose to fancy we are engaged."

Respecting giving and lending, which are sometimes necessary worldly duties, your guide must be this brief, but infallible rule—"Venture a small fish to catch a large one." Those antiquated beings, indeed, whom the polite style "horrid bores," but whose generic appellation is Christians, are accustomed to "lend and give, not hoping to receive;" yet this maxim cannot of course be supposed to influence the conduct of those who desire to advance themselves in the world, because they are bound to bear in mind, that they cannot admit of any principle of action which tends, in the slightest degree, to militate against their interest.—*Et cætera desunt.*

M. L. B.

The Naturalist.

THE WHITE-HEADED, OR BALD EAGLE.

(Concluded from page 389.)

THE intrepidity of character, before mentioned, may be farther illustrated by the following fact, which occurred a few years ago, near Great Egg Harbour, New Jersey. A woman, who happened to be weeding in the garden, had set her child down near, to amuse itself while she was at work; when a sudden and extraordinary rushing sound, and a

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scream from her child, alarmed her, and starting up, she beheld the infant thrown down, and dragged some few feet, and a large bald eagle bearing off a fragment of its frock, which being the only part seized, and giving way, providentially saved the life of the infant.

The appetite of the bald eagle, though habituated to long fasting, is of the most voracious and often the most indelicate kind. Fish, when he can obtain them, are preferred to all other fare. Young lambs and pigs are dainty morsels, and made free with on all favourable occasions. Ducks, geese, gulls, and other sea fowl, are also seized with avidity. The most putrid carrion, when nothing better can be had, is acceptable; and the collected groups of gormandizing vultures, on the approach of this dignified personage, instantly disperse, and make way for their master, waiting his departure in sullen silence, and at a respectful distance, on the adjacent trees.

In one of those partial migrations of tree squirrels that sometimes take place in our western forests, many thousands of them were destroyed in attempting to cross the Ohio; and at a certain place, not far from Wheeling, a prodigious number of their dead bodies were floated to the shore by an eddy. Here the vultures assembled in great force, and had regaled themselves for some time, when a bald eagle made his appearance, and took sole possession of the premises, keeping the whole vultures at their proper distance for several days. He has also been seen navigating the same river on a floating carrion, though scarcely raised above the surface of the water, and tugging at the carcass, regardless of snags, sawyers, planters, or shallows. He sometimes carries his tyranny to great extremes against the vultures. In hard times, when food happens to be scarce, should he accidentally meet with one of these who has its craw crammed with carrion, he attacks it fiercely in the air; the cowardly vulture instantly disgorges, and the delicious contents are snatched up by the eagle before they reach the ground.

The nest of this species is generally fixed on a very large and lofty tree, often in a swamp or morass, and difficult to be ascended. On some noted tree of this description, often a pine or cypress, the bald eagle builds, year after year, for a long series of years. When both male and female have been shot from the nest, another pair has soon after taken possession. The nest is large, being added to and repaired every season, until it becomes a black prominent mass, observable at a considerable distance. It is formed of large sticks, sods, earthy rubbish, hay, moss, &c. Many have stated to me that the female lays first a single egg, and that, after having sat on it for some time, she lays another; when the first is hatched, the warmth of that, it is pretended, hatches the other. Whether this be correct or not, I cannot determine; but a very respectable gentleman of Virginia assured me, that he saw a large tree cut down, containing the nest of a bald eagle, in which were two young, one of which appeared nearly three times as large as the other. As a proof of their attachment to their young, a person near Norfolk informed me, that, in clearing a piece of wood on his place, they met with a large dead pine tree, on which was a bald eagle's nest and young. The tree being on fire more than half way up, and the flames rapidly ascending, the parent eagle darted around and among the flames, until her plumage was so much injured that it was with difficulty she could make her escape, and even then, she several times attempted to return to relieve her offspring.

The flight of the bald eagle, when taken into consideration with the ardour and energy of his character, is noble and interesting. Sometimes the human eye can just discern him, like a minute speck, moving in slow curvatures along the face of the heavens, as if reconnoitering the earth at that immense distance. Sometimes he glides along in a direct horizontal line, at a vast height, with expanded and unmoving wings, till he gradually disappears in the distant blue ether. Seen gliding in easy circles over the high shores and mountainous cliffs that tower above the Hudson and Susquehanna, he attracts the eye of the intelligent voyager, and adds great interest to the scenery. At the great Cataract of Niagara, already mentioned, there rises from the gulf into which the Falls of the Horse-Shoe descend, a stupendous column of smoke, or spray, reaching to the heavens, and moving off in large black clouds, according to the direction of the wind, forming a very striking and majestic appearance. The eagles are here seen sailing about, sometimes losing themselves in this thick column, and again reappearing in another place, with such ease and elegance of motion, as renders the whole truly sublime.

High o'er the watery uproar, silent seen,
Sailing sedate in majesty serene,
Now midst the pillar'd spray sublimely lost,
And now, emerging, down the Rapids tost,

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Glides the bald eagle, gazing, calm and slow,
O'er all the horrors of the scene below;
Intent alone to sate himself with blood,
From the torn victims of the raging flood.

The white-headed eagle is three feet long, and seven feet in extent; the bill is of a rich yellow; cere the same, slightly tinged with green; mouth flesh-coloured; tip of the tongue, bluish black; the head, chief part of the neck, vent, tail coverts, and tail, are white in the perfect, or old birds of both sexes, in those under three years of age these parts are of a gray brown; the rest of the plumage is deep, dark brown, each feather tipt with pale brown, lightest on the shoulder of the wing, and darkest towards its extremities. The conformation of the wing is admirably adapted for the support of so large a bird; it measures two feet in breadth on the greater quills, and sixteen inches on the lesser; the longest primaries are twenty inches in length, and upwards of one inch in circumference where they enter the skin; the broadest secondaries are three inches in breadth across the vane; the scapulars are very large and broad, spreading from the back to the wing, to prevent the air from passing through; another range of broad flat feathers, from three to ten inches in length, also extend from the lower part of the breast to the wing below, for the same purpose; between these lies a deep triangular cavity; the thighs are remarkably thick, strong, and muscular, covered with long feathers pointing backwards, usually called the femoral feathers; the legs, which are covered half way below the knee, before, with dark brown downy feathers, are of a rich yellow, the colour of ripe Indian corn; feet the same; claws blue black, very large and strong, particularly the inner one, which is considerably the largest; soles, very rough and warty; the eye is sunk, under a bony, or cartilaginous projection, of a pale yellow colour, and is turned considerably forwards, not standing parallel with the cheeks, the iris is of a bright straw colour, pupil black.

The male is generally two or three inches shorter than the female; the white on the head, neck, and tail being more tinged with yellowish, and its whole appearance less formidable; the brown plumage is also lighter, and the bird itself less daring than the female, a circumstance common to almost all birds of prey.

The eagle is said to live to a great age—sixty, eighty, and, as some assert, one hundred years. This circumstance is remarkable, when we consider the seeming intemperate habits of the bird. Sometimes fasting, through necessity, for several days, and at other times gorging itself with animal food till its craw swells out the plumage of that part, forming a large protuberance on the breast. This, however, is its natural food, and for these habits its whole organization is particularly adapted. It has not, like men, invented rich wines, ardent spirits, and a thousand artificial poisons, in the form of soups, sauces, and sweetmeats. Its food is simple, it indulges freely, uses great exercise, breathes the purest air, is healthy, vigorous, and long lived. The lords of the creation themselves might derive some useful hints from these facts, were they not already, in general, too wise, or too proud, to learn from their *inferiors*, the fowls of the air and beasts of the field.

Notes of a Reader.

THE LATE MRS. SIDDONS.

The subsequent account of Mrs. Siddons, nearly fifty years since, will perhaps give the reader a better outline of that "Queen of Tragedy" than any that has since appeared. We ought to mention that it is quoted from Mr. Boaden's *Memoirs*, and was written on the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the character of Isabella, for the first time in London, October 10, 1782. Mr. Boaden thus introduces the quotation, in vol. i. of his work:—

As the person of our great actress has undergone some change, and her features by time became stronger, I should find it difficult now to describe her accurately by memory, as she stood before the audience on the night of the 10th of October. I am relieved from this difficulty by an account of her written at the time. I shall change only a few of the expressions then used, more from a feeling as to composition than alteration as to sentiment.

There never, perhaps, was a better stage-figure than that of Mrs. Siddons. Her height is above the middle size, but not at all inclined to the *em-bon-point*. There is, notwithstanding, nothing sharp or angular in the frame; there is sufficient muscle to bestow a roundness upon the limbs, and her attitudes are, therefore, distinguished equally by energy and grace. The symmetry of her person is exact and captivating. Her face is peculiarly happy, the features being finely formed, though strong, and never for an

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instant seeming overcharged, like the Italian faces, nor coarse and unfeminine under whatever impulse; on the contrary, it is so thoroughly harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is; so great, too, is the flexibility of her countenance, that the rapid transitions of passion are given with a variety and effect that never tire upon the eye. Her voice is naturally plaintive, and a tender melancholy in her level speaking denotes a being devoted to tragedy; yet this seemingly settled quality of voice becomes at will sonorous or piercing, overwhelms with rage, or in its wild shriek absolutely harrows up the soul. Her sorrow, too, is never childish—her lamentation has a dignity which belongs, I think, to no other woman: it claims your respect along with your tears. Her eye is brilliant and varying like the diamond; it is singularly well placed; "it *pries*," in Shakspeare's language, "through the portal of the head," and has every aid from brows flexible beyond all female parallel, contracting to disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or anguish. Her memory is tenacious and exact—her articulation clear and distinct—her pronunciation systematic and refined.

Nor has Nature been partially bountiful: she has endowed her with a quickness of conception, and a strength of understanding equal to the proper use of such extraordinary gifts. So entirely is she mistress of herself, so collected, and so determined in gestures, tone, and manner, that she seldom errs, like other actors, because she doubts her powers or comprehension. She studies her author attentively, conceives justly, and describes with a firm consciousness of propriety. She is sparing in her action, because English nature does not act much; but it is always proper, picturesque, graceful, and dignified: it arises immediately from the sentiments and feeling, and is not seen to prepare itself before it begins. No studied trick or start can be predicted;—no forced tremulation of the figure, where the vacancy of the eye declares the absence of passion, can be seen;—no laborious strainings at false climax, in which the tired voice reiterates one high tone beyond which it cannot reach, is ever heard;—no artificial heaving of the breasts, so disgusting when the affectation is perceptible;—none of those arts by which the actress is seen, and not the character, can be found in Mrs. Siddons. So natural are her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so intensely interesting her voice, form, and features, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicates by words. She must be seen to be known. What is still more delightful, she is an original: she copies no one living or dead, but acts from nature and herself.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE TWO MUNCHAUSENS.

By a veteran.

In the late —— Regiment of Light Dragoons, were two worthy persons, who were denominated the regimental liars: a distinction to which, giving every man his due, they were eminently entitled. The great and fundamental requisites for accomplished lying, I conceive to be a good memory, a fertile fancy, a ready wit, fluency of speech, and a brazen countenance, so that you shall tell a man a most bare-faced falsehood, and afterwards adduce such connected proofs as especially characterize actual facts. The following dialogue is a specimen of the talents of the aforementioned mendacious personages.

C.—"See a man walk after he was shot dead! so have I, a whole day's march."

B.—"Come, come, that's stealing a march on our senses. No, no, it wont do: that's a naked one; do pray turn them out with some kind of probability covering over them."

C.—"What, doubt my veracity;"

B.—"Not for the world; that would be illiberal and unkind, and by the way, now I think on it, I believe the possibility of a man travelling without his *cranium*, for at the battle of Laswaree, during that desperate contest for British India, I saw a sergeant of the seventy-sixth shot dead; yet the fellow pursued his antagonist some hundred yards afterwards, threatening vengeance on the miscreant for having robbed the service of one of its best men. Finding himself weak from loss of blood, he deliberately unscrewed his head, threw it violently at the foe, and took him on the spine; down he tumbled; the veteran jumped upon him; fearful was the struggle; chest to chest, fist to fist; at last they joined in the death grapple, and dreadful indeed was their dying hug."

C.—"My dear friend, I was an eye

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witness of the whole transaction. You have however forgotten the best part of the story. After the sergeant had well pummelled his enemy, he picked up his head again, and thrust into a neighbouring great gun: from the want of his *peepers* he made a random shot, and killed the horse on which Lord Lake was riding—his Lordship saluted the sod."

B.—"I recollect it perfectly; for the nose of the said sergeant (recognised by sundry carbuncles) was so hard, that the following day it was extracted from the abdomen of the unfortunate animal."

C.—"You make a mistake about the nose; it was discovered lodged in a loaf in a corporal's knapsack; the man could swear to it, for it was perforated by three balls, and otherwise curiously marked. Report said that a shell had once blown it completely off, and that it was stitched on again by a shoe-maker, who, ever after, went by the name of the *nosy* cobbler."

B.—"Nothing impossible. It reminds me of a story somewhat as strange: During the battle of Delhi there was a quarter-master in the regiment, a queer fellow, who was never at a loss; (he is now in the corps, and can vouch for my statement) he was charging at the head of his squadron, when he caught a cannon shot in his hands: instantly dismounting, he chucked the ball into a field-piece, but, for want of a ramrod, he drove it home with his head. One of the enemy, seeing him thus zealously occupied, fired off the gun; strange to tell he was not killed! From constant exposure to the sun, in search of toddy, and from the free use of cocoa-nut oil, his head had become proof against shot. The distance from the place whence he was projected, to that where he was picked up, measured three miles, two furlongs, three yards, and eleven inches. A hard-headed fellow, Sir.—In his career he upset his colonel and a brace of captains."

C.—"He did; and where the colonel was capsized, he made such a hole by his enormous weight, that the sovereign of Delhi ordered a large well to be dug on the spot, in memory of the event.

B.—"I remember the well—twelve feet, three inches and a half, was the exact depth of the excavation occasioned by the fall."

C.—"There you are wrong; only eleven feet, three inches—"

B.—"No, believe me, I am right; twelve feet, and three inches to a barleycorn."

C.—"Never mind: a little, this way or that, is of no consequence. The most extraordinary thing was, that the gallant colonel only sprained his right arm."

B.—"By no means extraordinary. You remember the great gun of Agra, in which a regiment of cavalry used to drill."

C.—"I do. The one that fired the stone ball to the wall of Futtipoore Sikrah—twenty miles."

B.—"The same. Well, when that gun was fired, a thing that never occurred but once, the head of the rash man who fired it was afterwards found in the Old Woman's Tank, eleven miles from the spot, without so much as a blemish, except a slight singing of the right whisker."

C.—"Ah! I can never forget the time; I had just landed in Calcutta when we heard the report. Some of the wadding went as far as Cawnpore."

Here the trumpet, sounding for morning drill, put a stop to the colloquy.—*Englishman's Magazine.*

THE MISER'S GRAVE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

HERE'S a lesson for the earth-born worm,
So deep engraven on the meagre platen
Of human frailty, so debased in hue,
That he who dares peruse it needs but blush
For his own nature. The poor shrivell'd wretch,
For whose lean carcass yawns this hideous pit,
Had naught that he desired in earth or heaven—
No God, no Saviour, but that sordid pelf,
O'er which he starved and gloated. I have seen him
On the exchange, or in the market-place
When money was in plenteous circulation,
Gaze after it with such Satanic looks
Of eagerness, that I have wonder'd oft
How he from theft and murder could refrain.
'Twas cowardice alone withheld his hands,
For they would grasp and grapple at the air,
When his grey eye had fixed on heaps of gold,
While his clench'd teeth, and grinning, yearning face,
Were dreadful to behold. The merchants oft
Would mark his eye, then start and look again,
As at the eye of basilisk or snake.
His eye of greyish green ne'er shed one ray
Of kind benignity or holy light
On aught beneath the sun. Childhood, youth, beauty,
To it had all one hue. Its rays reverted
Right inward, back upon the greedy heart
On which the gnawing worm of avarice
Preyed without ceasing, straining every sense
To that excruciable and yearning core.
Some thirteen days agone, he comes to me,
And after many sore and mean remarks
On men's rapacity and sordid greed,
He says, "Gabriel, thou art an honest man,
As the world goes. How much, then, will you charge
And make a grave for me, fifteen feet deep?"—
"We'll talk of that when you require it, sir."
"No, no. I want it made, and paid for too;
I'll have it settled, else I know there will
Be some unconscionable overcharge
On my poor friends—a ruinous overcharge."—
"But, sir, were it made now, it would fill up
Each winter to the brim, and be to make
Twenty or thirty times, if you live long."—

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"There! there it is! Nothing but imposition!
Even Time must rear his stern, unyielding front,
And holding out his shrivelled skeleton hand,
Demands my money. Naught but money!
money!
Were I coin'd into money I could not
Half satisfy that craving greed of money.
Well, how much do you charge? I'll pay you
now,
And take a bond from you that it be made
When it is needed. Come, calculate with
reason—
Work's very cheap; and two good men will
make
That grave at two days' work: and I can have
Men at a shilling each—*without* the meat—
That's a great matter! Let them but to meat,
'Tis utter ruin. I'll give none their meat—
That I'll beware of. Men now-a-days are cheap,
Cheap, dogcheap, and beggarly food of work.
One shilling each a-day, *without* the meat.
Mind that, and ask in reason; for I wish
To have that matter settled to my mind."—
"Sir, there's no man alive will do't so cheap
As I shall do it for the ready cash,"
Says I, to put him from it with a joke.
"I'll charge you, then, one-fourth part of a
farthing
For every cubic foot of work I do,
Doubling the charge each foot that I descend."
"Doubling as you descend!" Why, that of
course.
A quarter of a farthing each square foot—
No meat, remember! Not an inch of meat,
Nor drink, nor dram. You're not to trust to
these.
Will stand that bargain. Gabriel?"—"I accept."
He struck it, quite o'erjoy'd. We sought the
clerk,
Sign'd—seal'd. He drew his purse. The clerk
went on
Figuring and figuring. "What a fuss you make!
'Tis plain," said he, "the sum is eighteen-
pence"—
"'Tis somewhat more, sir," said the civil
clerk—
And held out the account. "Two hundred
round,
And gallant payment over." The Miser's face
Assumed the cast of death's worst lineaments.
His skinny jaws fell down upon his breast:
He tried to speak, but his dried tongue refused
Its utterance, and cluck'd upon the gum.
His heart-pipes whistled with a crannell'd sound;
His knell-knees plaited, and his every bone
Seem'd out of joint. He raved—he cursed—he
wept—
But payment he refused. I have my bond,
Not yet a fortnight old, and shall be paid.
It broke the Miser's heart. He ate no more,
Nor drank, nor spake, but groan'd until he died;
This grave kill'd him, and now yearns for his
bones.
But worse than all. 'Tis twenty years and more
Since he brought home his coffin. On that chest
His eye turn'd ever and anon. It minded him,
He said, of death. And as he sat by night
Beside his beamless hearth, with blanket round
His shivering frame, if burst of winter wind
Made the door jangle, or the chimney moan,
Or crannied window whistle, he would start,
And turn his meagre looks upon that chest;
Then sit upon't, and watch till break of day.
Old wives thought him religious—a good man!
A great repentant sinner, who would leave
His countless riches to sustain the poor.
But mark the issue. Yesterday, at noon,
Two men could scarcely move that ponderous
chest
To the bedside to lay the body in.
They broke it sundry, and they found it framed
With double bottom! All his worshipp'd gold
Hoarded between the boards! O such a worm
Sure never writhed beneath the dunghill's base!
Fifteen feet under ground! and all his store
Snug in beneath him. Such a heaven was his.
Now, honest Teddy, think of such a wretch,
And learn to shun his vices, one and all.
Though richer than a Jew, he was more poor
Than is the meanest beggar. At the cost
Of other men a glutton. At his own,
A starveling. A mere scrub. And such a coward,
A cozener and liar—but a coward,
And would have been a thief—But was a coward.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PARIS AND ITS HISTORICAL SCENES.

(*Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part* 18.)

We have little inclination to quote more than a few passages from the General View of Paris in this Number; the topographical portion of which, (as far as a four months residence there will serve our judgment) is eminently characteristic.

Ancient City.

The Archbishop of Narbonne, writing in the reign of Francis I., (about 1520,) calls Paris even then a world rather than a city*; yet at that period its population was probably not much more than the fifth part of what it now is; nor did the quantity of ground it covered bear even the same proportion to the immense space over which it has now extended. but in both convenience and elegance, Paris has made still more extraordinary advances since the time of Francis than even in population and extent. It was then, compared to what it now is, but a gloomy and incommodious fortress, without even the security which encompassing fortifications might be supposed to yield. Lighted only by candles placed here and there by the inhabitants themselves in their windows, it was so infested by thieves and assassins that hardly any person ventured out after dark, and the approach of night was the source of constant terror even to those who remained in their houses. The streets thus imperfectly lighted, were worse paved; and most of them were as dirty and narrow as those still to be seen in the more ancient part of the city. The supply of water was so inadequate that the severest miseries were sometimes suffered from the absolute want of that necessary of life, and the greatest inconveniences at all times from its scarcity. Finally, the public edifices were without splendour, and even the best of the private houses unprovided with many of what are now accounted the most indispensable accommodations. Instead of all this, we behold Paris now one of the very central seats of civilization; and although

* Felibien, Histoire de Paris, tome i.

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still deficient in many of the accommodations which supply to the necessities of the many instead of the luxuries of the few, in possession of the greater portion of the most important provisions which ingenuity has found out, whether for the comfort or the embellishment of existence. What a contrast between the French capital of 1831, and that Lutetia of the ancient Parisii, which Cæsar found nearly nineteen hundred years ago occupying the little island, around which has since extended itself so wide a circle of wealth, industry, intelligence, and the works which these create!

Bridges.

Paris, stands, like London, on both banks of a river, and is thus cut into two great divisions, one to the north, and the other to the south, of the water. The Seine, however, is not nearly so broad as the Thames; and the northern and southern halves of Paris are not, therefore, by any means so much separated from each other, either locally, politically, or socially, as are the corresponding portions of the English metropolis. They form, in all respects one city.

The Seine flows in a direction nearly opposite to that of the Thames, namely, from south-east to north-west. It preserves almost a perfectly straight course in passing through Paris, except that it bends considerably to the south immediately before leaving the town. The river, as it flows through the heart of the city, is interrupted by three small islands lying in succession, the two most westerly of which, the Ile de la Cité (otherwise called the Ile du Palais) and the Ile St. Louis, or de Notre Dame, are covered with streets and houses. The third, called the Ile Louvier, is used only as a depôt for fire-wood. The parts of the town on the opposite sides of the river are connected with each other, and with these islands, by nineteen bridges, thirteen of which are constructed of stone, and two of stone and iron: of the others two are chain-bridges, one is built of wood, and two of wood and iron. Several of these structures, especially the Pont des Arts, the Pont Louis XVI., and the Pont de Jena, or de l'Ecole Militaire, all of which are to the west of the Ile du Palais, are distinguished by their majesty or elegance, and add much beauty and picturesque effect to the vista of the river. Excepting at one place where the two branches enclosing the Ile du Palais unite, immediately to the west of that island, the breadth of the Seine at Paris is no where greater than about 550 English feet, and at some points it is not more than half that distance from the one bank to the other. The bridges, therefore, by which the Seine is traversed, are not to be compared in point of magnitude with those of the Thames at London. Even the Pont Neuf, which connects the Ile du Palais with both the northern and the southern divisions of the city, and comprehends in fact two bridges, with an intermediate street, is shorter taken altogether, than Waterloo bridge by more than 200 feet; and the Pont Louis XVI., which next to the Pont Neuf is the longest of the Parisian stone bridges, measures only about 485 feet between the abutments, while Westminster Bridge measures 1223, and Waterloo Bridge 1242 feet. It is in the *number* of its bridges alone, therefore, that the Seine is superior to the Thames.

The Boulevards.

The most remarkable feature in the general appearance of Paris, is the inner inclosure formed by the celebrated road called the *Boulevards*. On the north side of the river, the Boulevards follow a line nearly midway, on an average, between the river and the wall. The space which they comprehend, therefore, is but a small portion of that included within the outer boundary of the city. The length of this part of the road is about 5,200 English yards, or somewhat under three miles. That on the south side of the river is of far greater extent, approaching, as it does, throughout its whole sweep, very much closer to the wall, and in some parts entirely coinciding with it. It measures about 16,000 yards, or above nine miles in length. Each of these lines, although in reality forming an uninterrupted road from its commencement to its termination, is divided into a succession of parts, each having its particular name. The northern Boulevards are twelve in number, the southern seven. We have nothing in England like the Parisian Boulevards. They may be generally described as a road or street, of great breadth, along each side of which are planted double rows of elms. But these shady avenues do not present merely a picture of rural beauty. Rising as they do in the heart of a great city, they partake also of its artificial elegance and splendour, and are associated with all the luxuries of architectural decoration. Considered merely as a range of streets, the Boulevards are hardly rivalled by any other part of Paris. Those to the north of the river are lined on both sides throughout their whole extent, by buildings more uniformly handsome than

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are those of almost any other street in the city, and by many which may be even described as magnificent. Some of these are private residences; others are shops, cafés, public hotels, and theatres. The crowds by whom so many parts of these Boulevards are frequented chiefly give to the scene its singular liveliness and brilliancy. The southern Boulevards, though equally beautiful, are far from being so much the habitual resort of the citizens; but the walks on this very account, have a charm for some moods of mind which the others want. Another road, planted in a similar manner, has more recently been carried round the outside of the present walls of the city. It is distinguished from the inner Boulevards by the name of the *Boulevards Extèrieurs*.

Streets.

To a person accustomed to the appearance of the streets of London, or indeed of any other English town, those of the interior of Paris will present considerable novelty of aspect. The extreme narrowness, in the first place, of those in the more ancient parts of the city, and the great height of the houses, with their windows in many cases fortified by bars of iron, would alone give them an air of gloom and precaution, almost sufficient to impress the Englishman who walks through them with the feeling that he has been transported, not only into another country, but into another age. Even where these indications of the more ancient evils of Paris are not visible, the general aspect of the town shows that it has not grown with the growth of a free people, amongst whom the inequalities of rank have been softened down by respect to the comforts of all classes. Under the ancient régime, which was in full activity half a century ago, there were only two classes in Paris, the *noblesse*, and the *bourgeoisie*; and the latter, being driven into the gutters by the carriage-wheels of their arrogant masters, went by the general name of the *canaille*. Few of the streets even now have any side pavement for foot passengers—that invaluable accommodation which gives such perfect security to the pedestrian even in our most crowded and tumultuous thoroughfares. The causeway itself, on which walkers and drivers are thus mingled together in confusion, is often most uneven and rugged. The stones of which it is formed, about ten inches square, present each a convex surface, usually wet and slippery, so that under the most favourable circumstances, walking in the streets of Paris is anything but an agreeable exercise. Still farther to abridge the level space, the street is made to incline from both sides towards the centre, in order to form there a sort of ditch, in which flows a black and fetid stream. From the want of a proper system of drains, this receptacle of filth is generally sufficiently replenished even in the driest weather, to keep the whole street wet and dirty. Carriages, having usually one wheel in the midst of the kennel, dash about the offensive puddle in all directions. But the principle of a clear middle way, such as our English streets possess, is neglected in all the arrangements connected with those of Paris. Even the lights, instead of being fixed on posts, as ours are, at the sides, are suspended in the middle on ropes swung across, and having their opposite ends fastened to the walls of the houses. It was these ropes which the mob, in the Revolution of 1789, were wont to make use of as halters for their victims; whence their famous cry of *à la lanterne*, as they dragged them along to execution.

The aspect of Paris by night, except in a few of the principal streets where gas has been very partially introduced, is singularly gloomy. The darkness is occasionally relieved by the brilliancy of a café; but in the more quiet parts of the town, particularly in the fashionable quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain, it is almost impossible for the pedestrian to direct his steps aright. It is quite evident that the arrangements of this capital have not been made for a walking people. This evil, however, is fast disappearing. Numerous *passages* have been constructed, within the last ten years, which are paved with flat stones, and brilliantly lighted; and the active and pleasure-seeking population of Paris crowd to these attractive and convenient places, to the Boulevards, or to the Palais-Royal, and leave the narrow and dirty streets principally to the few who keep their own carriages, or to the many who hire public conveyances. These are of various kinds; and such was the growing importance of the middle classes, that *fiacres* (so called after the sign of St Fiacre, at the house where they were first established) were in use a century and a half ago.

The remainder of the Part is occupied with a sketch of the Revolution of 1789.

REFORM OF EARLY PARLIAMENTS.

Though no language can adequately condemn the base subserviency of Henry's parliament, it may be reasonably doubt-

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ed whether his reign was, in its ultimate consequences, injurious to public liberty. The immense revolutions of his time in property, in religion, and in the inheritance of the crown, never could have been effected without the concurrence of parliament. Their acquiescence and co-operation in the spoliation of property, and the condemnation of the innocent, tempted him to carry all his purposes into execution, through their means. Those who saw the attainders of queens, the alteration of an established religion, and the frequent disturbance of the regal succession, accomplished by acts of parliament, considered nothing as beyond the jurisdiction of so potent an assembly.* If the supremacy was a tremendous power, it accustomed the people to set no bounds to the authority of those who bestowed it on the king. The omnipotence of parliament appeared no longer a mere hyperbole. Let it not be supposed, that to mention the good thus finally educed from such evils, is intended or calculated to palliate crimes, or to lessen our just abhorrence of criminals. Nothing, on the contrary, seems more to exalt the majesty of virtue than to point out the tendency of the moral government of the world, which, as in this instance, turns the worst enemies of all that is good into the laborious slaves of justice. Of all outward benefits, the most conducive to virtue as well as to happiness is, doubtless, popular and representative government. It is the reverse of a degradation of it to observe, that its establishment among us was perhaps partially promoted by the sensuality, rapacity, and cruelty of Henry VIII. The course of affairs is always so dark, the beneficial consequences of public events are so distant and uncertain, that the attempt to do evil in order to produce good is in men a most criminal usurpation.

Some direct benefits the constitution owes to this reign. The act which established a parliamentary representation in so considerable a territory as Wales may be regarded as the principal reformation in the composition of the House of Commons since its legal maturity in the time of Edward I. That principality had been divided into twelve shires: of which eight were ancient,† and four owed their origin to a statute of Henry's reign.‡ Knights, citizens, and burgesses were now directed to be chosen and sent to parliament from the shires, cities, and burghs of Wales.§ A short time before, the same privileges were granted to the county palatine of Chester, of which the preamble contains a memorable recognition and establishment of the principles which are the basis of the elective part of our constitution.‖ Nearly thirty members were thus added to the House of Commons on the principle of the Chester bill: that is disadvantageous to a province to be unrepresented; that representation is essential to good government; and that those who are bound by the laws ought to have a reasonable share of direct influence on the passing of laws. As the practical disadvantages are only generally alleged, and could scarcely have been proved, they must have been inferred from the nature of a House of Commons. The British constitution was not thought to be enjoyed by a district till a popular representation was bestowed on it. Election by the people was regarded, not as a source of tumult, but as the principle most capable of composing disorder in territories not represented.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. xix. *Sir James Mackintosh's History of England*, vol. ii.

* The observations of Nathaniel Bacon, or rather of Selden, from whose MS. notes he is said to have written his book, deserve serious consideration. Bacon on the Laws and Government of England, chap. 27.

† Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Flint, Carnarvon, Anglesea and Merioneth.

‡ Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, 27 Henry 8. c. 26.

§ 34 and 35 Henry 8. c. 26. s. 50.

‖ 34 and 35 Henry 8. c. 13.—"That the said county have hitherto been excluded from the high court of parliament, to have any knights and burgesses within the said court, by reason whereof the inhabitants have sustained manifold damages in their lands, goods, and bodies, as well as in the good governance of the commonwealth of their said country; and for as much as they have been bound by the acts of the said court, and yet have had no knights and burgesses therein, for lack whereof they have been often touched and grieved by the acts of the said parliament, prejudicial to the commonwealth, quietness, rest, and peace of your highness's bounden subjects, inhabiting within the said county," &c.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 312.)

THE grounds of Penrice Castle, which stretch to the sea-shore, and on which art has embellished scenery possessing capabilities of a high order—are exceedingly picturesque and extensive. Penrice bears marks of having been a Romen station. Henry de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, here defeated the Welsh prince, Rhys, which decided the fate of Gower. He was beheaded after the battle, whence the Welsh name, Pen-Rhys. On the field of bat-

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tle the victor erected Penrice Castle, which is now certainly a striking ruin. On the coast near Penrice is the village and ruins of the Castle of Oxwich, now a barn—*sic transit!*

The afternoon was waxing apace—we had lost time in attending to our horses, for ostler there was none—and in musing amongst the simply decorated graves in the humble churchyard; * after discussing with great relish our repast of eggs and bacon, and Welsh ale, the best the village afforded, (by the way, we shall not readily forget the fluster of our Welsh hostess when we talked of dining on our arrival at the little hostelrie) we then rode down to the sea-shore, intending to cross the sandy beach of Oxwich, which extends several miles, on our return to the Gower Inn. The tide flows with great rapidity on this coast, and it had already advanced to the foot of a stupendous headland, which juts into the beach about half way. We waded our horses through the surf—but how can we do justice to the splendour of the scenery around us. The alternations of stern and savage beauty—the gigantic masses of "fantastic cliffs," and caverns, that have stood the combat of the mighty Atlantic for countless ages? Oxwich is almost unknown to the traveller, and there are few coast scenes in these islands that surpass it in beauty. We lingered long on the shore. There is a perpetual "jabble" against the cliffs on this coast—and we have seldom met with a soul save an aged and solitary fisherwoman—a study for a Bonington—pursuing her precarious calling of crab or shrimp fishing, or of pulling lobsters from their retreats in the savage cliffs.

A holy peace,
Pervades this *sea-shore solitude*—The world
And all who love that world, are far away!
N. T. Carrington.

It was getting dusk when we ascended from the shore, on our way homewards, past the wild—the truly shattered, and desolate ruins of Pennard Castle; which bear, we think, decided marks of having been erected long prior to the Norman era. The country people tell you its origin was supernatural; and some writers ascribe it to that great castle-builder, Henry de Newburgh. Pennard stands in a situation of extreme beauty, and deeply rivets the attention:

"The stones have voices, and the walls do live,
It is the House of Memory!"
Mataire.

Our favourite mare and her companion were in high spirits, (horses are generally so on returning) exhilarated by the rapid motion; and our hearts elate with the "songs of spring," we returned home on as sweet an April evening as ever blessed man.

Another interesting excursion may be made to Cefyn-bryn, the most elevated hill in the district, about twelve miles from Swansea. The road to Western Gower is carried over it; the summit is level, and a carriage may be driven in safety for a couple of miles to the southern point; which commands, on a clear day, in one direction, a vast and unbounded view of the Bristol Channel, the whitened houses of Ilfracombe, with the hills of Devon and Somerset, Lundy Island, and the scenery of Swansea Bay. And on the reverse of the picture, almost the whole peninsula of Gower, the extensive estuary of the Burry River, and part of the beautiful expanse of the County and Bay of Carmarthen, is spread out like a map before you. King Arthur's Stone, an immense rock of *lapis molaris*, twenty tons weight, supported by a circle of others—the remains of Druidism—invites the attention of the antiquary, on the north-west point of Cefyn-bryn. We may here remark that this district, especially the coast, offers a rich harvest to the geologist. The general substratum of the peninsula is limestone and marble, bounded to the north by an immense iron and coal field. The limestone stratum is continually "cropping out" in the interior, and of course it can be worked at a trifling expense. This may account for the general healthiness of the district. Though rain in consequence of the western exposure, falls frequently, and sometimes with great violence, yet it speedily runs off, leaving none of the bad effects which would be produced in a tenacious soil. Marble of valuable quality is worked at Oystermouth.

But we must hasten to close our Notes on Gower—*to proceed with our circuit of the coast:—West from Oxwich is Porteyron*, where there is an extensive lobster and oyster fishery, near which is Landewy Castle. There is a wonderful precipice here. Further west we come to the village of Rossilly, near the Worms-Head, the termination of a range of rocks, which form the western point of the peninsula, being connected with it by a low isthmus. It extends more than a mile into the ocean, and at half-flood becomes an island. The name arose by mariners comparing it to a worm with its head erect, between the Nass Point and St. Gower's Head, in Pembrokeshire. The scenery here is

* See *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 253.

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deeply interesting. This wild and desolate coast has proved fatal to numberless ships; the recent erection of the light-house on Caldy Island, near Tenby, on the opposite point of Carmarthen Bay, has, however, been most important. Several Indiamen have been wrecked here, and about fifty years since, a quantity of Spanish dollars, date 1625, were found amongst the sand, when the tide had receded unusually far, supposed to be part of the cargo of the "Scanderoon galley" lost on this coast nearly two centuries ago. This would do for the "Vigo Bay Company." We proceed along the western shore of Carmarthen Bay, till we pass Whitford Point, a singular *peninsula of sand*, covered with reeds, which stands the fury of the tide, forming one side of the wide estuary of Burry, along the coast of which we pass a Roman encampment at Llanmadoc—the striking Castle of Llanridian, and other ruins, as we return eastward to Swansea; till we arrive at the village—we forget ourselves, the *Borough* of Castell Llwchyr, or Loughor, the *Leucarum* of Antoninus, and the fifth Roman station on the *Via Julia*. It is seven miles from Swansea. Upon a mount, the supposed work of the Romans, is a square tower, the remains of a castle built by Henry, Earl of Warwick. Three miles to the east are two Roman encampments; many Roman coins have been found at Loughor, from whence there is a ferry to the Carmarthenshire side opposite, which is fordable at low water. There is a large colliery here. It is a delightful sail from this village down the Burry River to Whitford Point, or round the coast to Worms-Head.

VYVYAN.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

The following curious letter was found among the papers of a Mr. Goldwyre, Surgeon, of Salisbury.

To Mr. Edward Goldwyre, at his house on the Close of Salisbury.

SIR,—Being informed that you are the only surgeon in this city (or country) that anatomises men, and I being under the present unhappy circumstances, and in a very mean condition, would gladly live as long as I can, but by all appearances I am to be executed next March, but having no friends on earth that will speak a word to save my life, nor send me a morsel of bread to keep life and soul together until that fatal day; so if you will vouchsafe to come hither, I will gladly sell you my body (being whole and sound) to be ordered at your discretion, knowing that it will rise again at the general resurrection, as well from your house as from the grave. Your answer will highly oblige, yours, &c. JAMES BROOKE.

Fisherton-Auger Gaol,
Oct. 3, 1736.

A FARMER walking out one day, by chance met Jack Ketch, and jocosely asked him whether he could tell him the difference between their trades. "That I can," said Jack, "the only difference is *utility*—you till, I tie." WALTER.

WHAT is the most suitable motto for a doctor's carriage? Live or die.

Why is the *carver* in a cook-shop like a naval officer? Because he commands a *cutter*. W. G. C.

EPITAPHS.

HERE lies poor Thomas, and his Wife,
Who led a pretty jarring life;
But all is ended—do you see?
He holds his tongue, and so does she.

IF drugs and physic could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
'Tis known that I took full enough
Of the apothecaries' stuff
To have prolong'd life's busy feast
To a full century at least;
But spite of all the doctors' skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you're alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.

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This Day, Second Edition, price 5*s*.
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"It should find a place in the kitchen or servants' hall of those who desire to blend comfort with elegance, and prudence with luxury."—*New Monthly Magazine*, Feb. 1831.

"This book contains a mass of information that cannot fail to be useful in the conduct of household affairs."—*Atlas*, May 22.

"No servant should be without it."—*Morning Advertiser*, April 27.

Printed for JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 495.] SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1831. [PRICE 2d.

HERMITAGE AT FROGMORE.

FROGMORE is one of the most delightful of the still retreats of Royalty. It was formerly the seat of the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, of whom it was purchased by Queen Charlotte, in 1792, who made considerable additions to the house and gardens. The grounds were laid out by Uvedale Price, Esq. a celebrated person in the annals of picturesque gardening. The ornamental improvements were made by the direction of the Princess Elizabeth, (now Landgravine of Hesse Homburg,) whose taste for rural quiet we noticed in connexion with an Engraving of Her Royal Highness' Cottage, adjoining Old Windsor churchyard.*

Frogmore occupies part of a fertile valley, which divides the Little Park from Windsor Forest, and comprises about thirteen acres. Mr. Hakewill describes it as "diversified with great skill and taste, and a piece of water winds throughout it with a pleasing variety of turn and shape. The trees and shrubs, both native and exotic, which spread their shade and diffuse their fragrance, are disposed with the best effect; while buildings are so placed as to enliven and give character to the general scene. The Ruin was designed by Mr. James Wyatt, and being seated on the bank of the water, as well as in part in the wood, it presents, with its creeping ivy and fractured buttresses, a most pleasing object from various points of the garden. The *Hermitage (see the Engraving)* is a small circular thatched building, completely embowered in lofty trees, and was constructed from a drawing of the Princess Elizabeth. There is also a Gothic Temple, sacred to solitude, and a well-imagined and picturesque barn, which heighten the appropriate scenery. Too much cannot be said of the secluded beauty of this charming spot, and nothing further need be said of the taste and judgment of Major Price, to whom its arrangements have been entrusted."

The *Hermitage* contains a tablet spread with fruit, eggs, and bread, and a figure of a hermit reading the Scrip-

* See *Mirror*, No 475.

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tures; at the entrance are the following lines, written on the marriage of the Princess Royal:—

Ye whom variety delights,
Descend awhile from Windsor's heights,
And in this hovel deign to tread,
Quitting the castle for the shed;
Such were the muse's favourite haunts,
From care secluded and from wants.
What nature needs this hut can give,
Could we as nature dictates live;
For see, on this plain board at noon
Are placed a platter and a spoon,
Which, though they mark no gorgeous treat,
Suggest 'tis reasonable to eat.
What though the sun's meridian light
Beams not on our hovel bright,
Though others need, we need him not,
Coolness and gloom befit a cot.
Our hours we count without the sun,
These sands proclaim them as they run,
Sands within a glass confined,
Glass which ribs of iron bind;
For Time, still partial to this glass,
Made it durable as brass,
That, placed secure upon a shelf,
None might crush it but himself.
Let us here the day prolong
With loyal and with nuptial song,
Such as, with duteous strains address't,
May gratify each royal guest;
Thrice happy, should our rural toils
Be requited by their smiles.

There are other affectionate testimonials in the grounds. The Gothic ruin contains an apartment fitted up as an oratory, ornamented with a copy of the Descent from the Cross, modelled in chalk, after the celebrated painting by Rembrandt; busts of George III. and the Duke of Kent; a posthumous marble figure of an infant child of his present Majesty; and an alto-relievo representing an ascending spirit attended by a guardian angel with the inscription—

Monumental Tablet
To the Memory
of
Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.

ANCIENT WAGES TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

CHAMBERLAYNE, in his *Angliæ Notitia*, says, "Although the lords of parliament are to bear their own charges, because they represent there only themselves; yet all the commons, both lay and clergy, that is, *Procuratores Cleri*, are to have *rationales expensus*, (as the words of the writ are) that is, such allowance as the king considering the prices of all things, shall judge meet to impose upon the people to pay. In the 17th of Edward II. it was ten groats for knights, and five groats for burgesses; but not long after it was four shillings for all others, which in those days, as appears by the prices of all things, was a considerable sum, above ten times more than it is now, (1688) for not only then expenses were considered, though that was great by reason of the suitable attendance that then every parliament-man had, but also their pains, their loss of time, and necessary neglect of their own private affairs for the service of their country; and when the counties, cities, and boroughs paid so dear for their expenses, they were wont to take care to chuse such men as were best able, and most diligent in the speedy despatch of affairs; by which means, with some others, more business in those times was despatched in parliament in a week, than is now perhaps in ten; so that the protections for parliament-men and their servants from arrests were not then grievous, when scarce any parliament or sessions lasted so long as one of the four terms at Westminster.

"The aforementioned expenses duly paid, did cause all the petty decayed boroughs of England to become humble suitors to the king, that they might not be obliged to send burgesses to parliament; whereby it came to pass, that divers were unburgessed, as it was in particular granted to *Chipping*, or *Market-Morriton*, upon their petition; and then the number of the *Commons House* being scarce half so many as at present, then debates and bills were sooner expedited." page 156, 21st. edit.

Halsted, in his *History of Kent*, tells us, "The pay of the burgesses of Canterbury was fixed (anno 1411) at two shillings a-day for each, while such burgess was absent from his family attending his duty. In 1445 the wages were no more than twelve pence a-day; two years afterwards they were increased to sixteenpence, and in 1503 had again been raised to two shillings. In Queen Mary's reign, the corporation refused to continue this payment any longer, and the wages of the members were then levied by assessment on the inhabitants at large, and continued to be so raised till these kinds of payments were altogether discontinued." P. T. W.

THE WORD "EI."

(For the Mirror.)

THIS word, which was engraven on the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, has occasioned much controversy among the literati. The learned and admirable Plutarch tells us that it means "thou art" as if "thou art one." The Langhornes, in their life of this philosopher,* attack his opinion as inconsistent with "the whole tenour of the Heathen My-

* Langhorne's Plutarch, vol. i. p. xv.—Limbird's edition.

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thology." It is to be observed, that the Greek word for priests is "ιερεις" (iereis). But I infer nothing from this; yet at the same time it is a remarkable circumstance. The objection of the Langhornes is frivolous; for the sun (Apollo) in most nations, was considered chief of the gods, and this inscription was placed to prove his *superiority and unity*.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that when the Pythia refused to enter the temple, at the application of Alexander, "Philip's godlike son," and he attempting to force her in, she exclaimed—"Ανικητος ει ω παι" (My son, you are invincible.) Now, probably, she had some other intention in using that word; but, however, that does not affect the argument. I cannot but consider that Plutarch is right. B. K.

A FAREWELL TO SPAIN.

FOR MUSIC.

(For the Mirror.)

LAND of the myrtle and the vine,
The sunny citron-tree,
With heart upon the waves I give
My latest look to thee.

Thy glorious scenes of vale and hill
With joy I now resign,
And seek a more congenial land,
Where Freedom will be mine.

Farewell! thou hast the iron sway
Of bigots and of slaves,
But mine shall be a chainless heart
Upon the dark blue waves.

For thee our sires have fought and died,
For thee their blood have given,
When tyrants o'er the trampled field
Like thunder-clouds were driven.

And has the purple tide in vain,
From hill and vale been poured,
Or do the hopes of Freedom sleep
With mighty Mina's sword?

Oh! no—the trumpet-voice of war,
Shall proudly sound again,
And millions shall obey its call,
And break their chartered chain!

Till then, my native hearth and home
I'll joyfully resign;
Farewell! thou song-enchanted land
Of myrtle and of vine.

Deal. G. K. C.

THE DEATH-BEDS OF GREAT MEN.

(For the Mirror.)

IF there are any remarks which deserve to be recorded for the benefit of mankind, they are those which have been expressed on a dying bed, when, unfettered by prejudice or passion, Truth shines forth in her real colours.

Sir John Hawkins has recorded of Dr. Johnson, that when suffering under that disease which ended in his dissolution, he addressed his friends in the following words:—"You see the state I am in, conflicting with bodily pain and mental distraction. While you are in health and strength, labour to do good, and avoid evil, if ever you wish to escape the distress that oppresses me."

When Lord Lyttleton was on his death-bed, his daughter, Lady Valentia, and her husband, came to see him. He gave them his solemn benediction, adding—"Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this."

The triumphant death of Addison will be remembered with feelings of pleasure by all. Having sent for the young Earl of Warwick, he affectionately pressed his hand, saying—"See in what peace a Christian can die!"

The father of William Penn was opposed to his son's religious principles; but finding that he acted with sincerity, was at last reconciled. When dying, he adjured him to do nothing contrary to his conscience—"So," said he, "you will keep peace within, which will be a comfort in the day of trouble."

Locke, the day before his death, addressed Lady Masham, who was sitting by his bedside, exhorting her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. He added, that he had lived long enough, and expressed his gratitude to God for the happiness that had fallen to his lot.

Tillotson, when dying, thanked his Maker that he felt his conscience at ease, and that he had nothing further to do but to await the will of Heaven.

Sir Walter Raleigh behaved on the scaffold with the greatest composure. Having vindicated his conduct in an eloquent speech, he felt the edge of the axe, observing with a smile—"It is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy, for all woes." Being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he replied—"So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

Latimer, when he beheld a fagot ready kindled laid at Ridley's feet, exclaimed—"Be of good cheer, master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I hope, by God's grace, shall never be put out."

The author of Hervey's Meditations, when on his sick bed, observed that his time had been too much occupied in reading the historians, orators, and poets of ancient and modern times; and that were he to renew his studies, he

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would devote his attention to the Scriptures.

The last words which the eminent physician Haller addressed to his medical attendant expressed the calm serenity of his mind. "My friend," said he, laying his hand on his pulse, "the artery no longer beats."

M. De La Harpe, one of the first literary characters of the last century, who for many years laboured to spread the principles of the French philosophy, but afterwards became a most strenuous defender of Christianity, on the evening preceding his death was visited by a friend. He was listening to the Prayers for the Sick; as soon as they were concluded, he stretched forth his hand and said—"I am grateful to Divine mercy, for having left me sufficient recollection to feel how consoling these prayers are to the dying."

Cardinal Wolsey, when dying, by slow progress and short journeys, reached Leicester Abbey. He was received with the greatest respect. His only observation was, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." He died three days after, with great composure and fortitude. He said, shortly before his death—"Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs; but this is the just reward I must receive for my pains and study, in not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

Melancthon, a few days before his death, although extremely debilitated, delivered his usual lecture. At the termination of it, he said, impressively—"I am a dying man, and these are the three subjects for intercession with God, which I leave to my children and their little ones—that they may form part of his church, and worship him aright—that they may be one in him, and live in harmony with each other—and that they may be fellow-heirs of eternal life." The day before his death, he addressed some present—"God bestows talents on our youth, do you see that they use them aright." While dying, his friends discerned a slight motion of the countenance, which was peculiar to him when deeply affected by religious joy. W.

The Novelist.

OSMYN AND ZAMBRI.

A Persian Tale. From the French.
(From a Correspondent.)

A WORTHY old Persian having arrived at the end of an irreproachable life, experienced in his last moments the greatest uneasiness for the fate of his two sons, whom he was about to leave without fortune, without a livelihood, and without a prospect. The elder called Osmyn, was twenty years of age, and the younger, eighteen, bore the name of Zambri.

As the old man drew near his last hour, he thought much less of his own sufferings than of the fate of his children, when his ear was agreeably struck with a soft and melodious voice, which said to him, "Fear nothing, old man, I will watch over your children; die in peace as thou hast lived. I bring a present for each of your sons; let them make good use of it, and one day perhaps they may be re-united, and live in happiness."

At these words a balsamic odour spread itself in the cottage, and a bright light discovered to the view of the astonished Persian, the features of a young man, whose expressive countenance had in it something celestial. It was a beneficent genius, who after having deposited his presents on the bed of the old man, vanished like lightning. The old man called his two sons, they ran eagerly towards him with a light, and approached the bed of their father, who related to them the visit he had been honoured with, and showed them the presents of the genius. On one side was a small box covered with brilliant spangles; on the other a sheet of paper carefully sealed. "Come Osmyn," said the old man, "you are the eldest, it is for you to choose."

Osmyn attracted by the richness of the box, chose it with eagerness, and poor Zambri was obliged to be contented with the humble envelope. The old man embraced them, blessed them, and died as one resigning himself to the arms of hope. After having wept sincerely the death of so good a father, and having rendered the last offices to his remains, the two brothers were anxious to know what aid they should find in the presents of the genius. Osmyn opened his little box and found it filled with pastilles of divers forms and colours. He was almost tempted to laugh at the meanness of such a gift, when he perceived these words written on the lid of the box—"*Each time that thou eatest one of these pastilles, thine imagination will bring forth a poem perfect in all its parts, sublime and delicate in its details, such in short as will surpass the ablest works of the best Persian poets.*"

Osmyn did not want vanity; the possession of so fine a secret failed not to turn his young brain, and a hundred

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illusions of fortune and glory presented themselves at once to his imagination.

From the value of the present given by the genius to his brother, Zambri doubted not that his paper contained also some marvellous secret. He opened it and read with as much surprise as sorrow—"*A new Receipt for preparing Sherbet.*" Some lines pointed out the method of composing a liquor, of which one drop only being infused in a bowl of Sherbet, would give it a taste and perfume hitherto unknown to the most voluptuous Asiatics.

Osmyn was overjoyed, and Zambri was in despair; Osmyn wished not to quit his brother, but the orders of the genius were imperative. The two brothers embraced each other tenderly, shed tears, and separated. The eldest took the road to Bagdad, where all the learned, and all the poets of Asia were assembled to attend the court of the Caliph. As to poor Zambri, he quitted the cottage of his father, carrying nothing with him but *the humble receipt for preparing Sherbet*, and leaving to chance the direction of his course.

Before his arrival at Bagdad, Osmyn had already eaten half-a-dozen of the pastilles, and consequently carried with him half-a-dozen poems, beside which were to fade the productions of the greatest Eastern poets. But he soon found that pretenders to talent often succeed better than those who really possess it. He felt the necessity of connecting himself with literary men, and men of the world; but he only found them occupied with their business, their pleasures, or their own pretensions. Under what title could he present himself? Under that of a poet? The court and the city overflowed with them; they had already filled every avenue. To consult his fellows would be to consult his rivals; to ask their praises would be to ask a miser for his treasures. Besides, so many books appeared, that people did not care to read. However, Osmyn's works were published, but they were not even noticed in the multitude of similar productions.

After having vegetated four or five years at Bagdad, without obtaining anything but weak encouragement given by wise men, (who are without influence because they are wise,) poor Osmyn began to lose the brilliant hopes that formerly had dazzled him. However, by dint of eating the pastilles, he at last attracted some notice. If it requires time for genius to emerge from obscurity, no sooner is it known than recompense is made for slow injustice. It is sought after not for itself, but for the sake of vanity. Envy often avails itself of it as a fit instrument subservient to its own purposes. Soon, in fact, the works of Osmyn only were spoken of, and after languishing a long time unnoticed, he saw himself at once raised to the pinnacle, without having passed the steps which lead from misery to fortune, from obscurity to glory.

The Caliph desired to see so great a genius, and to possess him at his court. Osmyn was overwhelmed with favours; he sung the praises of the Caliph with a delicacy that other poets were far from being able to imitate. The Caliph admired delicate praise the more because it is rare at court.

So much merit and favour besides, soon created the jealousy of other poets, and likewise of the courtiers. Even those who had showed themselves the most enthusiastic admirers of Osmyn's talents, feared to see themselves eclipsed by this new comer, and resolved to destroy the idol they had raised so much higher than they wished.

One of the poets, Osmyn's enemy, was employed to compose a satire against the Caliph, and it was agreed that this should be circulated under the favourite's name. From that time the avenger of the common cause never quitted Osmyn, nor ceased to load him with praises and caresses.

One day when Osmyn delivered an extempore poem before the Caliph, his rival, after having warmly applauded him, cast down his eyes by accident, and saw shining on the floor one of the pastilles that Osmyn, who was led away by the vivacity of his declamation, had let fall by mistake. The traitor snatched it up, and put it mechanically in his mouth.

The pastille produced its effect; the poet felt a sudden inspiration, left the hall and flew to compose the projected satire. He was surprised at his own aptitude; the verses cost him no trouble, but flowed of themselves. The bitterest expressions escaped from his pen without his seeking for them. In short, in an instant, he brought forth a true *chef-d'œuvre* of malice.

He continued some moments in ecstacy with his work, and carried it in triumph to his friends—or rather to his accomplices. The satire was received with the liveliest applause: it was the pure and vigorous style of Osmyn. The writer had imitated his handwriting; and soon the libel was spread about in his name.

Murmurs arose on all sides against

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the ingratitude of Osmyn. The satire fell into the hands of the Caliph, who in his rage ordered the unfortunate Osmyn to be stript of all his property, and driven from Bagdad. Osmyn, overpowered by the blow, could not defend himself; besides, how could he make his innocence heard amidst the cries of his calumniators.

After having wandered a long time, every where imploring pity—sometimes meeting with kindness, but oftener repulsed with selfishness—he arrived, at nightfall, before a superb country house, magnificently illuminated. He heard the accents of joy mingled with the sounds of a brilliant concert of music, and saw all the signs of a splendid fête. However, the thunder began to roll, the sky was obscured by heavy clouds, and Osmyn's miserable clothing was soon drenched by the rain.

He approached this beautiful house, in hopes to find there, if not hospitality for the night, at least an asylum for some minutes. The slaves perceived him, and said to him harshly—"What do you ask, beggar?"

"A humble shelter from the storm, a morsel of bread to appease my hunger, and a little straw to rest my body on, borne down by fatigue."

"Thou shalt have none of these."

"For pity—"

"Begone!"

"See how it rains!—Hear how it thunders!"

"Go elsewhere, and come not to disturb by thy presence the pleasures of our master."

Osmyn was on the point of obeying this order, when the master of the house, who had witnessed this scene from a window, came down, called his slaves, and ordered them to receive the unfortunate man, to procure him clothes, a bed, and all he was in need of. "Misery," said he, "misery is for him who revels in the presence of the poor, and suffers them to plead for assistance in vain; and misfortune for the rich who, cloyed with luxuries, refuse a morsel of bread to a famishing stranger. Poor traveller, go and repose thyself, and may the Prophet send thee refreshing slumbers, that thou mayst for a time forget thy sufferings."

"Oh Heaven!" cried Osmyn, "what voice strikes my ear? It is the voice—the voice of Zambri!"

"Zambri! what! do you know him?"

"Heavens! do I know him?—Do I know my brother?"

"You my brother!" cried Zambri in his turn. "Can it be? That voice—those features, disfigured by poverty and misery. Ah! I recognise you, my dear Osmyn!"

No more need be said: he flew to embrace his brother; but Osmyn, overcome by the excess of his joy, fell senseless at his feet.

He was conveyed into the finest apartment of the villa, every assistance was afforded him, and he was soon restored. Zambri ordered him magnificent apparel, and taking him by the hand, conducted him to the banquet, and presented him to his friends. After the repast, Osmyn related all the vicissitudes of his fortune, his long suffering, his rapid glory, the jealousy and perfidy of his enemies. "But thou," added he, "my dear Zambri, by what good fortune do I find you in such an enviable situation? What! this beautiful house, this crowd of slaves, these sumptuous ornaments!—to what dost thou owe them?"

"*To the receipt for preparing Sherbet.*" said Zambri, smiling. "Listen to my story, it is very simple. Soon after we parted, I directed my steps towards Teflis, where I sought only to gain a livelihood. On my arrival, I went into the public places where the opulent people assemble, to refresh themselves with ices and sherbet. I solicited employment there, but was refused, and harshly sent away. Not knowing what to do, and not having money to procure a subsistence, I went at length to one of the obscure cafés, frequented by the lowest people. The master of this wretched place, who was named Mehdad, agreed to accept my services. I prepared a bottle of the liquor for which the good genius had given me the receipt, but the ingredients of which, although cheap, I had not before been able to purchase, and soon I found an immense company crowding to Mehdad's café. The rich people also would take no other; and Mehdad soon had before him the prospect of becoming opulent.

"He had a daughter; she was young and beautiful; I became enamoured of her, and ventured to ask her hand. I had preserved the secret of my receipt. Mehdad was ignorant that he owed his good fortune to me, and believed that it was through his own talent. He rejected my offer with disdain, and drove me from his house. Poor fellow! he was not the first who, without knowing it, had driven good luck from his home.

"I had gained some money in his service; and I employed the fruit of my economy in forming for myself an establishment in one of the public gardens of Teflis, on the banks of the charming

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river Khur. Here I erected a small, but elegant pavilion, and I sold my Sherbet to all the promenaders of the garden. In a short time Mehdad, and all the cafés of Teflis, were abandoned for my little pavilion. Zambri's Sherbet was alone in demand: it was spoken of in all companies—it was taken at all festivals. The garden of Zambri was crowded from morning till night. The multitude was attracted towards my pavilion like swarms of flies towards a honey-comb. I was compelled to erect a pavilion ten times larger than the former, and I decorated it magnificently.

"A year had scarcely elapsed before I had acquired a considerable fortune. I quitted my new establishment, returned to the city, and purchased merchandize of all descriptions. I prepared a great quantity of this favourite liquor, to which I owe all my wealth. I sent it to all the cities of Persia, and into the most distant countries. Heaven seemed to smile on my exertions. A beautiful widow, aged twenty years, saw and loved me; I was not insensible to her charms. We made mutual vows of attachment, and marriage crowned my happiness.

"We have acquired this charming retreat, and reside here during the most beautiful season of the year, amongst our good friends, who, in partaking our pleasures, add to them the charms of their society.

"How many times, dear Osmyn, have my thoughts been occupied with thee! Often have I said, in the midst of my prosperity, Where is my brother?—where dwells Osmyn? No doubt the invaluable secret he possesses has gained him an immense fortune, and raised him to the pinnacle of honour. But I see that in these times happiness, tranquillity, and perhaps riches, are more easily obtained by humble and modest employment, than by splendid abilities. In the course of my transactions, I have met with vexations and disappointments. Sometimes my Sherbet has been imitated; but the fraud has always been discovered, and the intrigues of my rivals have added to my reputation. At length I have found that it is easier to satisfy the caprice than the judgment of mankind, and that those who could not understand the merits of a clever work, would readily agree upon the subject of a delicious and agreeable beverage."

Thus spoke the good Zambri: he strove affectionately to console Osmyn. The two brothers separated no more; and, thanks to the *receipt for preparing Sherbet*, they lived long together amidst the pleasures that wealth commands, and the still more true and solid happiness procured by peace and friendship.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY OF SHAKSPEARE.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, a very interesting dissertation on the medicinal plants which occur in the plays of Shakspeare, from the pen of Mr. Rootsay, of Bristol, was read, and excited considerable attention. The hebenon henbane alluded to in *Hamlet*, the mandragora, the various plants so beautifully alluded to in *Romeo and Juliet*, and in other dramas, were the subject of the inquiry, and much classical information was displayed by the ingenious author in the illustration of the subject. We hope to report more respecting this very interesting paper to our readers.

THE CUTTLE-FISH.

The following account of the *sepia media*, a small species of cuttle-fish, is given by Mr. Donovan, in his "Excursion through South Wales:"—"When first caught, the eyes, which are large and prominent, glistened with the lustre of the pearl, or rather of the emerald, whose luminous transparency they seemed to emulate. The pupil is a fine black, and above each eye is a semilunar mark of the richest garnet. The body, nearly transparent, or of a pellucid green, is glossed with all the variety of prismatic tints, and thickly dotted with brown. At almost every effort of respiration, the little creature tossed its arms in apparent agony, and clung more firmly to the finger; while the dark-brown spots upon the body alternately faded and revived, diminishing in size till they were scarcely perceptible, and then appearing again as large as peas, crowding, and becoming confluent nearly all over the body. At length, the animal being detained too long from its native element, became enfeebled, the colours faded, the spots decreased in size, and all its pristine beauty vanished with the last gasp of life." W. G. C.

THE OSTRICH.

The Ostriches in the Gardens of the Zoological Society would be truly a noble pair, were it not for an unnatural curve in the neck of the male, in consequence, it is said, of its having formerly swallowed something more than usually bulky and hard of digestion.

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Manners and Customs of all Nations.

RUSSIAN BURIAL GROUND.

Mr. James's popular Journal of a Tour in Russia, &c., has supplied the above illustration of honours paid to the dead in that country. The Cut represents one of the Cemeteries of the government of Tchernigoff. Mr. James describes it as planted around with trees, and studded thick with wooden crosses, oratories, and other permanent marks of reverence. The general appearance of piety with which these grounds are kept up, their sequestered situation apart from any town, the profound veneration with which they are saluted by the natives, added to the dark and sepulchral shade of the groves, lend them an interest with which the tinsel ornaments of more gorgeous cemeteries can in no degree compare.

ANCESTORS.

Some nations pay particular attention to the memory of their ancestors. The Quojas, a people of Africa, offer sacrifices of rice and wine to their ancestors, before they undertake any considerable action; and the anniversaries of their death are always kept by their families with great solemnity; the king invokes the souls of his father and mother to make trade flourish and the chase succeed. But the Chinese have distinguished themselves above all other nations, by the veneration in which they hold their ancestors. Part of the duty, according to the laws of Confucius, which children owe their parents, consists in worshipping them when dead. They have a solemn and an ordinary worship for this purpose, the former of which is held twice a year with great pomp, and is described as follows by an eye witness:—The sacrifices were made in a chapel, well adorned, where there were six altars, furnished with censers, tapers, and flowers. There were three ministers, and behind them two young acolites: he that officiated was an aged man, and a new Christian. The three former went with a profound silence, and made frequent genuflexions towards the five altars, pouring out wine; afterwards they drew near to the sixth, and when they came to the foot of the altar, half bowed down, they said their prayers with a low voice. That being finished, the three ministers went to the altar; the priest took up a vessel full of wine, and drank; then he lifted up the head of a deer, or goat; after which, taking fire from the altar, they lighted a bit of paper, and the minister of ceremonies turning towards the people, said, with a high voice, that he gave them thanks in the name of their ancestors, for having so well honoured them; and in recompense he promised them, on their part, a plentiful harvest, a fruitful issue, good health and long life, and all those advantages which are most pleasing to men.

The Chinese have also in their houses a niche, or hollow place, in which they put the names of their deceased fathers, to which they make prayers and offerings of perfumes and spices at certain periods. A. V.

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The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

HISTORY OF POLAND.

THIS volume, a goodly octavo, will be peculiarly acceptable at the present season. It presents a lucid view of Polish history, from the earliest period to the present eventful moment; and, as a passage of immediate interest, we quote the following character of the President of the National Government of Poland:

This illustrious personage, Prince Adam Czartoryski, is the eldest son of the late prince of the same house, and is descended from the family of Jagellon, the ancient sovereigns of Lithuania. His father was long known, not only as a nobleman of the first rank in Poland, but as one of the most accomplished scholars in Europe. Such was his reputation, that at the period of the last vacancy in the throne of Poland, Poniatowski (afterwards king) was deputed by the diet to propitiate the Empress Catherine, to second the election of Czartoryski; but the deputy's handsome form found such favour in the licentious eyes of the modern Messalina, that he ceased to urge the suit of the diet, and returned the avowed nominee of his imperial mistress. Prince Czartoryski's claims on the throne, popularity, and consequent influence, rendered him odious to the court of St. Petersburg, and when the last act of spoliation was perpetrated, his lands were ravaged, his beautiful Castle of Pulawy destroyed, and a sentence of extermination pronounced against him, unless he would consent to send his two sons, one the subject of this notice, and the other Prince Constantine Czartoryski, as hostages to St. Petersburg. To avoid this wretched alternative, the prince and his princess, who still survive, consented to the separation, and the two young noblemen were placed under the eye of those who were deemed worthy, by the Autocrat, of reforming their principles. The talents displayed by both brothers soon obtained for them the admiration of the court; and as it was of great importance to gain them over, every mark of imperial favour was heaped upon them by the Emperor Alexander, with whom, from infancy, they had established terms of the utmost familiarity. The elder brother held for a long time the portfolio of the Foreign Office, and, in his official capacity, accompanied his imperial master to the scenes of some of his most serious disasters. During Napoleon's invasion, Prince Constantine was in Poland, and confiding in the integrity of the then master of the destinies of Europe, and breathing naught but freedom for his country, he joined the banners of the invader, and raised a regiment at his own expense to aid in the cause of liberation. At Smolensk he received a severe wound, from the effects of which he has never yet recovered. He resides at Vienna.

The influence of Prince Adam Czartoryski proved to be singularly useful to Poland after the downfall of Napoleon. He interposed, and interposed successfully, between the anger of Alexander and his suffering country; and, on the establishment of the kingdom of Poland, was appointed the curator of all the universities, both there and in the incorporated provinces. These duties he sedulously discharged, until he was superseded by the notorious Count Novozilzoff. From this period he has lived in retirement, faithfully performing all the duties of private life. The promotion of agriculture, science in all its branches, and kindly offices among mankind, constituted his occupations until recent events drew him from his privacy. The first call was made by the Russian functionaries, as stated in the text, for the purpose of self-protection! the second was that of his devoted country, when a government was essential to success. He was chosen not only one of the five members of the executive body, but its president, a station which he still honourably fills. Into his new office he has carried all the unostentatious and disinterested virtues that adorned Pulawy, and there is little doubt that if (and no one suspects that such will not be the case) the independence of Poland be fairly won, the choice of his country will point to him as its sovereign. Having finished his academical career at the University of Edinburgh, he early acquired a strong taste for English institutions and for Englishmen, and of this he gave substantial proof by devoting 250*l.* a-year to the exclusive purchase of English books. His revenues are enormous; but his liberality is unbounded; and, as it is a rule in his munificent establishment to provide liberally for the families of all his dependants, his means are comparatively restricted, but his personal wants are few; and that he is ready to accommodate himself to circumstances, was well shown by his only observation on hearing of the confiscation of his large property in Podolia by Nicholas. "Instead of riding, I must walk, and instead of sumptuous

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fare, I must dine on buck-wheat." * Such is a faint outline of this illustrious man's character. Were it only for the admirable example of such an individual guiding the reigns of the government of a devoted people, it is most ardently to be hoped that Poland may triumph over her enemies, and be raised to that rank from which she was degraded only by the basest of treasons.—*Fletcher's History of Poland.*

As the pronunciation of the Polish language is attended with some difficulty, the author of this work has, in his advertisement, subjoined the following hints, taken principally from the "Letters Literary and Political on Poland, Edinburgh, 1823."

All vowels are sounded as in French and Italian; and there are no diphthongs, every vowel being pronounced distinctly. The consonants are the same as in English, except

w, which is sounded like *v*, at the beginning of a word; thus, Warsawa—*Varsafa*; in the middle or at the end of a word it has the sound of *f*, as in the instance already cited; and Narew—*Nareff.*

c, like *tz*, and never like *k*; thus, Pac is sounded *Patz.*

g, like *g* in Gibbon; thus, *Oginski.*

ch, like the Greek χ or *k*; thus, Lech—*Lek.*

cz, like the English *tch* in pitch;—thus, Czartoryski pronounce *Tchartoryski.*

sz, like *sh* in *shape*; thus, Staszyc like *Stashytz.*

szcz, like *shtch*; thus, Szczerbiec like *Shtcherbietz.*

rz, like *j* in *je*, with a slight sound of *r*; thus, Rzewuski—*Rjevuski.*

WHITE'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

DR. DIBDIN has prefixed the subsequent Note to one of these Lectures (Character of Christ compared with that of Mahomet), which he has reprinted in vol. iii. of the *Sunday Library*:—

"Of all the sermons preached in this, or in any other country, THESE are perhaps the most celebrated; or, if this observation require qualification, the only exception may be in favour of those of the *Petit Carême* of MASILLON. For three successive terms, the church of St. Mary's, at Oxford, was crowded with an auditory breathless in admiration of the splendour of diction and vividness of imagery manifested in these discourses. The subject treated of—'*A Comparison of Mahometanism and Christianity in their History, their Evidences, and their Effects*'—was new and striking in the pulpit of the University Church. A great deal of highly wrought expectation, from more than a whisper spread abroad of the sources whence the chief materials had been derived, preceded their publicity; and the preacher, although by no means remarkable for elegance of manner, or ductility and melody of voice, applied his whole energies to the task of giving power and effect to his delivery. He succeeded, greatly beyond his own expectations; and the University rung with his praises. The fame which ensued was merited; for the public, till then satisfied with the tame polish and cold invective of BLAIR, became delighted by the union of such harmony of language, skilfulness of argument, and singularity of research, as were blended in these lectures. Yet it may be questioned, not only whether a display of similar talent would *now* receive the like applause, but whether many subsequent courses of Bampton lectures have not rendered a more essential service to Christianity.

"But, extraordinary as was the result of the *preaching* of these Bampton lectures, perhaps a more extraordinary history belongs to their *composition*; and posterity will learn, with wonder, and perhaps with mingled pity and contempt, that the measures resorted to by the Laudian Professor of Arabic, in order to impose upon his best friend and most able coadjutor, DR. PARR, form such a tissue of petty artifice and intrigue as scarcely to be believed. The whole plot, however, is minutely and masterly developed in DR. JOHNSTONE'S *Life of Dr. Parr*, vol. i. p. 216—281, to which I refer the curious reader for some very singular particulars. The facts, as there delineated, are simply these:—A secret correspondence was carried on between Professor White and Mr. Badcock, a dissenting minister of Devonshire, who furnished the greater part of the materials of these lectures; which materials, copied out by Professor White, with a few emendations and additions, were sent to Dr. Parr as the exclusive composition of the Professor. Several of the lectures are wholly Badcock's, by the express admission of Dr. White; and the undeniable evidence of a douceur of 500*l.* from the Professor to Mr. Badcock, is a sufficiently solid proof of the value in which the former held the labours of the latter. There could be no violation of any great moral feeling in the trans-

* The common food of the poor.

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action thus simply considered; for the labourer was worthy of his hire; but the evasive subtleties and shuffling subterfuges by which the literary intercourse was stubbornly denied, and attempted to be set aside, by Professor White, is matter of perfect astonishment! In the mean while, Dr. Parr steadily continued his critical labours, believing that the Professor sought no *aid* but his *own*. He revised, added, and polished at his entire discretion; and while it is allowed that *one-fifth* at least, of these lectures are the work of his learned hand, he undoubtedly gave to the *whole* its last and most effectual polish. The history which belongs to his discovery of the collateral aid of Badcock, is curious and amusing; but can have no place here. It does great credit to the head and heart of Dr. Parr. Thus the reader will observe that no small interest is attached to the volume from which the ensuing extracts are made: a volume, full, doubtless, of extensive and learned research, and exhibiting a style remarkable alike for its consummate art and harmonious copiousness."

WEALTH OF HENRY VII.

THE hoard amassed by Henry, and "most of it under his own key and keeping, in secret places at Richmond," is said to have amounted to near 1,800,000*l.*, which, according to our former conjectures, would be equivalent to about 16,000,000*l.*; an amount of specie so immense as to warrant a suspicion of exaggeration, in an age when there was no control from public documents on a matter of which the writers of history were ignorant. Our doubts of the amount amassed by Henry are considerably warranted by the computation of Sir W. Petty, who, a century and a half later, calculated the whole specie of England at only 6,000,000*l.*—This hoard, whatever may have been its precise extent, was too great to be formed by frugality, even under the penurious and niggardly Henry. A system of extortion was employed, which "the people, into whom there is infused for the preservation of monarchies a natural desire to discharge their princes, though it be with the unjust charge of their counsellors, did impute unto Cardinal Morton and Sir Reginald Bray, who, as it after appeared, as counsellors of ancient authority with him, did so second his humours as nevertheless they did temper them. Whereas Empson and Dudley, that followed, being persons that had no reputation with him, otherwise than by the servile following of his bent, did not give way only as the first did, but shaped his way to those extremities for which himself was touched with remorse at his death."* The means of exaction chiefly consisted in the fines incurred by slumbering laws, in commuting for money other penalties which fell on unknown offenders, and in the sale of pardons and amnesties. Every revolt was a fruitful source of profit. When the great confiscations had ceased, much remained to be gleaned by true or false imputations of participation in treason. To be a dweller in a disaffected district, was, for the purposes of the king's treasure, to be a rebel. No man could be sure that he had not incurred mulcts, or other grievous penalties, by some of those numerous laws which had so fallen into disuse by their frivolous and vexatious nature as to strike before they warned. It was often more prudent to compound by money, even in false accusations, than to brave the rapacity and resentment of the king and his tools. Of his chief instruments, "Dudley was a man of good family, eloquent, and one that could put hateful business into good language; Empson, the son of a sieve-maker, of Towcester, triumphed in his deeds, putting off all other respects. They were privy counsellors and lawyers, who turned law and justice into wormwood and rapine."† They threw into prison every man whom they could indict, and confined him, without any intention to prosecute, till he ransomed himself. They prosecuted the mayors and other magistrates of the city of London, for pretended or trivial neglects of duty, long after the time of the alleged offences; subservient judges imposed enormous fines, and the king imprisoned during his own life some of the contumacious offenders. Alderman Hawes is said to have died heartbroken by the terror and anguish of these proceedings.‡ They imprisoned and fined juries who hesitated to lend their aid when it was deemed convenient to seek it. To these, Lord Bacon tells us, were added "other courses fitter to be buried than repeated."§ Emboldened by long success, they at last disdained to observe "*the half face of justice*,"‖ but summoning the wealthy and timid before them in private houses, "shuffled up" a sum-

* Bacon, iii. 409.
† Ibid. iii. 380.
‡ See examples in Bacon, iii.
§ Bacon, iii. 382.
‖ Ibid. 381.

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mary examination without a jury, and levied such exactions as were measured only by the fears and fortunes of their victims.—*Mackintosh's England*, Vol. 2.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE COURSE OF THE NIGER.

THE discovery of the termination of the course of the Niger, will be of the greatest importance to geography, to our political power, and to civilization.

With regard to geography, perhaps the contradiction which was afforded by the various sources whence we derived our knowledge of the character of the interior of Africa, and of the course of, next to the Nile, the most renowned, and, as was considered from the same accounts, the greatest river of that country, have in late times given unlimited zest in the pursuit of further information, and has not in the least detracted from the pleasure with which we find that we are indebted to our countrymen for the solution of this all-absorbing problem. It appears, that among the ancients many facts connected with the geography of the interior of Africa were well known, which have still been an object of discussion among the moderns; and of these, we may enumerate the occurrence of a large lake or marsh (for it is either, at different seasons of the year), whose real existence, beyond the speculations of geographers, was very unsatisfactorily established, until the journey of Denham and Clapperton; and the fact of the occurrence of a great river in the west, emptying itself into the ocean, though many were of opinion that it lost itself in an inland marsh, or in the desert, while others supported the opinion of its identity with the Nile of the Egyptians. The researches of Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers on the Nile of the Negroes, and in later times the travels of Leo Africanus, who was a Moor of Grenada, demonstrated the absurdity of this opinion; and how extraordinary that, in the boasted perfection of human intellect, it should have been broached several centuries afterwards, and that the barometric levellings of Bruce should have been necessary to enforce conviction! It is not at all improbable that Hanno, the Carthaginian, as advanced by Macqueen, reached the Bight of Benin, or of Biafra; and certainly the geographical information obtained on these countries by Herodotus and Edrisi was more accurate than the speculations of many modern geographers.

Observation had demonstrated to the moderns that no large river emptied itself into the ocean on the north-west coast, though it required a more accurate acquaintance with the Senegal and the Gambia before it was fully ascertained that they were not the outlets of this great stream. The progress of navigation along the south-eastern shores of Africa also showed that no large river emptied itself into the sea along that coast; while the settlements of the Portuguese on the coast to the south of Cape Lopez, led them, at an early period, to adopt the opinion afterwards supported by Mungo Park and Mr. Barrow, that one or more of the rivers in their vicinity were the outlets of the great river of the interior of Africa. Two celebrated geographers, D'Anville and Major Rennell, however, espoused the theory of the waters emptying themselves into the Wangara, or great marsh; which argument underwent various modifications in the hands of different geographers; and though the probability of its emptying itself into the Gulf of Guinea had been pointed out on the continent, and vigorously supported in this country, an expedition was fitted out to explore the Congo or Zaire, which, though unfortunate to the individuals concerned, was yet satisfactory in a geographical point of view, and demonstrated that the rivers south of Cape Lopez were not the outlets of the waters of the Niger, and gave origin to a speculation which partook of all the characters of a romance of the desert, beneath the sands of which its author buried the gigantic stream, loaded with the waters of the Wangara or Lake Tchad, to make it flow into the Mediterranean at the Syrtis of the ancients.

In the history of geography there are no examples of greater perseverance and courageous determination than in the efforts made to triumph over the difficulties presented in the solution of this important question. Since 1815, there has scarcely a year passed in which a new attempt has not been made; and of these, if we recede a little farther back, twenty-five were made by our countrymen, fourteen by Frenchmen, two by Americans, and one by a German; of which but a small number, since the days of Houghton, have not fallen victims to their heroic devotion.

Mungo Park first observed the direction of the stream which had become as much an object of discussion as its termination; and, strange to say, after the present discovery, it will, in some parts of its course, still remain so. The

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unfortunate traveller just alluded to, previous to his descent of the river, obtained some information from Moors and from negroes, on its course by Timbuctoo. The Jinnie of Park is synonymous with Jenné, Giné, Dhjenné, of other writers, as Jenné has again been confounded with Kano or Kanno. It may be a figurative term—for the Jinnie of Park was on an island, as was the Jenné of the Moorish reports, while the Jenné of some travellers is at a short distance from the river. This cannot be the case with regard to Timbuctoo, which is visited by caravans twice a year from Morocco; nor is the name met with any where, except the two first syllables in the town of Timbo, which cannot be mistaken for Timbuctoo.

Major Laing had discovered the source of the Niger to be in the mountains of Loma, in 9 deg. 15 min. west latitude, and had ascertained its course for a short distance from its source. We were also aware of the existence of one or two streams joining the great river, or branching from it near Timbuctoo. De Lisle had marked a river Gambarra, on his maps drawn up for Louis XV., and not without good authority. This is the river coming from Houssa; and the Joliba of modern travellers is a river, we could prove, from the concurring testimony of a variety of sources, coming from the north-west, and joining its waters with, that is to say flowing into the Niger, in the immediate neighbourhood of Timbuctoo; still at that point the Kowarra, or Quorra of the Moors, or Quolla of the Negroes, who always change the *r* for *l*; a name which, according to Laing, it has at its sources —according to Clapperton, it preserves beyond Timbuctoo, and is probably still the name of the same stream at its embouchure in the Bight of Biafra. The Quarrama is another tributary stream which passes by Saccatoo, and falls into the Quorra above Youri, and above the point where Mungo Park was wrecked; and the line of country between this river and the Shashum, comprising the hills of Doochee, of Naroo, and of Dull, is the line of water-shed to the rivers joining the Quorra on the one hand, and those emptying themselves into the Wangara on the other. The course given by Sultan Bello, and the information obtained by Major Denham, both pointed out a river coursing to the east, which is probably the branch followed by the Landers: for its termination in Lake Tchad had not even the air of probability; though it is not, on the other hand, at all improbable that other branches empty themselves into the Bight of Benin, by the rivers Formosa or Volta, according to information given to Captain Clapperton and Major Laing.

We had intended to embody some remarks upon the pretended journey of Caillié; but we find we have already occupied too much space in details necessary to make the geographical nature of the question well understood; and we shall content ourselves with remarking, that the discovery of the termination of the Quorra, or Niger, tends to throw a degree of improbability upon the narrative of that individual, which it will require much ingenuity to explain away. It is certain that the latitude given to Timbuctoo by the editor of those travels, and upon which sufficient ridicule has already been thrown in the Edinburgh Geographical Journal, may be considered as an error entirely of the editor's, who, by taking it upon himself, will relieve the burden of the mistake from the traveller, and thus lighten the weighty doubts which might in consequence bear upon the remainder of the details; for the situation of that city, as given by Jomard, is quite inconsistent with the situation it must be in, from the ascertained source, direction, and termination of the river. There can be no doubt but that a portion of the labours presented to the public as the travels of Caillié are founded upon valid documents, wherever obtained, and probably most of the errors are those of the editor. But though authorities can be found in support of the division of the Quorra into two branches; one of which, the Joliba, flows to the north-west, and the other in an almost opposite direction,—a fact which has no analogy in geography, and, what is better, no existence in nature; yet no authority can be found for placing Timbuctoo on a river flowing north from the Niger.

The details which will be given to us by the results of this successful expedition will, then, not only be of assistance in allying the existing condition of things with the knowledge of the ancients, but it will enable us to reduce to a few facts the many contradictory statements which have originated in the variety of the sources of information, and the individual and national rivalry which the interest of the question gave birth to among the geographers of the present day. It will also be of importance, as it was connected with a great question, as to the possibility of a large river traversing an extensive continent, or losing itself in a marsh or lake, or being buried in the extensive sands of the desert. By

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laying open the interior of Africa to us, it will increase our political strength and commercial advantages on those coasts;—it will enable us to put into practice an amelioration long contemplated by Mr. Barrow, in the choice of our settlements on those coasts;—it will place the greatest and most important vent of the barbarous and inhuman traffic of negroes in our possession; and it will enable us to diffuse the benefits of superior intelligence among an ignorant and suffering people.—*Literary Gazette.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DISAGREEABLES.

BY THE EITRICK SHEPHERD.

"For four things the earth is disquieted, and five which it cannot bear." AGUR.

This world is a delightful place to dwell in,
And many sweet and lovely things are in it;
Yet there are sundry, at the which I have
A natural dislike, against all reason.
I never like A TAILOR. Yet no man
Likes a new coat or inexpressibles
Better than I do—few, I think, so well:
I can't account for this. The tailor is,
A far more useful member of society
Than is a poet;—then his sprightly wit,
His glee, his humour, and his happy mind
Entitle him to fair esteem. Allowed.
But then, his self-sufficiency;—his shape
So like a frame, whereon to hang a suit
Of dandy clothes;—his small straight back and arms,
His thick bluff ankles, and his supple knees,
Plague on't!—'Tis wrong—I do not like a tailor.

AN OLD BLUE-STOCKING MAID! Oh! that's a being,
That's hardly to be borne. Her saffron hue,
Her thinnish lips, close primmed as they were sewn
Up by a milliner, and made water-proof,
To guard the fount of wisdom that's within.
Her borrowed locks, of dry and withered hue,
Her straggling beard of ill-condition'd hairs,
And then her jaws of wise and formal cast;
Chat-chat—chat-chat! Grand shrewd remarks!
That may have meaning, may have none for me.
I like the creature so supremely ill,
I never listen, never calculate.
I know this is ungenerous and unjust:
I cannot help it; for I do dislike
An old blue-stocking maid, even to extremity.
I do protest I'd rather kiss a tailor.

A GREEDY EATER! He is worst of all.
The gourmand bolts and bolts, and smacks his chops—
Eyes every dish that enters, with a stare
Of greed and terror, lest one thing go by him.
The glances that he casts along the board,
At every slice that's carved, have that in them
Beyond description. I would rather dine
Beside an ox—yea, share his cog of draff;
Or with a dog, if he'd keep his own side;
Than with a glutton on the rarest food.
A thousand times I've dined upon the waste,
On dry-pease bannock, by the silver spring.
O, it was sweet—was healthful—had a zest;
Which at the paste my palate ne'er enjoyed.
My bonnet laid aside, I turned mine eyes
With reverence and humility to heaven,
Craving a blessing from the bounteous Giver;
Then grateful thanks returned. There was a joy
In these lone meals, shared by my faithful dog,
Which I remind with pleasure, and has given
A verdure to my spirit's age. Then think
Of such a man, beside a guzzler set;
And how his stomach nauseates the repast.
"When he thinks of days he shall never more see,
Of his cake and his cheese, and his lair on the lea,
His laverock that hung on the heaven's ee-bree,
His prayer and his clear mountain rill."
I cannot eat one morsel. There is that,
Somewhere within, that balks each bold attempt;
A loathing—a disgust—a something worse:
I know not what it is. A strong desire
To drink, but not for thirst. 'Tis from a wish
To wash down that enormous eater's food—
A sympathetic feeling. Not of love!
And be there ale, or wine, or potent draught
Superior to them both, to that I fly,
And glory in the certainty that mine
Is the ethereal soul of food, while his
Is but the rank corporeal—the vile husks
Best suited to his crude voracity.
And far as the bright spirit may transcend
Its mortal frame, my food transcendeth his.

A CREDITOR! Good heaven, is there beneath
Thy glorious concave of cerulean blue,
A being formed so thoroughly for dislike,
As is a creditor? No, he's supreme,
The devil's a joke to him! Whoe'er has seen
An adder's head upraised, with gleaming eyes,
About to make a spring, may form a shade
Of mild resemblance to a creditor.
I do remember once—'tis long agone—
Of stripping to the waist to wade the Tyne—
The English Tyne, dark, sluggish, broad, and deep:
And just when middle-way, there caught mine eye,
A lamprey of enormous size pursuing me!
L—— what a fright! I bobb'd, I splashed, I flew.
He had a creditor's keen, ominous look,
I never saw an uglier—but a real one.
This is implanted in man's very nature,
It cannot be denied. And once I deem'd it
The most degrading stain our nature bore:
Wearing a shade of every hateful vice,
Ingratitude, injustice, selfishness.
But I was wrong, for I have traced the stream
Back to its fountain in the inmost cave,
And found in postulate of purest grain,
It's first beginning.—It is not the man,
The friend who has obliged us, we would shun,
But the conviction which his presence brings,
That we have done him wrong,—a sense of grief
And shame at our own rash improvidence:
The heart bleeds for it, and we love the man
Whom we would shun. The feeling's hard to bear.

A BLUSTERING FELLOW! There's a deadly bore,
Placed in a good man's way, who only yearns
For happiness and joy. But day by day,
This blusterer meets me, and the hope's defaced.
I cannot say a word—make one remark,
That meets not flat and absolute contradiction—
I nothing know on earth—am misinformed
On every circumstance. The very terms,
Scope, rate, and merits of my own transactions
Are all to me unknown, or falsified,
Of which most potent proof can be adduced.
Then the important thump upon the board,
Snap with the thumb, and the disdainful 'whew!'
Sets me and all I say at less than naught.
What can a person do?—To knock him down
Suggests itself, but then it breeds a row
In a friend's house, or haply in your own,
Which is much worse; for glasses go like cinders;
The wine is spilled—the toddy. The chair-backs
Go crash! No, no, there's nothing but forbearance,

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And mark'd contempt. If that won't bring him down,
There's nothing will. Ah! can the leopard change
His spots, or the grim Ethiop his hue?
Sooner they may and nature change her course,
Than can a blusterer to a modest man:
He still will stand a beacon of dislike.
A fool—I wish all blustering chaps were dead,
That's the true bathos to have done with them.
Fraser's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

GAD'S HILL.

GAD'S HILL, not far from' Chatham, was formerly a noted place for depredations on seamen, after they had received their pay at the latter place. The following robbery was committed there in or verging on the year 1676: About four o'clock one morning, a gentleman was robbed by one Nicks, on a bay mare, just as he was on the declivity of the hill, on the west side. Nicks rode away, and as he said, was stopped nearly an hour by the difficulty of getting a boat, to enable him to cross the river; but he made the best use of it as a kind of bait to his horse. From thence he rode across the county of Essex to Chelmsford. Here he stopped about an hour to refresh his horse, and give the animal a ball;—from thence to Braintree, Bocking, and Withersfield; thence over the Downs to Cambridge; and from thence, keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stratford,* to Godmanchester and Huntingdon, where he and his mare baited about an hour; and, as he said himself, he slept about half an hour: then holding on the north road, and keeping a full gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon; put off his boots and riding clothes, and went dressed as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, to the bowling-green, where, among many other gentlemen, was the Lord Mayor of the city. He, singling out his lordship, studied to do something particular that the mayor might remember him, and then took occasion to ask him what o'clock it was. The mayor, pulling out his watch, told him the time, which was a quarter before, or a quarter after eight at night. Upon a prosecution for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turned upon this single point:—the person robbed, swore to the man, to the place, and to the time, in which the robbery was committed; but Nicks, proving by the Lord Mayor of York, that he was as far off as *Yorkshire* at that time, the jury acquitted him on the bare supposition, that the man could not be at two places so remote on one and the same day.

I need not remind your numerous readers that the roads in 1676 were in a very different plight to those of 1831; at the former period it would not have been possible for Tom Thumb to have trotted sixteen miles an hour on any turnpike road in England. Even my friend, the respected driver of the Old Union Cambridge Coach to London, can remember, in his time, the coach being two days on the road, and occasionally being indebted to farmers for the loan of horses to drag the coach wheels out of their sloughy tracks.

J. S. W.

* Fenny, or Fen Stanton, not Stratford, must be here meant, as the former is in the direct road from Cambridge to Huntingdon.

DIGNIFIED REPROOF.

CATHERINE PARTHENAY, niece of the celebrated Anna Parthenay, returned this spirited reply to the importunities of Henry IV.—"Your majesty must know, that although I am too humble to become your wife, I am at the same time descended from too illustrious a family ever to become your mistress."

P.

L—A—W.

THE circumlocution and diffuseness of law papers—the apparent redundancy of terms, and multiplicity of synonymes, which may be found on all judicial proceedings, are happily hit off in the following, which we copy from *Jenk's New York Evening Journal*:—

"A LAWYER'S STORY.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger. A lawyer would tell you the story something in this way:—And that, whereas the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, in the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, damages, and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, lips, knees, shins, and heels of the said Richard, with divers sticks, staves, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, guns, dirks, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches of him the said Thomas."

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WATERLOO—"FORGET ME NOT."

"On one of these graves I observed the little wild blue flower, known by the name of "Forget me not."—*Visit to the Field of Waterloo.*

No marble tells, nor columns rise,
To bid the passing stranger mourn,
Where valour fought, and bled, and died,
From friends and life abruptly torn.
Yet on the earth that veils* their heads,
Where bravest hearts are doom'd to rot,
This simple flower, with meek appeal,
Prefers the prayer "Forget me not."
Forget! forbid my heart responds
While bending o'er the hero's grave—
Forbid that e'er oblivion's gloom
Should shade the spot where rest the brave.
Fond kindred at this awful shrine
Will oft, with footsteps faltering,
Approach and drop the pious tear—
Sad Memory's purest offering.
And well their country marks those deeds—
The land that gave each bosom fire:
Deeds that her proudest triumph won,
But gaining, saw her sons expire.
And ages hence will Britain's sons,
As trophied tributes meet their view,
Admire, exult—yet mourn the pangs
These glories cost, at Waterloo. D.

SWORD PRESENTED BY THE KING TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO.

On the hilt, and executed in high relief, are branches of oak surrounding the crown. The bark of the branches are opening, which display the words—"India, Copenhagen, Peninsula, and Waterloo." The top part of the scabbard exhibits his majesty's arms, initials, and crown; the middle of the scabbard exhibits the arms and orders of the Duke of Wellington on the one side, and on the reverse his batons. The lower end has the thunderbolt and wings, the whole surrounded with oak leaves and laurel, with a rich foliage, in which was introduced the flower of the Lotus. The blade exhibits, in bas relief, his majesty's arms, initials, and crown; the arms, orders, and batons, of the Duke of Wellington, Hercules taming the tiger, the thunderbolt, the British colours bound up with the caduceus and fasces, surrounded by laurel, and over them the words—"India, Copenhagen, Peninsula, and Waterloo," terminating with a sheathed sword, surrounded by laurel and palm.

* The layer of earth scarce covers the bodies, so may be called a veil.

ODDITIES.

Fashion-mongers make odd work with language. Thus, we read of Mrs. Ravenshaw giving a "petit" *souper* to about 150 of the *haut ton.*

The *Court Journal*, too, tells us that a few days since Lord Lansdowne met with "a severe accident," by which "he suffered no material injury."

The Queen's dress at her last ball was "white and silver, striped with blue." The song says—

To be nice about trifles
Is trifling and folly;—

but the *modistes* can gather little from such a description as the above.

In the Zoological Gardens is a pheasant, one of whose feathers measures 5 feet 11 inches in length!

A "Charming Fellow."—The records of the Horticultural Society inform us that *Lady* Cochrane has been elected "a Fellow of the Society."

VEDI PAGANINI E MORI.

See Paganini, and then *die!*
I beg to tell a different story;
And to the *bowing* crowd I cry,
See Paganini, and then Mori!
Court Journal.

In a List of New Books and Reprints we find one by "Bishop Horne; in silk, 2*s.* 6*d.*"

Epitaph on Spenser.
In Spenserum.

Famous alive and dead, here is the odds,
Then god of poets, now poet of the gods.

The Philomathic Society of Warsaw have elected Mr. Campbell a corresponding member, as "Campbell *Tomes* Poète Anglais."—*Literary Gazette.*

Anatomy.—The price for unopened subjects in Paris is 5 francs, or 4*s.* 2*d.*; and 3 francs, or 2*s.* 6*d.* for opened ones. —*Lancet.*

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Vol. XVII. of the Mirror,
With a Steel-plate Portrait of this illustrious Individual, Memoir, &c., 50 Engravings, and 450 closely-printed Pages, will be published on the 30th instant, price 5*s.* 6*d.* boards.

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Bray Church.
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